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THE NEW YORKER

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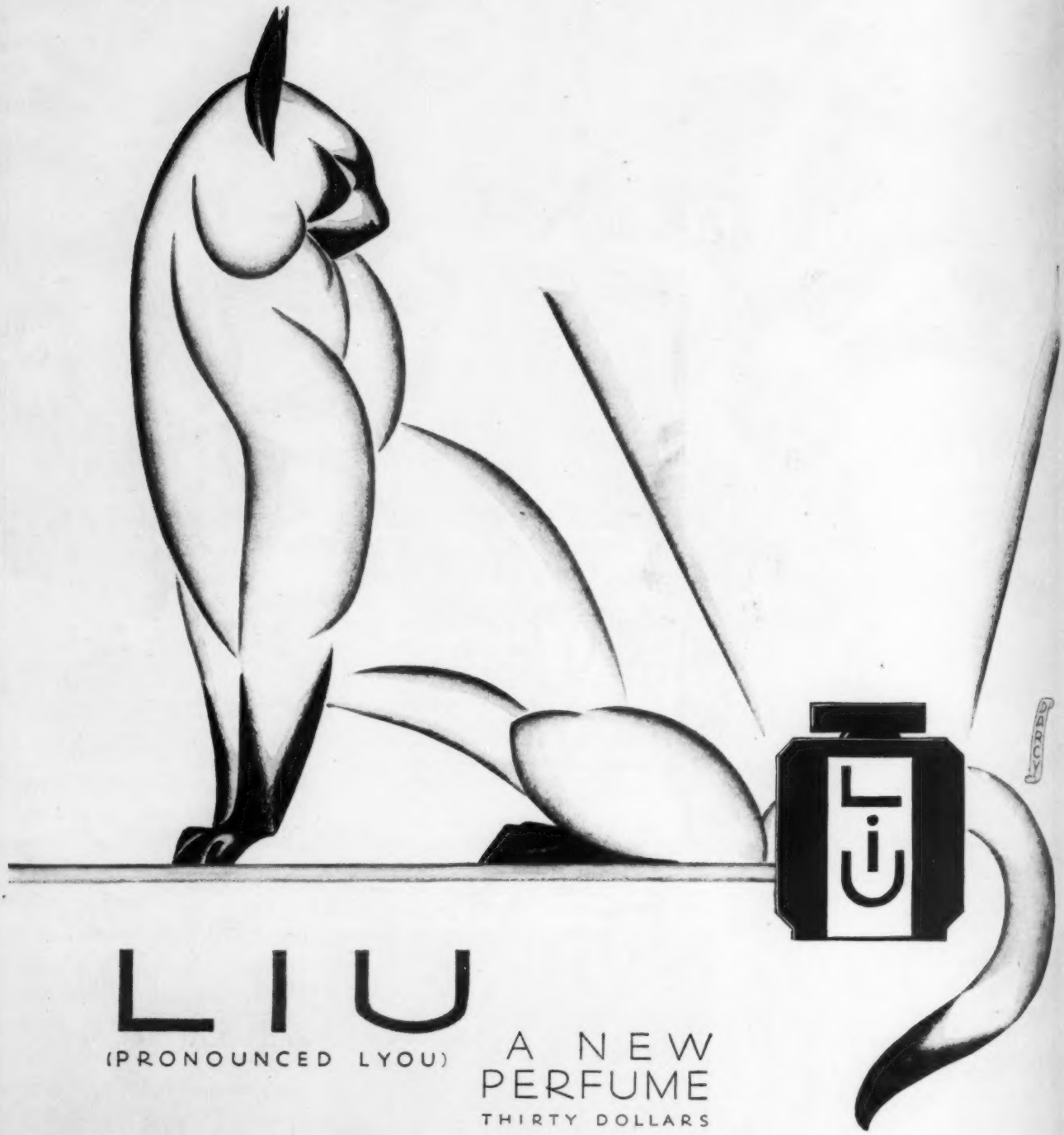

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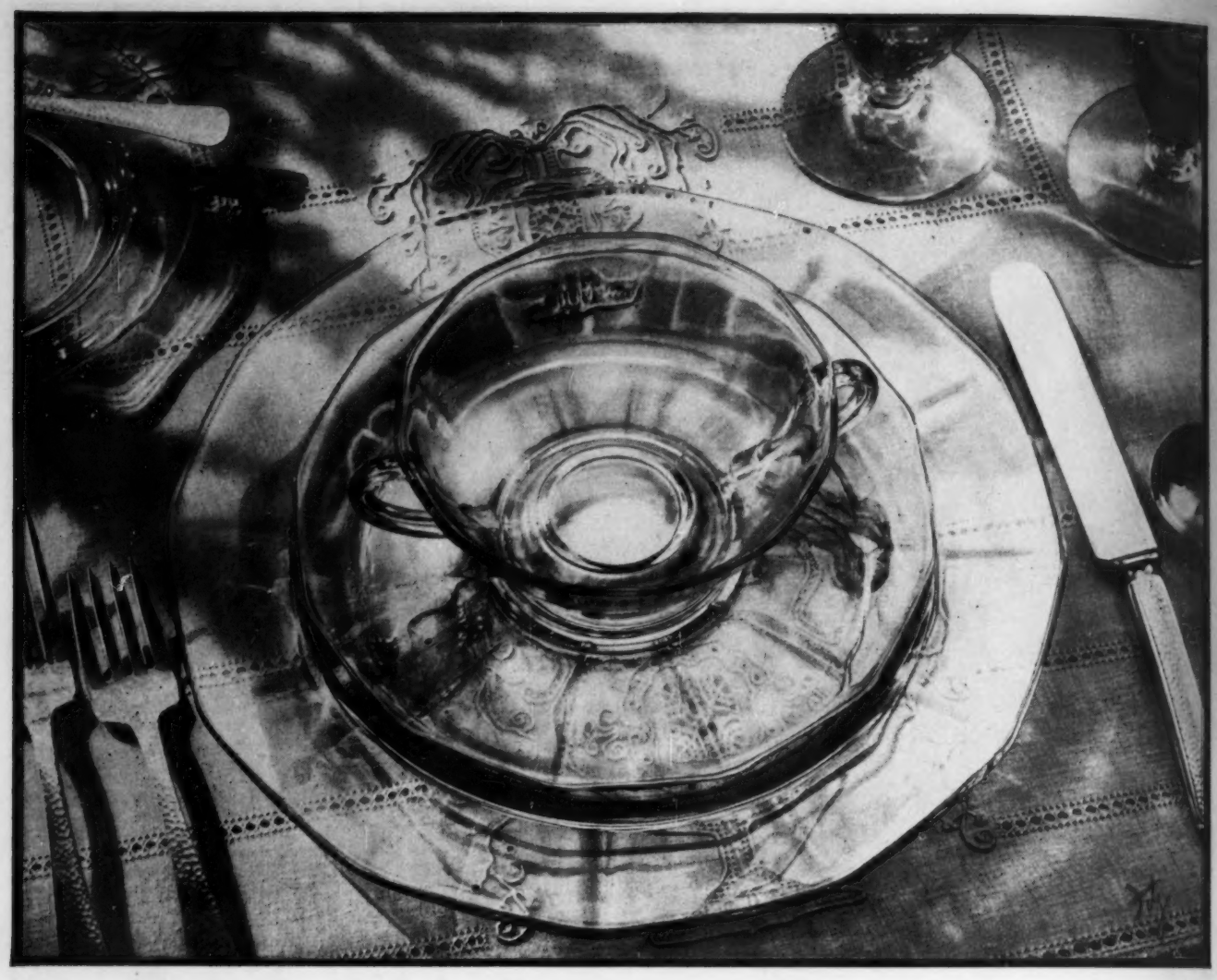

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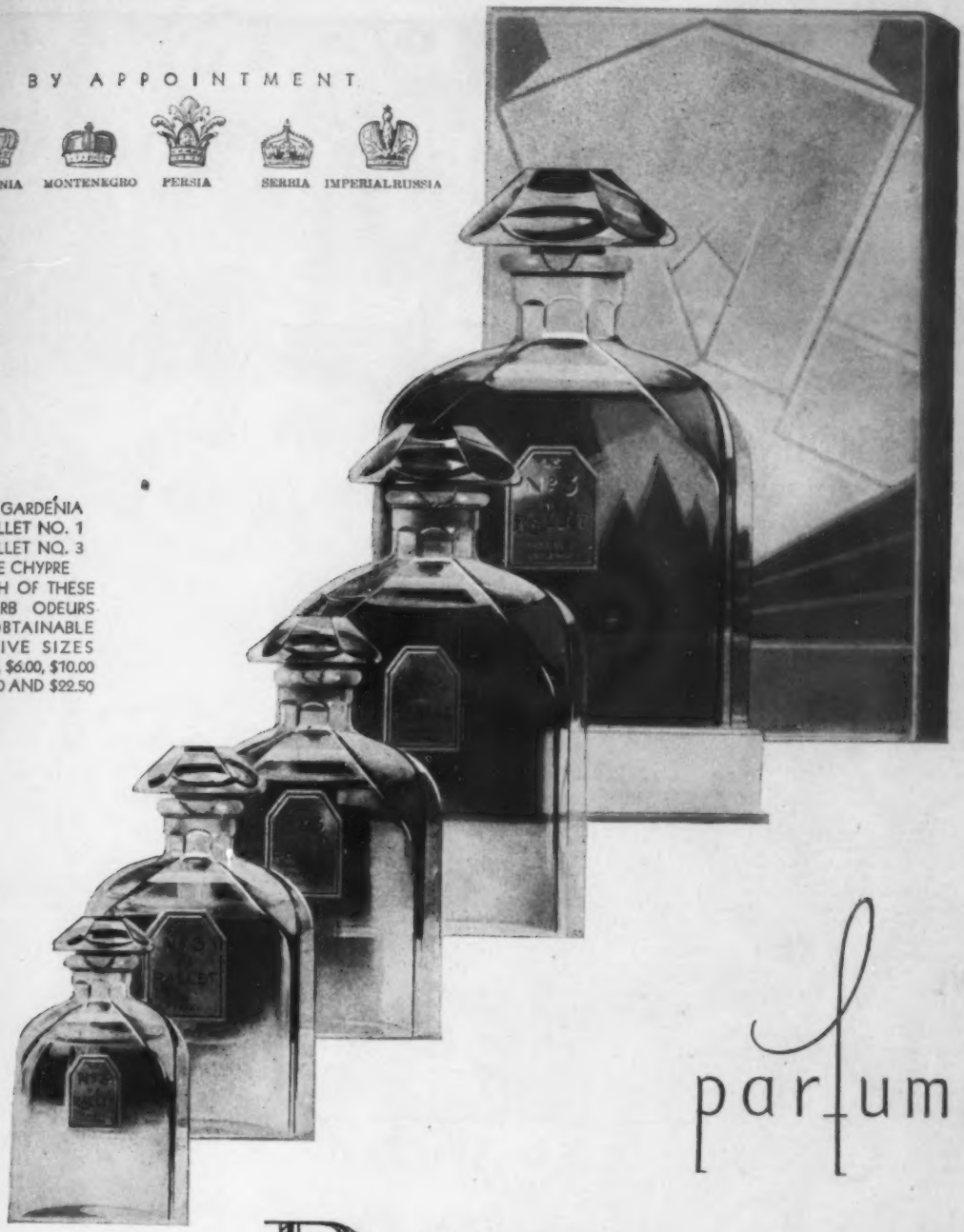

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, THROUGH SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

AMONG THE MARRIED—Vincent Lawrence's smooth-running account of suburban adultery, with Frank Morgan and Katherine Wilson heading a good cast. (Bijou, 45, W.)

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

CANDLE-LIGHT—A light and highly unimportant comedy based on the old one about a valet masquerading as his master and a maid as her mistress. Delightful performances by Gertrude Lawrence, Reginald Owen, and Leslie Howard, however, make a pleasant evening of it. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"Mlle. Bourrat," from the French of Claude Anet. (Fri. Eve., Oct. 11; Wed. Mat., Oct. 16; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17.) . . . "The Sea Gull," fine production of Tchekov's moving play. (Sat. Mats., Oct. 12 and 19; Mon. and Wed. Eves., Oct. 14 and 16.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English, with Miss Le Gallienne. (Sat. Eve., Oct. 12.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," more Tchekov, beautifully done. (Tues. and Fri. Eves., Oct. 15 and 18.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eve., Oct. 19.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—The first serious play of the season to be marked "important." Arthur Byron is superb as a District Attorney who is the agent for the unyielding forces of the Law. (National, 41, W.)

GAMBLING—Murder mystery by George M. Cohan, with George M. Cohan and, thanks to George M. Cohan, much better entertainment than it deserves to be. (Fulton, 46, W.)

HOUSEPARTY—Williams College, of all places, as the scene of a collegiate killing, with several highly exciting moments and some good parlor games. (Cort, 48, E. Mats. 2:50 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentleman's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

MANY WATERS—This has been a great hit in London and should be here if there are enough people who like to watch the quiet unfolding of the lives of a couple of middle-class citizens. Ernest Truex is in it. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E.)

PORGY—If you didn't see this fine negro drama when it was here before, take advantage of this limited return engagement. Only two more days. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 12.)

REMOTE CONTROL—Showing that you never know what is going on in the radio-broadcasting studio while you are listening to the Eureka Awning Co. Quartette. Good murder mystery. (48th Street, 48, E. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

ROPE'S END—You may not like the idea of people eating off a chest in which a body is concealed. It isn't as unpleasant as it sounds, however, and you ought to like the occasional comedy. (Masque, 45, W.)

SOLDIERS AND WOMEN—Love-life in a British army post, with Violet Heming as a very disagreeable lady and A. E. Anson as her elderly Nemesis. Good enough to open the season with. (Ritz, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—If you feel that this delightful comedy is too risqué you give yourself away as an evil-minded old thing. Don't miss it. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—A subway train as the scene of a trick murder. And, what is more, you get a seat. (Liberty, 42, W.)

WITH MUSIC

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Girls, music, Will Mahoney, The Three Sailors, and more girls in easily the best of Earl Carroll's shows. (44th Street, 44, W.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS—Mr. White misses some of his old boys and girls this year, but Willie Howard and Frances Williams are still there. (Apollo, 42, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Black-and-tan-revue. Very good in spots but not quite up to the standard set by "Blackbirds." (Hudson, 44, E. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A spirited intimate revue, notable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

MLLE. MODISTE—Popular revival of Victor Herbert's operetta, with Fritzi Scheff. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Thurs.)

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—Marvellous to look at and fairly entertaining. Trixie Friganza and Jimmie Savo are in it. (Erlanger, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Venice? Hardly. But you'll find typical Shubert revue numbers, broad comedy, the tumbling Michons, and Ted Healy. (Majestic, 44, W. Closes Sat., Oct. 19.)

SWEET ADELINE—The days of the Spanish-American War made into an entertaining vehicle for Helen Morgan, Irene Franklin, Charles Butterworth, and others. The score is by Jerome Kern. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark" is still at the Old Rialto (Hoboken 8088), and "Star of Bengal," with Joan Lowell, is at the Lyric (Hoboken 5732). Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.

VAUDEVILLE—Arnold Johnson's orchestra and Grace Hayes will be at the Palace Fri., Oct. 11. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—The Juvenile Players in "H.M.S. Pinafore." Sat. Afts., Oct. 12 and 19, at 2:30. (Heckscher, 5 Ave. at 104.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

BONDS OF INTEREST—Walter Hampden in Benavente's play. Opens Mon., Oct. 14. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 8:30 P.M.)

GREAT DAY!—Vincent Youmans' musical comedy. Opens Tues., Oct. 15 (Cosmopolitan, B'way at 59, 8:30 P.M.)

ROUNDABOUT—A comedy by Fannie Heaslip Lea, with Mary Young. The first production of the New York Theatre Assembly. Opens Wed., Oct. 16. (Princess, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

THE CHANNEL ROAD—A comedy by Alexander Woollcott and George S. Kaufman. Opens Thurs., Oct. 17. (Plymouth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

JENNY—Jane Cowl in a comedy by Edward Sheldon and Margaret Ayer Barnes. (Booth, 45, W.)

JUNE MOON—A play by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

KARL AND ANNA—The first Theatre Guild production of the season, with Alice Brady. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Park Avenue refinement, but not to the dull point.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban's decorations and Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Opens for the season Fri., Oct. 11, with Moss and Fontana, and Libby Holman.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Still a favorite and as pleasant as ever. Emil Coleman's orchestra and dances by Medrano and Donna.*

(Continued on page 12)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	36
MOTORS	43
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	56
THE CURRENT CINEMA	58
TEE AND GREEN	63
HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS	66
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
FEMININE FASHIONS	72
THIS AND THAT	76
AS TO MEN	77
THE ART GALLERIES	86
THE SKY LINE	90
FOOTBALL	97
THE RACE TRACK	101
MUSICAL EVENTS	104
PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS	105
NEW APARTMENTS	108
LONDON LETTER	112
RECENT BOOKS	118
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	123

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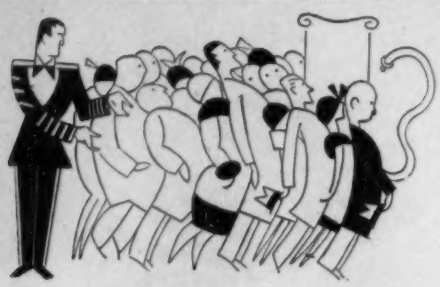
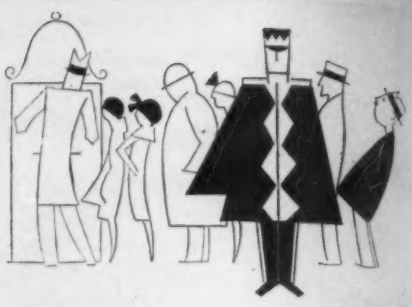


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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(Continued from page 10)

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress.

THE TROCADERO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Where the Heigh-Ho used to be. Chick Endor and Ramon and Rosita entertaining.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—An Emil Coleman orchestra pinch-hitting for Rudy Vallée, who is due back Sat., Oct. 19.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind are: Les Ambassadeurs (formerly Rendezvous), Winter Garden Bldg., B'way at 50, where Clayton, Jackson, and Durante cavort. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Jack White and Arthur Brown. . . . Casanova, 134 W. 52, featuring Frances Williams and Fred Keating.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), is a gay and noisy meeting place which is very good fun. . . . For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is the newest arrival. . . . For seekers of the Bohemian: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; The Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14; and The Russian Bear, 201 2 Ave.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57. (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Superior to the general run of thrillers. Ronald Colman is the rescuing hero. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14; performances continuous from 1 P.M. Also, Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; starting Sat., Oct. 19.)

THE DANCE OF LIFE—Successful and effective movie of the play "Burlesque," with Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Oct. 12-14; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss as the great Premier, in a production of conspicuous distinction. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M., Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF BROADWAY—Bright and amusing musical show about the ladies of Broadway and their victims of Wall Street. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sun. at 6 P.M.)

HALLELUJAH—The all-negro movie of life in the cotton fields. An unusual and distinguished picture. (Embassy, B'way at 46; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HOLLYWOOD REVUE—A lavish and extensive musical show, with a regiment of stars. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

MADAME X—Devised from the famous heartbreak drama, and beautifully acted by Ruth Chatterton. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; starting Sat., Oct. 19; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—Good-natured and entertaining comedy of London in Armistice time. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10 A.M.)

WHY BRING THAT UP?—Moran and Mack, in a backstage story, once more go through their celebrated and uproarious routine. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:15 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Big Time," a movie of show people which is agreeably diverting, thanks to Lee Tracey: "The Cock Eyed World," rough comedy on a big scale, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe; "The Four Feathers," silent, especially fine pictures of the jungle animals; "Jealousy," Jeanne Eagels makes this drama of the emotions worth seeing; "Paris Bound," Philip Barry's comedy intelligently adapted to the screen, with Ann Harding.

ART

AMERICANS PREFERRED—Some of the best of the younger men with fresh samples of their summer work. Dickinson, Blume, Billings, Kuniyoshi, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

AMERICAN—Another group of local boys who have a following. Arnold Wiltz, Arnold Blanch, and some good workmen: Dudensing, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—Annual splurge of all sorts of things of the better-known classic and contemporary French. As thrilling a show as you may find this winter. A Derain worth walking miles to see, with Matisse and Braque of great beauty: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave., above 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

MODERN FRENCH—A marvellous grouping of thirty artists, mainly masters, covering a development of thirty years. Matisse, Derain, Braque, Utrillo, Dufy, Picasso, and others: de Hauke, 3 E. 51. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

OSBORN—Air-brush experiments by a craftsman who has been occupied with making lamps out of kitchenware: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, above 61. Open 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., through Sat. Oct. 12.

MUSIC

(Unless otherwise noted, performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M. Listing is chronological.)

RECITALS

GRACE DIVINE—One of the younger Metropolitan contraltos in song recital. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Oct. 13.

EMMA OTERO—A Mexican soprano, highly recommended, in her recital début. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Oct. 14.

ALEXANDER SILOTI—One of the classics among pianists, with orchestra. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 15.

ROTH STRING QUARTET—A chamber music group that came in briefly but brilliantly last year. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Oct. 15.

LAWRENCE STRAUSS—A tenor from California, with a fine record as a liedersinger. Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17.

KATHERINE BACON—Piano playing that you won't regret hearing. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Oct. 19.

HAROLD BAUER—One of the masters. Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Oct. 19.

ORCHESTRAS

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Oct. 11, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Oct. 13, at 3; Thurs. Eve., Oct. 17, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Oct. 18, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Oct. 19, at 8:45. . . . Schelling conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morn., Oct. 12, at 11 (Young People's Concert).

ON THE AIR

BASEBALL—The World Series will be broadcast from Philadelphia, Fri. and Sat., Oct. 11 and 12, at 1:30 P.M., over WEAF, WJZ, and WABC.

If further games are necessary they will also be broadcast, probably Mon., Oct. 14, at 1:30 P.M., and Wed. and Thurs., Oct. 16 and 17, at 2:30 P.M.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Henry Hadley conducting: Sat. Eves., Oct. 12 and 19, at 9:30 P.M., over WABC.

MORAN AND MACK—The Two Black Crows: Sat., Oct. 12, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Toscanini conducting: Sun., Oct. 13, at 3 P.M., over WOR.

LIGHT OPERA—"The Jewel of Asia:" Sun., Oct. 13, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

POPULAR MUSIC—Ohman and Arden, piano soloists, with orchestra: Sun., Oct. 13, at 8:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Sousa's Band: Mon., Oct. 14, at 9:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Paul Whiteman and his orchestra: Tues., Oct. 15, at 9 P.M., over WABC. . . . Vincent Lopez and his orchestra: Thurs., Oct. 17, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

ROSA PONSELLE—Operatic soprano: Sun., Oct. 13, at 9:15 P.M., over WEAF.

AL JOLSON—Also, Ann Pennington and Bebe Daniels, broadcast from Los Angeles: Tues. Oct. 15, at 7:30 P.M., over WJZ.

GRAND OPERA—"Carmen:" Wed., Oct. 16, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

FOOTBALL GAMES—Sat., Oct. 19: Harvard vs. Army, from Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M. over WJZ; California vs. University of Penn., from Philadelphia, at 2 P.M., over WEAF.

SPORTS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—(Directions for reaching fields are noted at the end of this item.)

Sat., Oct. 12, at 2:30 P.M.—Columbia vs. Wesleyan, Baker Field. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Fordham, Polo Grounds. . . . Princeton vs. Brown, Princeton. . . . Navy vs. Notre Dame, Municipal Stadium, Baltimore, Md.

Sat., Oct. 19—Columbia vs. Dartmouth, Baker Field, at 2:30 P.M. . . . N.Y.U. vs. Penn. State, Yankee Stadium, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Fordham vs. Holy Cross, Polo Grounds, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Cornell vs. Princeton, Ithaca, at 2 P.M. . . . Harvard vs. Army, Cambridge, at 2:30 P.M. . . . University of Pennsylvania vs. California, Franklin Field, Philadelphia, at 2 P.M.

Directions to fields—Baker Field, B'way at 218: take B'way subway to 215 St. . . . Polo Grounds: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3. . . . Yankee Stadium: take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.

The last trains which get you to out-of-town games in time leave: for Princeton, from Penn. Sta., 12:20 P.M.; for Baltimore, from Penn. Sta., 9:10 A.M.; for New Haven, from Grand Central, 12 noon; for Ithaca, from Penn. Sta., through sleeper leaves Friday at 11:50 P.M.; for Cambridge, from Grand Central, 8:25 A.M. (leaving you only half an hour to get over from Boston); for Philadelphia, from Penn. Sta., 11 A.M.

HUNT RACES—The Ensign Sweepstake Steeplechases, on the estate of Langhorne Gibson, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Sat. Aft., Oct. 12. . . . Monmouth County Racing Association, Red Bank, N. J., Sat. Aft., Oct. 19.

RACING—Jamaica track; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Wed., Oct. 16. (Special trains leave Penn. Sta. at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.) . . . Empire City track, Yonkers; races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Thurs., Oct. 17. (Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:44 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

DANCE RECITALS—Irma Duncan and the Isadora Duncan Dancers: Carnegie Hall, Sat., Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. . . . Argentina, the superb Spanish dancer, in her first recital of the season: Town Hall, Mon., Oct. 14, at 8:30 P.M.

ELECTRICAL SHOW—Last two days: Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Fri. and Sat., Oct. 11 and 12, 2 to 10:30 P.M.

AUCTIONS—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57: Clyde C. Rickes' collection of first editions of American and English authors, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Oct. 16 and 17, at 2. . . . Furniture, textiles, tapestries, Oriental rugs, table porcelain, glassware, rare silver, paintings, miniatures, and other art objects, Tues. through Sat. Afts., Oct. 15-19, at 2.

NOTES—The last two registration days for the November elections are Fri. and Sat., Oct. 11 and 12. . . . Columbus Day is Sat., Oct. 12.

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Fifth Avenue, *at 47th Street*

peck & peck

Fifth Avenue, *at 42nd Street*
Madison Ave., *at 69th Street*

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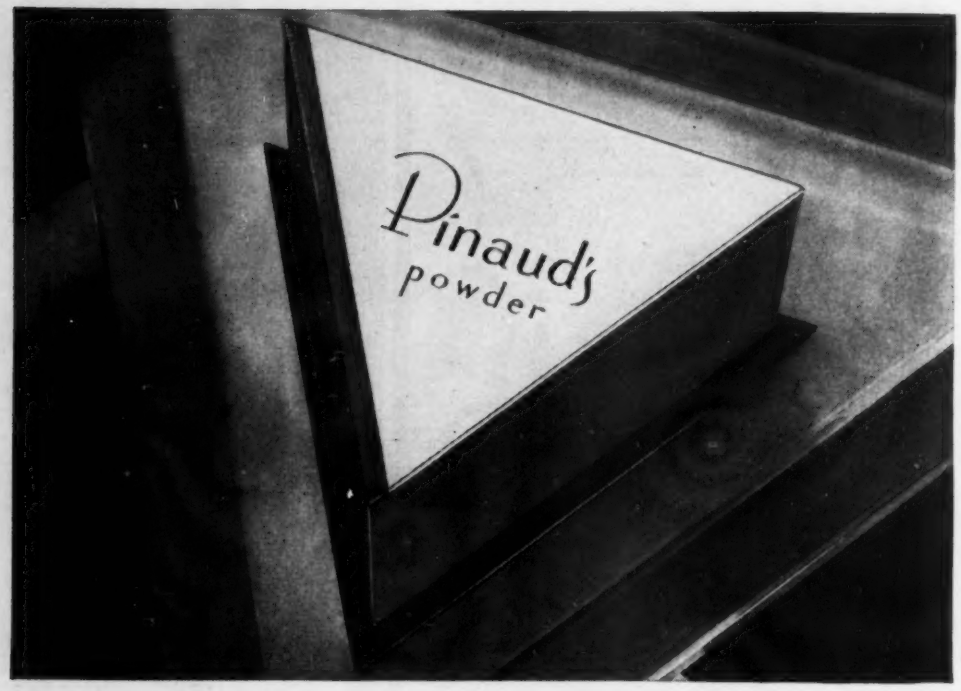

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SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMETHING ought to be done about the local folklore, and the Manhattan rituals. Look at the size of our buildings, the majesty of our bridges; and then look at the pizzling little ceremonials that take place when buildings and bridges and streets are inaugurated or torn asunder. When they opened Eighth Avenue, somebody snipped a piece of string. When they started to wreck the Waldorf, they let Governor Smith make a feeble pass at one of the bricks. When the Hudson River Bridge was strung across the river, some well-manicured folks who hadn't seen Washington Heights in twenty years got together and shook

hands. Such ceremonials are wishy-washy; nobody has any fun; the papers don't even get any new pictures. Where is our civic imagination? Any public wrecking of the Waldorf should have been done by Oscar, with a big firecracker. Eighth Avenue should have been opened under cover of darkness, with the less said the better. As for the Hudson River Bridge, we could suggest a thousand fitting rituals, all of them leaving out the Governor of New Jersey, and many of them including Ed Wynn in a rowboat.

THE neatest trick of last week was executed by Grover Whalen. When he met Prime Minister MacDonald down the bay, he had on a black vest; when he introduced him a short time later at City Hall, he had on a white vest. He hadn't been home in the meantime. He had been with Mr. MacDonald all the while. Quite aside from the impression which this must have made on the Prime Minister (and, through him, on the British Empire), consider the stir that it must have caused among the ringleaders of New

York's underworld, who are watching Whalen's every move! It must have set them thinking. A police commissioner who is sly enough to change vests right under the nose of a British premier will have to be watched pretty sharply by criminals and nefarious characters of all sorts. They better think twice before they commit any more crimes.

COMMISSIONER WHALEN'S was the neatest trick. The biggest achievement of the week—yes, of the whole month—was that of Congress in getting so excited over propaganda. Anyone who tries to find out the facts about anything knows that in New York alone enough propaganda is turned out every day to sink the navy. It's one of the city's biggest industries. Once the press agent slapped backs and told jokes. Now the racket is full of high-falutin titles and has no sense of humor. We have propaganda for skyscrapers,

millinery, power trusts, Christian Science, little business, big business; for separate major divisions of the human race, and for peanuts, popcorn, and chewing-gum. Life is just one continuous session of tariff lobbyists. Now we are in for propaganda against propaganda, and you can't tell where it will end.

THE check system used by hat-cleaners, Kodak stores, shoe-repair shops, and such places, strikes us as not only tiresome, but unconstitutional. By making a client the custodian of a piece of cardboard without which his property cannot be located when he calls for it, the store forces the customer to become, in effect, a part of its organization, a sort of Grade C filing clerk. This circumscribing a person's right to his own property is undoubtedly a violation of

the Bill of Rights. A man can become so loaded down with checks of this nature—throwing away many of his own personal papers to make room for them—that it affects his whole nervous system. Yet, under the present tyranny, if he can't produce his check he is rebuked, even berated. He has failed to Coöperate in Service. If the store could, it would discharge him from its staff—of which he is, however, thank God, a member in check only. Soon the degrading injustice of this scheme will dawn on the masses—you know what the masses are—and cause riots. Being merely a commentator we shall not join in, but we shall be on the outskirts doing a little sly inciting.

A STRANGER in town might notice that the sun on the pavement is bright but not hot. He might see that apples are in the carts and that

kids are playing football. But without his flaming hillsides he might miss October's intimations. People who dwell in town don't. They can smell the fall right through the gas from cars. They can see it in shop windows and hear it in the subway. Down in the Village the people whose houses look out on the garden between Sullivan and McDougal have seen autumn in the visitation of the brown thrasher and the veery. One drifting yellow leaf on a windowsill can be a city dweller's fall, pungent and melancholy as any hillside in New England.

Reading Season

AS Bryant Park empties, attendance at the library increases. It's hard to get hold of a file of a newspaper now. Not only are they heavily in demand by the recent bench-sitters, but also by a multitude of writers, successful and unsuccessful, going over the crime stories from everywhere and getting facts and inspiration for the mystery novels.

A couple of interesting exhibitions are going on—if you can't read. On the first floor is a lot of rare Dickensiana—the manuscript of "A Christmas Carol," a lock of the author's hair, some of his works in Esperanto, Lithuanian, and even shorthand. Ellen Terry's midget set of Shakespeare's comedies is also on display; books so tiny you could hold the whole set in one hand if they would let you. The library is also proudly showing off one of the dullest books in the world, a set of the statutes of England printed a hundred and fifty years ago. As dry and boring as a book can be, it is rare and costly because of a strange history. A limited edition was printed by the Crown and offered to a selected list—or what would be known to the trade today as a sucker list. In this case the suckers were British peers. The weighty volumes were gloriously bound in full leather with gold edges and a studded clasp. The peers' wives used to throw away the statutes and use the bindings for lighter reading matter, and thus a copy of that edition of the laws of the realm became hard to find. (This may have been where the late Houdini got his idea of trying to make a certain book rare by buying up all the copies he could find and destroying all but six or seven. The book dealt with the life of John Wilkes Booth; it isn't yet quoted very high.)

The library—to get back—probably answers more questions than any other place in town—even including the Grand Central information desk, which, oddly enough, the library helps out. The commonest question asked in the building has to do with trains. Out-of-towners get into the library by mistake, thinking it is the Grand Central.

When a man wrote in recently asking for a definition of love, the library did not simply refer him to the Standard Dictionary—it sent him a photostat of the definition from that book. When an Australian wanted to know where he could get a cowboy lariat, the library sent a man to Abercrombie & Fitch to look at and price lariats, and the information was mailed to Australia. Requests for help on anagrams and crossword puzzles are among the few that are ignored—too numerous. Among inquiries which the library got this year, and answered, were: "How does one make peanut-oil?" and "Can you give me the address of a manufacturer of bottle-making machinery?"

A Raid at the DAVY CROCKETT Club
an old Imitation Wood-cut by John Held jr [it's the old John]

At one time hundreds of letters came in asking for a certain kind of medicine, and often containing money orders. It developed that the manufacturers of this medicine had been using a photograph of the library in their ads, to lend tone. The picture was not labelled but the American people recognized it and, quick to put two and two together and get six, they figured the library was making the medicine. This business finally died out.

Dearie for Short

YOUR florist, if he is thoroughly up-to-date, may be able to help with the problem of pets in town. Those difficulties presented by the possession of a cat, a dog, fish, white mice, alligators, and so on, are done away with by the Darlingtonia, which is a sort of combination of them all, with dashes of orchid and old-fashioned fly paper added. It can't curl up on the sofa and go to sleep but it's pretty lively just the same, especially for a plant. It's a plant, a carnivorous plant. It has a long, hollow stalk, widening at the top, with a prettily mottled hood, like a cobra, in which is a mouth. Instead of leaves it has whiskers—beautiful red and green whiskers that have a peculiar fascination for flies and other insects. It lives on these insects. They innocently alight on the whiskers and are swallowed. Of course, if you have no flies or other flying bugs around the apartment you must feed it something else. A bit of hamburger steak is recommended. The Darlingtonia is a perennial, growing year after year indoors, and it isn't expensive, considering how companionable a little rascal it is.

Dormouse

OUR talk of clipping bureaus encouraged a correspondent to forward an excerpt from an article written about ten years ago by the head of one of the large clipping agencies, in which he told of the strangest event of his career. One day a man came to his office and placed an order for all newspaper items based on the following subject: the finding by any guest in a hotel anywhere of a mouse swimming in a pot of tea. Something in the man's manner—probably grimness—forbade questioning and the request was placed on file. The bureau's readers kept it in mind for several years

but found no paragraphs about mice in teapots. Finally the man returned to withdraw the order. The manager, who was pretty curious, this time frankly asked for an explanation. It was forthcoming.

The client was proprietor of a hotel. He had had as a guest a fashionably dressed, haughty lady who had run up a large bill. When at last he had pressed for payment she had put him off till the morrow. On the final day she had invited guests for tea, ordering it in her rooms. As she began to pour, she had negligently lifted the top of the teapot and there she had found, swimming about, a mouse. Now, the hotelman had his own ideas about how the mouse had come there, but he couldn't prove it, and when the lady threatened to sue he was glad enough to compromise by cancelling her bill, heavy as it was. What he had hoped for in ordering the clippings was to catch her trying the trick somewhere else.

All Quiet

AN ex-wag—he has retired since this happened—thought he would have some fun with a coupon which he came upon in a Frigidaire advertisement. Above the space for one's name and address, the coupon bore the line: "Please send me a couple of interesting books." Books on Frigidaire is what was meant, of course, but the prankster wrote in the margin, "Make one of them 'All Quiet on the Western Front,' " and mailed it in.

Two days later, a Frigidaire representative called upon him and immediately plunged into a speech on the quietness of the machine. "They used to be a bit noisy," but no longer. "No, sir! . . ." The coupon-sender finally realized that the salesman thought he was dissatisfied with Frigidaire because of noisiness and had come around to assure him that it was quiet on all fronts. He had to listen to the argument over and over again and while doing so resolved to have done with pranks forever.

The Big Drum

A GENTLEMAN who met William B. Shearer (pron. "share," not "shear") on a ship several years ago and has seen him many times since says that he is undoubtedly sincere in his advocacy of a big navy, somewhat fanatical on the subject. On the ship he talked of nothing else—seldom does talk of anything else. He often harangues people who don't care much one way or another. He likes to thunder, enjoys an argument or a rumpus, is loud in his admirations and hatreds, but never bitter. He is more than six feet tall, big, and wears tweeds, which make him look even bigger. People often tell him that he resembles Wallace Beery, the movie villain, and this does not displease him. He is past fifty but looks forty—in some of his photographs even younger. He recently picked as his favorite picture of himself one which shows him scowling, severe. On the ship he exercised enormously. He played shuffleboard with the captain, laughed heartily if he won, laughed heartily if he lost; got up a bridge game every now and then but didn't play himself. He spent much time in his stateroom going over piles of papers which he carried in briefcases. He has many briefcases and likes to be photographed carrying one. Usually his wife and daughter, who is in her twenties, travel with him. The daughter calls her mother Margaret and her father Will.

Shearer has owned a theatre in London and a gold mine in Colorado, has acted, and built engineering plants, but of recent years he has thought only of ships and navies, upon which he has collected as many facts as most anybody in the world.

Chiaroscuro

ONE of our Long Island correspondents reports a curious happening at the annual conference of the

Episcopal Church, Diocese of Long Island, which was held at East Hampton. At one of the sessions a heated controversy developed over the attitude of one of the clergymen present, the Reverend Mr. Blackshear, who has been discouraging the attendance of negroes at his church. An open split was threatened for a while, but after many words had been hurled peace was finally restored through the tact of the presiding bishop and the good nature of four colored clergymen who were present. One of the latter, however, quite innocently came very near starting the row all over again. Cigars had been suggested and he went from the auditorium to the tobacco counter of the hotel in which the meeting was held and bought a box of them. Returning, he passed it around. There was a deep, anxious hush when he offered it to the Reverend Mr. Blackshear. The brand of cigar he had bought was Black and White.

Cheek Turners

IT'S not so easy, being a conductor on a Fifth Avenue bus as you might think. Before candidates land their jobs, they submit to a seven-day training period—which consists largely of insults. "Get off my foot, you clumsy fool!" the trainer shouts. To which the rookie must make a soft answer.

Many of them become so enraged during this training period that they are immediately disqualified. Even those who pass are kept on probation sixty days. The rule of the Company is that the customer is always right, which is pretty hard for some young Irishmen to swallow.

"You squashed my nice new cherry pie, you big idiot!" cries the mythical passenger.

"Ah, madam, this is most unfortunate," the candidate is supposed to answer.

"Whaddya mean, asking for a second fare from me?"

"I am very sorry," replies the rookie. "I did not recall that I had asked you before. I apologize."

Besides learning to eat dirt, the conductors must learn how to handle drunks—which the Company prescribes must be done with the utmost courtesy. In general they are to be treated "like elderly people." An inebriate may sleep as much as he chooses on a bus, so long as he doesn't bother other passengers. If he should act up, the conductor is supposed to remove him ceremoniously and put him, if possible, into a cab.

One of the things the trainer does is to tell the new man to open a window. A minute later he tells him to close it. Sometimes he does this ten times. Passengers actually are like that. If one passenger wants a window open and another wants it closed, the conductor is expected to seek out a third opinion: the matter has to be arbitrated. No back talk. Women whom the conductor keeps from getting off until the bus stops, so as to save their lives, sometimes slap him across the face with their gloves. The conductor is not supposed to slap back.

Most of the employees are Irish. Most of them are married men with families. They keep their jobs. They call themselves Faccoites (figure it out, it's like Nabisco). They have a little publication of their own, for which their daughters write poems, and a clubby spirit like the Elks. One of the famous drivers is Martin Higgins, who has a D.S.C. for heroism under fire, but who would apologize to any lady in town if he ran his bus over her cherry pie.

After twenty years with the Company, a man gets a diamond emblem. We don't know what he does with it, but he gets it.

Heavies

A LITTLE shopgirl with dreamy eyes, whose morning and evening way lies across the Plaza at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, had built up for herself a little myth about the glorious people who must live in those spaciously windowed corner rooms of the Savoy-Plaza. Came, alas, disillusion the other twilight. On her way to her boarding house she looked up as usual to gather sustenance for her soul, and beheld in one of the windows of the fifth-floor corner an old-fashioned flannel union suit hung up to dry.

Handicapper

THE elderly (the adjective will displease him) gentleman, slight but sprightly, whom you may have noticed at one or another of the race tracks hurrying back and forth between the stewards' stand and the paddock, is Walter S. Vosburgh. He probably knows as much about horses as anyone else in America. Mr. Vosburgh, who is past seventy, is official handicapper for The Jockey Club, the organization that runs all the tracks in the state. That is a very special position and highly important. For the uninitiated it might be said that the handicapper is the man who assigns weights to horses. A horse is given a certain weight to carry before every race in which he is scheduled to run. His weight may vary during the season, depending on his performances. The idea is to equalize, as far as possible, the winning chances of the various horses.

If, with jockey and trappings, a horse still doesn't carry the weight that Vosburgh has decreed for the animal, lead slugs are added.

It might seem odd to the layman that responsibility for such an important decision should rest in one man and not in a solemn board of handicappers—but it doesn't seem odd to the racing people. Owners, jockeys, bettors—everyone has faith in Vosburgh. They never question his method of assigning weights—nor would it do them any good if they did. He will discuss his handicaps with no one and has never revealed on what basis he works in assigning them. The job is pretty much routine with him now, for he has handicapped more than two hundred thousand horses in his day—a day that began way back in the last century. His biggest year was 1903, when he handicapped ninety-two hundred. He has kept written record of every horse he ever handicapped—weight, date, and all, and this voluminous documentation runs into several dozen hefty volumes. To go with that, he has the largest collection of photographs of horses in the country. More than twenty thousand. Agents send him new pictures every year from all over the world. They say Vosburgh can tell more about a horse from a snapshot than many an expert can from looking at it in the flesh. He especially prizes all photographs that come from England. He's never been there for the racing, but to go has always been his dream. As for America, he has seen every great thoroughbred in action here for the past sixty years. When he was a youngster, he saw Ruthless win the first Belmont Stakes in 1867 at Jerome Park. He thinks the greatest horses he ever saw, out of all the thousands, were Henry of Navarre, Sysonby, and Man o' War.

Out of season he collects butterflies, breeds prize chickens, and accommodates people who want difficult questions answered about races long ago and far away. His memory is remarkable. He can name the winners of the Derby and the St. Leger Stakes in order for the past hundred years—and other things like that. He doesn't believe in betting on horses and insists it never pays in the long run. The last wager he placed was forty years ago. His horse lost.

He lives in New Rochelle, but for more than sixty years he lived in the same house in Tremont Village, which is a built-up section off the Concourse now. In his youth it was a remote village.

Tidy Profit

THERE is a town in Canada noted for its syrup, and two young ladies returning from there decided to bring back two jugs of it as presents for friends in New York. Motoring, they crossed the border at Rouses Point. The inspector, after poking through their baggage, sniffed at the jugs, grinned, and waved them on. This, the girls noticed, brought forth stares of amazement from two young men in a roadster directly behind them. Further along the girls stopped at a roadside restaurant for lunch. The meal was rudely broken off when they looked out of the window to see the two fellows in the roadster drive up to their car, grab one of the jugs, and whirl away. They rushed out and found on the driver's seat a ten-dollar bill and a note which said, in effect, that two men could get more fun out of a jug of whiskey than two girls could and that anyhow, fifty-fifty was only fair. As it happened, they were off in their percentage. The syrup had cost only a dollar a jug.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Of course, Bishop,
I regard the flesh as unmoral. Do you string along?"

"Sh! I've been coquetting with La Flamme since a quarter past the hour!"

WHAT EVERY WIFE SHOULD KNOW

A Study of Claustrophobia

IT is not unusual nowadays to hear even intelligent persons say, or imply, that sex is everything. "Take care of sex, and the details will look after themselves" is the rule, in a manner of speaking. Nothing could be more stupid. A man and a woman may be very, very happy emotionally and not get anywhere at all. There are many reasons for this, but none is more important than the inability of many a husband, otherwise normal, to become adjusted to a household.

Too many women marry men without giving the serious chasm between their essential natures a thought. A man has neither the urge nor the talent for hanging pictures and rearranging furniture. A woman, no matter how opposed she may finally become to housework, always gets a small thrill out of shifting things. It never wears off. She may be too tired to cook, and insist on going out to dinner, but before she goes she would be willing, nay, glad, to put the victrola where the davenport is and move the davenport over in front of the fireplace. One simple move like that is enough to alarm a man sufficiently to serve as the onset of a serious psychological disturbance. He instantly thinks the house is going to be torn up, as it was last spring, with carpets rolled up in the hall and stepladders and buckets everywhere. This gives him a strange "boxed-in" feeling. If that feeling recurs too often, the husband may get claustrophobia. Claustrophobia is a "dread of being in an enclosed space, of living under conditions which would interfere with a speedy escape into the open."

CLAUSTROPHOBIA, if taken in time, can be cured, but if allowed to run on may result in anything from benign stupor to complete paranoia. In the end the husband may be just no good at all. There are various ways to avoid this sad state of affairs. In the first place, a young bride should not concentrate on buying kitchenware, painting chairs, selecting silver patterns, building bookshelves, etc., to the complete exclusion of everything else in life. The young husband, hearing all this rattling and hammering going on around him, will begin at once to have a fear of being trapped or boxed in. He will strive to get out of the house and his wife should let him go. What she almost invariably does, however, is to stop him and ask him to hold a piece of chintz or toile de Jouy up over the mantel so that she can see whether she likes it there. She won't like it there, and then he has to hold it, first high, then low, then in between, over a table in another part of the room. Now a curious thing happens to many sensitive husbands when they are holding things against walls. They get the impression that the walls are being made thicker, for the purpose of making it harder for them to get out—interfering with a speedy escape into the open. This is also usually the beginning of the Persecution Complex. The husband feels that he is not only being boxed in, but persecuted. The delusion of persecution may attain astounding and irrelevant proportions, such as that the Masons, or the Piano Makers, are against him, or that Ambassador Charles G. Dawes is trying to "get" him. A case history will show how this happens.

Case No. 22

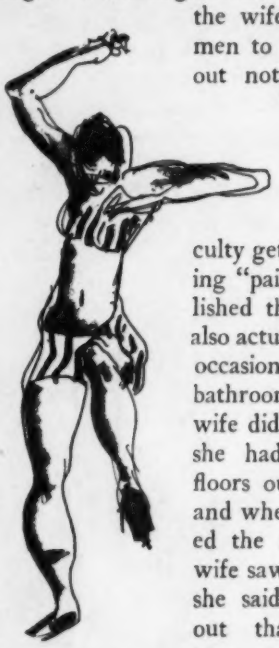
Personal History. Born July 14, 1894. Had the usual childhood diseases with no sequelae. No serious accidents or operations. Graduated from high-school at eighteen, and from college at twenty-two. Became an architect. He always held good positions with good salaries. Habits normal. Everything normal. Patient married when he was twenty-nine.

General Makeup. Always considered intelligent, amiable, and trusting. Liked outdoor activities; had strong

"But I don't think they've gone far, because she just had on that green and white dress—you know—with the funny spots in it."

urge to "get away by himself." Began to be suspicious shortly after his marriage. He showed this suspicion in his work by intimating to his associates that he thought the elevators in the building had purposely quit stopping for him, so that he could not get out. Nervous. Jumpy.

Mental Examination. Patient was very alert but suspicious when brought under observation. He demanded his immediate freedom of the physicians who were examining him. "Let's get out of here!" he kept repeating. He was allowed to depart, commitment to an institution not being thought necessary on the occasion of the first examination. Later the patient became violent. Would jump up from dinner table and cry, "Let's get out of this!"



Causation. When examined for causation, the patient at first talked guardedly, and then incoherently. "Look out for the water!" he would say, and, again, "You can't get out that way!" His physicians, unable to correlate his statements and his apprehensions, called in Dr. Damon Prill, the eminent New York psychoanalyst. "What have we here?" said Dr. Prill. "Patient," explained one of the doctors. "Look out for the water!" cried the patient. "Where did the water come from?" asked Dr. Prill, quietly. "From the drip-pan under the refrigerator," said the patient. "Ah, yes," said Dr. Prill. "You can't get out that way!" cried the case. "Now, why is it that we can't get out that way?" asked Dr. Prill. "Because we are painted in," said the patient. "Painted in, eh?" asked Dr. Prill. "You heard me," said the patient. "Painted in, hammered in, pictured in, davenported in—" here he made a strange twisting gesture with both hands, leaned forward, and ended, in a confidential whisper, "rolled up in a rug!"

THE reiteration of these incoherencies persuaded Prill to question the man's wife. It turned out that the wife, one day, had asked her husband to keep his eye on the pan under the refrigerator while she went to a bridge tea. The husband forgot the pan and the place was flooded. The ceiling in the apartment below fell. The woman in the apartment below went all to pieces. The patient's wife, returning from her tea, went all to pieces. The patient went all to pieces. Thus the hallucination formulated in his mind that being married and living in a house necessitated going to pieces. As for being "rolled up in a rug," that, it turned out, had actually happened to him also. One day, during a thorough cleaning of the apartment, the wife ordered two burly men to roll up a rug, without noticing that her husband was on it at the time. He was accordingly rolled up in it and had considerable difficulty getting out. As for being "painted in," Prill established that the husband was also actually painted in on one occasion. He was in the bathroom shaving and his wife did not know it. Thus she had a man paint the floors outside the bathroom, and when the husband opened the door to emerge, his wife saw him. "Here, here," she said. "You can't get out that way!" There was no other way out. "You'll simply have to stay in there until the paint dries," his wife told him, and he did.

Prill explained to the wife what inhibitions had done to her husband, and stressed the importance of allowing him his freedom at all times, paint or no paint. The husband was then brought back into the home, and was permitted to live a free, unfettered existence, coming and going as he pleased—always, however, under the discreet surveillance of Dr. Prill. With that remarkable perspicacity of psycho-mental cases, however, the patient became aware that someone was snooping around, watching him, and one night he leaped out of bed, pulled open a door of a little-used closet, and there was Dr. Prill, watching. The patient, who otherwise might have been cured, went instantly into the last stages of the Persecution Complex. [1] He believed he was being persecuted by the American Association of Psychoanalysts, the Navy, the City of St. Louis, and the National Association of Box Manufacturers. He whispered to doctors that a bearded man,[2] representing the Box Manufacturers, was following him around with a box and trying to catch him. Partly to avoid this imaginary menace, and also partly to stay off of imaginary paint, the patient no longer walked on the floor, but on table tops, mantels, and so on, leaping around like a gazelle. Unless watched, he would jump for the window sills, and try to get out. Finally he wrote to the President of the United States, protesting against the activities of the Order of the Eastern Star, the Railway Y. M. C. A., a Rev. W——, and the New York *Times*. The case was decreed hopeless in 1926. Later, the wife got a divorce and the husband seemed to improve. He was permitted to go to a ranch in Dakota, where he had a horse, a dog, and a pipe and was allowed to come and go as he liked. The last time I saw the patient, he was completely cured.

PREVENTION of the nuclear fears which lead to such cases of claustrophobia should be quite simple. A wife should remember that claustrophobia is brought on by an accumulation of small details. If a husband uses a guest towel, he should be quietly reprimanded, but under no circumstances sent to his room. The wife should tell him where guest towels come from, in clear, simple language, and then lead him to the drawer where she keeps the guest towels and show him wherein they differ from ordinary towels—the kind he may use. The husband should also be told that the use of such towels is not pleasurable, because of the discomfort caused by the hemstitching, the rough embroidery, and the like. He should be made to understand that no man ever uses a guest towel, that they are hung up for lady guests to look at and are not to be disturbed. If he is told these simple truths in a calm, unexcited way, the chances are that he will never use a guest towel again, and that he won't worry unduly over the consequences of his having used one once or twice. But as soon as he is given the idea that he has done something terrible, that old feeling of being boxed in comes over him. He begins to think that he will *never* do anything right around the house, and that his home is merely a laboratory in which he has been trapped for the purpose of serving as the subject of strange experiments with towels and furniture.—JAMES THURBER

[1] This discovery of Dr. Prill in the closet is one of the few blots on the splendid record of psychoanalysis, and is most unfortunate.

[2] Dr. Prill wore a small, black beard.

A VOYAGE TO PURILIA—I

NOTE: The narrator, an ethnologist of some eminence, undertakes an exploration of Purilia, a distant land known only to astronomers. Accompanied by DeWitt Johnson, pilot of the Cellula (a specially constructed and equipped airplane), he sets off upon his hazardous adventure. Quickly passing beyond the limits of the earth's atmosphere, the two soar through the black immensity of interstellar space toward the point indicated by their charts as the theoretical position of the mysterious country; but for many hours no sign of their objective is seen.

At length, their fuel supply depleted, they abandon hope and resign themselves to death. Suddenly, however, they descry in the distance a pinkish blur, which rapidly reveals itself as a great mass of rose-tinted cloud. This they correctly surmise to be the atmosphere of Purilia. Before long they emerge from the ethereal darkness and plunge boldly into the roseate effluvium. Below them lies Purilia, and as they make a rapid descent, they note that the country in its physical aspects bears a striking resemblance to the earth.

After a hasty topographical survey, they bring their craft to rest upon a level bit of pasture-land, in a rather sparsely settled agricultural region.

JOHNSON switched off the ignition and, as the roaring of our engines ceased abruptly, I became even more conscious of the curious vibrations which I had felt ever since we had entered the Purilian atmosphere. But I could see nothing which might account for them and, as I was temporarily deafened, I could hear nothing either.

With alacrity we struggled out of our confined seats. It was a warm spring evening and we felt uncomfortably hot. We helped each other out of our heavy outer garments and painfully stretched our stiffened limbs. I opened the door of the cockpit and we staggered out upon the ground. Freed from our cramped quarters, and the tension of nerves and muscles relaxed, we revived quickly. Our bodies became flexible again, our eyes no longer strained into space, and our normal hearing was restored.

"Music!" exclaimed Johnson and I at the same instant. For with the recovery of our hearing we became aware that the air was flooded with harmonious sound. Great waves of mellow harmony rolled about us and over us, filling heaven and earth (if I may apply these worldly terms to the Purilian atmosphere and soil) with incessant pulsation. Undoubtedly this was the cause of the strange vibrations. The music was all-enveloping, all-encompassing; it could almost be touched, almost seen, so inescapable and overpowering were its cadences.

It is difficult to convey to the terrestrial reader, to whom music is an accidental and occasional phenomenon, the effect of living and moving in a world in which melody is as much a condition of life as are light and air. Let the reader try to fancy himself lapped every moment of his existence, waking or sleeping, in liquid, swooning sound, forever rising and falling, and wrapping itself about him like a caressing garment. The effect is indescribable. It is like the semi-stupor of an habitual intoxication, without intervals of either sobriety or complete unconsciousness. The hardest head and the stoutest organism cannot withstand it. I dare say that more than once in this record of Purilia the sensitive reader will catch echoes and overtones of that omnipresent harmony — now pathetic, now gay, now ominous, now martial, now tender, but always awakening familiar memories, always swellingly mellifluous, and always surcharged with a slight but unmistakable tremolo.

WHILE we were still puzzling over the origin of the strange music, we were not a little surprised

Ye quaint registration booth

to hear a voice say: "Spring comes early to the Purilian hills."

We looked about for the speaker, but in vain. Although it was still light enough to see clearly, there was no one visible. Indeed the voice, while quite audible even above the pervasive music, did not appear to come from anyone near at hand; it seemed, rather like the music itself, to emanate from some all-permeating but indeterminable source. It was a round, suave, unctuous voice, lilting and cadenced, and curiously impersonal. Although the tone in which it made its interesting observation about spring was one of helpful courtesy, there was in it, too, a note of authoritative firmness.

Scarcely had the voice ceased, when a robin's nest on the branch of a nearby tree suddenly swelled to such enormous proportions that we involuntarily stepped back in alarm. The bird, which was industriously feeding its hungry young, appeared for an instant to be as large as some fabulous roc. Then it shrank as suddenly as it had swelled and we saw that it was a mere robin after all. With the deflation of the robin, a distant lamb, tottering across the field, loomed elephantine, and as it in turn receded, a modest crocus, just raising its head in the tender grass, expanded and shot upward with tropical luxuriance.

"What's the idea, anyhow?" asked Johnson, a little resentfully.

"I don't know, I'm sure," I replied. "But you'll notice," I added, "that they all seem to bear out the pronouncement about spring."

No other explanation presented itself to us, and we waited, with enforced patience, while a romping colt, a rippling brook, and a curly-headed child in a pinafore, fondling a new-

OUR COUNTRY CALLS

"Dear me, I can't seem to remember—was I living on Fifty-ninth Street in 1924 or was it on Fifty-eighth Street? I believe it was Fifty-eighth Street. No—it was Fifty-ninth Street."

Serving their country—in one capacity or another

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born kitten—all swollen to heroic stature—impinged themselves upon us.

THE procession of monstrosities concluded, we started across the fields in the direction of a farmhouse which we had seen from the air. Night was approaching and it was expedient to seek shelter. We had taken only a few steps, however, when Johnson hastily seized my arm and cried: "Look!" I looked, in the direction which he indicated, and, from behind a nearby tree, I saw the head of a young and beautiful girl, who peered at us coyly. Then the strange disembodied voice that we had already heard spoke again. "For nineteen summers," it said, "Pansy Malone grew among the verdant fields of Purilia, a lovely unspoiled child of nature."

The voice ceased and the face, to whose owner this conveniently informative announcement undoubtedly referred, rushed forward at us expansively and receded again. Then the girl herself stepped from behind the tree and came toward us.

She was indeed a lovely creature, and a first glance seemed to confirm the suggestion that she was native to the countryside: the daughter of a humble farmer, perhaps. Barefoot and dressed in well-fitting rags, she leaned daintily upon the handle of a rake (which, upon reflection, struck me as a little odd, for it was scarcely the season for haying).

A closer scrutiny, however, raised many puzzling doubts as to the accuracy of the descriptive announcement. By terrestrial standards I should have thought her to be thirty rather than nineteen, and her person seemed to belie a life of arduous toil and exposure to the elements. Although she was hatless, her skin was snowy and unblemished. Her lips were small bows of unusual perfection and each eyelash stiffly proclaimed its individual existence. Her hair, which was literally a mass of golden ringlets, might well have been proclaimed a triumph of tonsorial art. The hand which clasped the rake (as well as the other hand, which fingered the hem of her charmingly tattered dress) was soft and white, and the finger-nails were well-shaped and beautifully polished and tinted; and I was not a little surprised to observe that the dainty toes which nestled modestly in the grass were handsomely manicured too. But I remembered that I was in a strange country and I surmised that the conditions of rural life in Purilia are unlike our own.

"Good evening," I said to the lovely creature. "We're strangers here and looking for a place to spend the night."

"I live with my widowed mother in a simple cottage," replied Miss Malone, her face swelling, "but such as it is, you're welcome to share it."

We were naturally a little hesitant about accepting this magnanimous offer, but it seemed so genuine that we readily overcame our scruples. I must add, too, that the prospect of being under the same roof with this beautiful maiden did not diminish my willingness to accept.

We took our few personal effects and followed Pansy across the fields. It developed that the cottage in which she lived was the very one which we had observed and at which we had intended to ask shelter. It was twilight now, but as we approached the house there was still enough light to enable us to discern that it was a neat little white cottage, with a sloping roof, and dainty curtains at the windows. In front was a charming little flower garden, and the cottage itself was covered with clambering rose vines. I was pleased to note that, although it was still early in May, the roses were in full bloom and the air was filled with their fragrance.

"Pretty nice little place you got here," said Johnson as we entered the little gate and walked up the neatly gravelled path to the cottage.

Pansy stopped, her hand upon the latch, and turned toward us. Her face distended until it blotted out the cottage itself.

"It's the most beautiful house in the world," she said, with simple feeling. "It's home."

Then her face shrank to its normal dimensions once more. And lifting the latch, she opened the door of the little cottage and we all entered.

PANSY conducted us to the sitting-room of the cottage: a small room, modestly furnished, but proclaiming by its immaculate cleanliness the gentility of its inhabitants. At a table, beside a lighted oil-lamp, sat an aged woman, whom I judged to be Pansy's mother. As though to confirm this surmise, the Presence (for so I had come to term the disembodied voice that accompanied us) announced dispassionately: "Mrs. Malone, Pansy's mother, old before her time with work and worry."

I was grateful for this explanation of Mrs. Malone's apparent age. To the uninstructed eye, she seemed seventy at the very least, and, since we knew that Pansy was only nineteen, the discrepancy would else have been a puzzling one. Mrs. Malone was a sweet-faced gentlewoman, with soft white hair parted severely in the middle. The sombreness of her simple black dress (indicative no doubt of her widowhood) was relieved by a collar of handmade lace of delicate workmanship, and although the evening was a mild one, she wore a woollen shawl about her stooped shoulders.

When we entered, she was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a framed photograph, which she held in her hand. Suddenly this photograph filled the room and we saw that it represented a young and handsome man. "Hoping against hope," observed the Presence, "for news of her only son, absent from home for two weary years."

Mrs. Malone sighed deeply and shook her head sorrowfully, and then two great tears trickled slowly down her furrowed cheeks. It was indeed an affecting spectacle, and as I glanced at Pansy I saw that two globular tears,

of a size that did credit to her sensibilities, were proceeding slowly down her lovely cheeks, too. I must confess that my own eyes were not free from moisture; and as for Johnson, he blew his nose with a vigor that apprised Mrs. Malone of our presence.

Hastily she returned the photograph to its accustomed place upon the table and, smiling through her tears, rose to greet us. She nodded slowly, as Pansy explained our presence, and then she said in a sweet, quavering voice: "Strangers are always welcome here; and I hope my boy has found a welcome under some mother's roof, too."

We could see that her tragedy was uppermost in her thoughts, and in fact, when Pansy left the room to make preparations for the evening meal, the elderly woman proceeded at once to acquaint us with the details of her son's disappearance. It seems that the lad —Charlie by name—had had occasion to visit a neighboring town, in connection with some business relating to the farm, the nature of which I could not clearly understand. (There is, I discovered later, a curious vagueness and uncertainty about all such details of Purilian life. The Purilians are essentially an emotional people with a marked lack of interest in the practical minutiae of daily existence.) At any rate, the boy, during his visit to the town, fell in with some evil companions and, despite his sterling character and habitual sobriety, allowed these scoundrels to ply him with drink and to lure him to some low gambling den. A drunken brawl ensued, in the course of which Charlie was rendered unconscious by a blow upon the head. His sodden companions fled in craven terror, leaving him for dead. When one, more humane than the rest, returned to the scene of the mêlée, Charlie had disappeared! No trace of him had ever been found; and, although two years had elapsed, the fond mother still awaited, each day, some confirmation of her maternal conviction that the boy was alive and well.

WHILE we were still commiserating the unhappy mother, Pansy appeared, clad in even more fetching tatters than before, and announced supper. We adjourned to the dining-room and, as we seated ourselves at the table, upon which several dishes of steaming viands were already displayed, a burly, jovial-faced fellow in overalls entered hurriedly from the kitchen. As he approached the table he stumbled awkwardly over a rug and lurched against the sideboard, dislodging a plate, which fell upon his head and broke into a dozen fragments. I was alarmed for his safety, but was reassured when I observed that both Pansy and her mother were smiling indulgently, and that the fellow himself, although he rubbed his head ruefully, seemed none the worse for the mishap. Indeed, he took his place briskly at the table; and as he tied an enormous napkin under his chin, the Presence obligingly remarked: "Jim Slocum, the hired man, never ate peas for fear of cutting his mouth."

I had no time to reflect upon this rather cryptic utterance, for my attention was immediately engaged by Jim's rather remarkable behavior. Although no one had yet been served, he leaned far across the table toward the dishes of food, and heaped his own plate mountain-high. Then, bending close over the plate, he began consuming the food with the most alarming rapidity, plying both knife and fork vigorously, his eyes bulging and his cheeks distended. It was far from a pleasant spectacle and I rather expected that Pansy or her mother would rebuke the man. This their good nature would not allow, however, and they contented themselves with little smiles and headshakings, in which faint deprecation and tolerant amusement were mingled.

"I'm afraid the summer did Oswald no good. His school tells me he's deficient in sandpiles and ladder-climbing."

BUT suddenly their smiles vanished, and instead, their faces exhibited alarm—and grave alarm indeed. The apparent cause of this transformation was nothing more consequential than a knock upon the door, although from the degree of agitation which they both displayed I should have surmised some major catastrophe. They stared at each other in undisguised terror and then, as the knock was repeated, Pansy walked, or rather tottered, to the door and opened it. A man entered the room.

I assumed that the Presence would apprise us of the man's identity and I was not disappointed, for almost instantly the voice observed blandly: "Horace Millwood, not content with his ill-gotten millions, had set his heart upon a fairer treasure." I scrutinized Millwood sharply and I must confess that I did not like his looks. He was handsome enough, as he stood there in his fashionable riding clothes —a riding crop in his hands and two great hounds snarling at his heels—but there was something in his eye that bespoke libidinous desire, and my heart misgave me with the sudden fear that Pansy was the treasure he desired, and that he boded her no good. One more conversant with the peculiarities of Purilia would have detected two infallible evidences of the man's knavery: the growth of hair upon his upper lip, and his failure to remove his hat in the presence of the two gentlewomen.

Millwood cast a sneering, supercilious glance about the room and then, with a

threatening gesture of his riding crop, bade the dogs be quiet. Pansy and her mother, their hands clutching their bosoms, waited for him to speak.

"I have come for the rent," said Millwood. "I suppose you know that it's two weeks overdue."

I understood at once that Millwood was the Malones' landlord, but I was more than a little surprised that this millionaire should take the trouble to call in person to collect the rent of so humble a cottage. I suspected some ulterior motive, and events proved that I was not wrong.

Pansy's face mirrored her distress. "Just give us a few days more," she pleaded. "I'm expecting a letter from my uncle with the money in it."

"I've heard that story before," sneered Millwood. His callousness made my blood boil, and as for Johnson, he would have struck the fellow had I not restrained him. But I should have withheld my restraining hand had I known at that very moment the letter in question lay in Millwood's pocket, filched from the mails by the local postmaster, who was one of Millwood's tools. (The Purilian post office is notorious for its inefficiency and corruptness. Again and again I heard of letters of the utmost importance being either stolen or misdelivered, always with the most dire consequences.)

Mrs. Malone now sought to soften Millwood. "You would not have the heart to turn us out of our home," she said.

But Millwood was adamant. "I can wait no longer," he replied. "You must pay the rent tomorrow, or get out of the house." And then turning to Pansy, he added significantly, "Unless, of course, you have changed your mind."

Pansy looked at him unflinchingly. "I cannot marry you, Mr. Millwood," she said with quiet dignity. "I do not love you."

A scowl distorted Millwood's enlarged features. "Very well," he said with an angry sneer, "then there's nothing more to be said," and, turning abruptly, he stalked out of the room, followed by the two savage dogs.

WHEN he had left, Pansy did not attempt to conceal her distress. She gave full vent to her grief, and her mother's attempts to comfort her were in vain. It was clear to me now that Millwood was using the Malones' pecuniary difficulties as a means to force the unwilling Pansy into a marriage with him. We discussed the situation at length with the two wretched women, but it seemed quite hopeless, for Pansy, it developed, had fallen victim to the Purilian land-tenure system, which is one of the country's most flagrant evils. And here the reader will no doubt require a word of explanation.

In Purilia, practically all the small rural homesteads are controlled by a class of unscrupulous wealthy men who, either as landlords or mortgagees, rule the economic destinies of the humble homesteaders. The agriculture of the country is upon a most unsound economic basis, and the rural population is engaged in a constant struggle to meet rent and interest payments which, under this most inequitable system, are perpetually due. To aggravate matters, these grasping landowners are always irresistibly attracted to the fair young daughters of their unfortunate tenants and, by ill-chance, this attraction is never reciprocal.

Things looked black indeed for the Malones; and, after seeking in vain for some solution, we mounted the stairs with heavy hearts, to retire for the night. —ELMER RICE

(*Continued next week*)

"And this is a very fine gin—non-alcoholic, of course."

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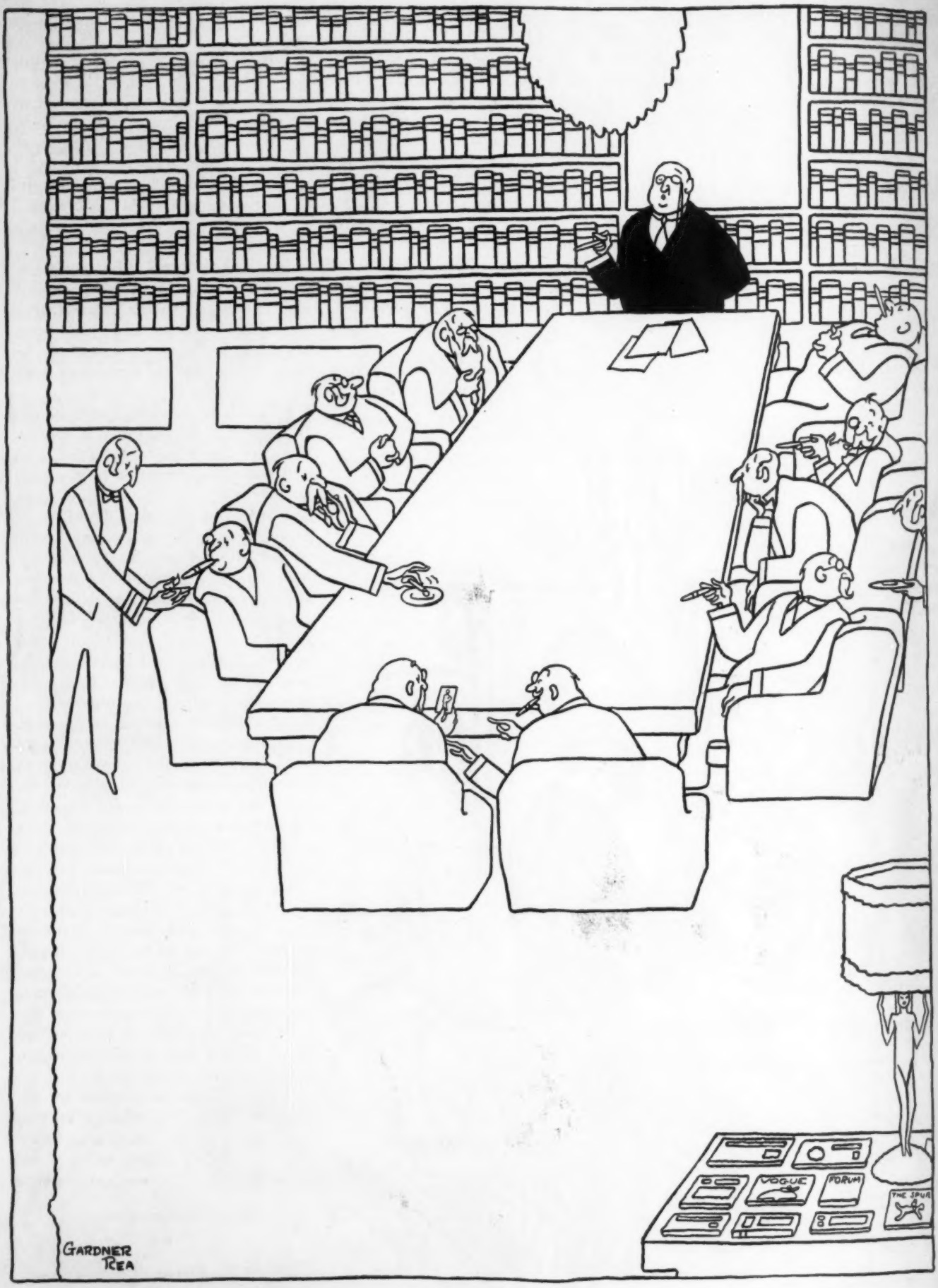
102D,58 E—Protestant women's hotel; single rooms with broad, $8 weekly.—*Adv. in the World.*

Slangy lot, these hotelkeepers.



"Gentlemen, as chairman of the House Committee, I warn you that retrenchment is necessary. I fear we shall have to discontinue the 'Saturday Evening Post.'"

SONNET

Tomorrow's morrow, trembling on the sill,
And we are come to the nine-bended river.
Look up, my friend, the quick is in us still:
Earthside, we are, the Taker and the Giver.
If life has thriven and the pulse be cool,
Well, let the glory fail against us then;
Our tenantry, like ripples on the pool,
Is for the moment, for we are but men.
Scatter the cloud, the sun will find us out,
The night is ribbed with firmamental strength;
Wherefore we contemplate, from doubt to doubt,
The ghostly shadow that is cast our length,
Knowing that in its time regenerate spring
Restores the bloom and gives the bee his wing.

—David McCord

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INNOCENCE ASTRIDE

A GROOM said, "Up you get, sir."

Then he said, "The other side, sir, if you please."

A stirrup dangled down at me. I looked at my left foot, then up at the stirrup. There seemed little connection between the two; being anxious to please, however, and pathetically game if I do say it, I lifted my knee. Nothing happened.

"My trouser-legs are too tight, I can't bend my knee. Hey, Bill, my trousers are too tight and I can't bend my knee!" I cried, a little hysterical with hope and pleasure.

"Give'm a leg up," Bill said; and I had called him friend, and we used first names.

Hands were laid upon me, I shot into the air and fell heavily back into the saddle. Other hands fumbled with straps, pried my feet away from Murderess' lean abdomen, placed them in the stirrups, unclenched my fingers from the saddle and forced a tangle of straps into them.

"Aha, the reins," I exclaimed, playing a fast game of cats' cradle.

"'Old your 'and so, sir," said a voice from below, and somebody cleverly threaded my fingers. "Now turn your 'and over." All this time Murderess stood like a stuffed elk. She knew. "Just wait," she was saying to herself, "till I get him alone." She looked round into my face and sneered, then walked demurely towards the gate after Firebrand.

Bill turned in his saddle and spoke to me in his quaint Long Island dialect:

"Stirrups all right? Goith feel tight enough? Remember now, she's got a mouth like a silk stocking, so don't ride her on the coib."

I looked at him in alarm. "We going to the city?"

"City?" he asked. "What the hell?"

"You said not to ride her on the kerb."

"Oh Lord, the coib rein, I said. Don't use it too much."

"Oh, the curb *rein*. Which is it?"

"The one at the end of the bit."

I peeked around Murderess' neck and traced the rein back to my hand, already stiff from clutching.

"I see. I'll just pull on the other one, is that it? The scrapple—snuffle—what do you call it?"

"Snaffle, fool."

"Oh, of course, I remember now—

"I'll take one, but I know they're a fake."

"Forty-six?—You don't look forty-six . . ."

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snaffle. I said 'snuffle,' didn't I?—hahaha." I was laughing alone; unless you count Murderess, who chuckled ominously to herself as she walked along. Suddenly she shot onwards ten lengths, having misinterpreted an effort I was making to dislodge by suction a raspberry seed stuck between my teeth.

I muttered, "Whoa, Murderess, nice horsey," and pulled a little on the reins. This she resented as a familiarity, and countered by sticking her chin out, partly dislocating my shoulder, and breaking into a long-legged trot, whereof the motion imparted to me was perpendicular, incessant, and unrhythmic. I repeated, "Whoa, Murderess," and pulled still harder. She broke into a run. Was I supposed to push on the reins to stop her?

FINALLY she stopped in her gallop long enough to get caught up with her fancy footwork, and the best I can say for that was that it was a change. I heard Bill coming up behind us. Murderess heard him too, with satisfaction, decided we had been there long enough, and clattered off down a steep and rocky slope. The last thing I heard was a shout from Bill: "Take it slow! She's a fool about fences! *Don't get her running*!"

Don't get her running. I turned my head to scream the worst oath I could think of at Bill, when a sharp blow on the kneecap told me that I must have lost a stirrup. All feeling had long since gone from my feet. Away before us the road stretched up half a mile of gentle slope to vanish in a grove of small trees, and we covered it swiftly. I took my presence on Murderess' back for granted now, doubting that I would ever again know anything different. This doubt was resolved on reaching the crest of the hill: in the grove the road took a sharp left, leaving us face to face with a high fence that guarded a cornfield thickly studded with short, dagger-like stalks. What had Bill shouted? "She's a fool about fences." I tried to remember from the rotogravures whether one should lean forward or back when jumping, but memory failed me. There was no time. Murderess squealed happily and bore down on the fence at her best speed, prepared to justify her name.

Stark fear seized me. I was ready to die—not willingly, perhaps, but at least manfully. As we reached the fence I felt Murderess gather herself for the leap; then to my surprise she suddenly checked, slithered, and wrenched round to the left.

I cleared the fence alone, but the impact of my body on the ground was less severe than I had feared—remembering those frozen cornstalk daggers—because I lit softly, and bounced. Why did I bounce? I bounced because where I landed some thoughtful rustic had left a pile of pumpkins, which had rotted.

By the time Bill rode up, towing Murderess, I had scraped the worst of it off, but was still far from being personally irreproachable.

He said, "What have you been playing in?" Then he asked several other foolish questions like "Did she refuse?" and "Did she pull much?" and "Why did you let her get going?," none of which I answered.

Finally he made a very curious suggestion. "Well," he said. "What you waiting for? Get on and come along."

I said to him, "Bill, Murderess and I are through. A horse by any other name—perhaps, years hence when I'm well again; but I ride no more homicidal maniacs today, male or female. From now on I walk." And I have.

—DONALD MOFFAT

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's earnest appeal for a flexible tariff was rejected by the upper house. Forty-seven senators were inflexible.

•

John McNab of California has been appointed by Hoover to reorganize the enforcement agencies. So what with McNab, MacDonald, McCarthy, and McGillicuddy, October is a grand old month for the Macs.

•

The Senate has now decided to investigate all kinds of lobbies, financial and social. Mr. Brookhart would be the one to look into the hotel lobby.

•

It is charged that Mayor Walker's telephone wires were tapped by a spy. It is what you might expect when you have a municipal campaign based upon a murder-mystery story.

•

Life has been sued for damages by the Algonquin and *Liberty* by Miss Marjorie Oelrichs. The pursuit of happiness is not doing so well either.

•

Miss Oelrichs accuses *Liberty* of printing a signed article by her which she never heard of before. It brings up the delicate question: shall we tell

our authors or let them hear it from some rough newsdealer?

•

It now appears that the Fahy dinner was not such an orgy after all. There were silver flasks under the tables but no senators.

•

The Mayor of Lynn, Massachusetts, has forbidden bare legs in public. From now on no girl must have visible means of support.

•

Henry Ford says that women have no place in industry. This is the biggest thing Henry has taken up since he abolished Jews.

•

It seems that Shearer did not really break the Geneva conference. All he broke was Charles M. Schwab's great, loving heart.

•

After his conviction for murdering and burning his wife, Peacox was handed five hundred letters and telegrams of sympathy. If these authors were laid end to end it would be good clean fun to run over them.

•

The recent hurricane did not hit Florida very hard. The realtors will soon be telling us that there was just enough wind to blow the fruit fly away.

•

President Angell urges the students not to spend their weekends away from New Haven. Hold 'em, Yale!

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

HIC JACET—PETREL

Come back, my dear. You'd like me now.
(That girl is gone who tried you so.)
Mild is my mien and bland my brow;
My voice, how lady-low.

No more the stamp, the scowl, the shout.
For fights I've lost my flair.
And all the flames have flickered out
In that old torch, my hair.

I do not argue, weep, or rage.
My temper swiftly cools.
I've reached a kind of ether stage
Where I can suffer fools.

And you may say the moon is cheese.
And I will say, "My love, you're right."
I've gone wide-eyed. I aim to please.
I've turned the Gentlemen's Delight.

O lying neat as any nun—
Come roll the stone and take a peek—
That mocking and mercurial one,
Her tongue safe in her cheek.

—JACQUELINE EMBRY

"Uncle Gregory, shall I improvise in C natural, or would you rather smoke?"

HONEYMOON, MODEL 1929

[*Following a pattern set by two of the season's most prominent brides*]

BACK BAY LUMBER CAMP,
NORTHERN MAINE,
OCTOBER 1, 1929

DEAR MARY:

I THOUGHT I'd write and tell you about our trip while John is away chopping wood. My dear, it's been perfectly heavenly!

After the wedding—you saw about *that* in the papers, I suppose—we slipped away through the woods to get away from the reporters and got on board the cruiser. I wore my green travelling knickers and that plaid high-necked sweater. John, to economize, wore one of his father's old Indian suits. As soon as we were safely on board, I began polishing the brass, while John caught some fish for supper. After supper we washed up the dishes and then John thought it would be fun to scrub the deck by moonlight—and oh, Mary, it was all so beautiful and romantic that I got quite silly! In fact, I'm afraid maybe I didn't scrub as hard as I might have, but I got up early the next morning and did it all over again so John wouldn't see that my part wasn't as clean as his.

We spent that day fishing and in the evening I salted them down for next winter while John read to me from a book called "David Goes Voyaging." The next day a bad storm came up and John had all he could do to "man" the boat while I stayed in the cabin and mended our nets.

On Saturday John said we'd better begin to think about finding a place to go to church, so we cruised around and just by accident turned into a cove and found this grand lumber camp. We were very busy all that day, cleaning the boat, moving, making camp, so that night we didn't do much of anything except dig a cellar for our supplies. We had to get up early and walk several miles to church, which I enjoyed very much. I wore my new gabardine suit and that muffler, cap, and mitten set you gave me. We met some awfully nice lumberjacks and their wives after church was over, and they asked me if I'd like to take charge of the canning booth at the county fair. Of course, I said Yes, but I was a little worried about what John would find to do while I was busy at the fair grounds.

I needn't have been though, because early Monday morning John disappeared with his axe and soon I heard him chopping away quite happily in the woods. He came back about supper time and said the lumbering here was the best he had ever seen and that he was going further upstream for a week or so with some lumberjacks who had promised to show him some new strokes and stances or something.

So you see we are having a glorious time and are too happy for words. I'll write you again soon, but I'll have to close now and get to work on those peaches for the fair.

Love, FLORA

—ELIZABETH CRAWFORD

•

Mrs. Pearl Buzzard, with Messrs. Jonathan and Noah Buzzard, is occupying the Villa Schreyvogel at Gmunden in the Salzkammergut. Mrs. Buzzard has recently been joined by her daughter, Mrs. Everett Eagle.—*Paris Herald.*

Just a little nest up in the mountains.

"This letter'll teach the Gas Company to overcharge me!"

THE DRESS REHEARSAL

YOUR modest pride because you have been asked to a dress rehearsal. The woman at the window who can't seem to find your ticket. The gentlemen in evening clothes who must be important or they wouldn't just stand there in the lobby. The thought that they probably don't need tickets but just got in on their reputations. Your pious resignation because your reputation has never done you any harm or any good either. Your relief when in spite of everything you get a pretty good seat.

The novel sensation of having no idea what the play is about or what your favorite critic thinks of it. The gentleman at your left who seems to know more than he'd care to tell in public about practically everybody in the cast. Your effort to preserve the calm detachment of a person who is always going to dress rehearsals. The dimming lights. The courteous hush. The first act.

YOUR touching willingness to believe that this is going to be the play of the season. The applause for each actor in which you dutifully join. The optimism. The enthusiasm. The delightful prospect of mentioning to friends who may have to get their seats six weeks in advance that you saw the masterpiece before its first night. The creeping uneasiness. The gnawing dread. Your conviction that for young people to be snooty to their parents is right and natural but profoundly boring. Your inability to decide whether this is a sound criticism or a personal prejudice. The curtain. The brisk clapping. The woman behind you who says discreetly that it is a fine piece of casting. The suggestion that you go down to the lobby for a cigarette.

THE congestion due to the fact that the lobby is somewhat smaller than the theatre proper. The overflow on the stairs. The overflow on the sidewalk. The author, immaculate and a trifle nervous. The large gentleman with the mustache who moves about slowly as though conferring a papal blessing. The gray-haired lady in bright rose and sequins. The lady in off-white and crystal. The lady with the monocle. The large-jawed lady in the black coat with an ermine stock. The charming young leading lady in shell pink. The famous character actress in black and scarlet. Your regret for your own protective coloring, pleasingly calculated to render you invisible. The young gentleman in brown who is introduced to you and wonders how Bob's show is going. The young gentleman in gray who thinks that somebody else's show is about to close. Your sorrow that you do not know either of these intriguing persons. Your conscientious effort to find out what people are saying about the first act they have just witnessed. Your surprise that nobody mentions it. The reflection that they probably do not consider it professional etiquette to admit that they are seeing a play. The ringing of the bell. The beginning of the second act.

THE relaxation of your critical faculties. The emotion. The abandon. The laughter. The sympathy. The loss of your first-act repose of manner. Your whispered comment that you think this is pretty good. Your embarrassment because you have committed yourself in the presence of witnesses. The second curtain and your carefully restrained applause. The second intermission which starts very much like the first. The acquaintance whom you recognize. Your cordial volubility, unequalled since you met a rather boring New York friend on the Rue de la Paix. The pleasure of being able to do a little gossiping on your own account. The return for the final act.

The old carping spirit. The author's solution of his problem with which you are far from pleased. The fleeting fancy that if you wrote a play it would have a much more satisfactory ending. The commendable sternness with which you check this unhealthy idea.

The last curtain. The crisp applause. The brocaded evening coats. The dashing ensembles. The gay chatter in which everybody seems to be calling everybody else by his first name. The famous character actress who is receiving compliments on a pretty astounding hat. The *jeune premier* who is going out to get a taxi. Your own inconspicuous departure. The decision that it has been a very entertaining evening but in some ways you'd almost as soon go to the theatre in your usual simple, bourgeois fashion, after the play has run at least six weeks.

—ALICE FRANKFORTER

• •

NAÏVETÉ

Expositions of the Ingenuous Noted in the Columns of the Newspapers

THE LOCALE	THE EXPONENT	THE SITUATION	THE EXPOSITION
Elmira, Michigan	Doris Buell	Chosen as "America's most intelligent farm girl"	"I developed my mind by driving a pair of mules."
Marrakech, Morocco	Pasha El Hadj	Was asked how many wives he had	"Four legal ones, and *probably* three hundred concubines."
Chicago	Carl Deutsch	Arrested for speeding	"My baby was playing with the accelerator. I hated to disturb it."
Mt. Clemens, Michigan	Harry Mastens	Arrested for bootlegging, the quality of his product was questioned	"I drink two quarts of it myself every day, and it's never hurt me."
Zagreb, Yugoslavia	Landlady Gundulitcheva	Tenants complained that their house was haunted	Requested the police to drive away the ghosts.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

THE THEATRE

A SHILLING IN LONDON, FIFTEEN CENTS HERE

JUDGING from the London successes which have so far invaded New York's new season, the London theatre-going public must boil at about 65°F. Not that they aren't all very nice plays and quite worth an evening if you happen to have dined well and want some place to sit, but they are not exactly the kind to sear themselves into your memory or even to keep that left eyelid up if it starts drooping. It speaks very well for the fresh and childlike eagerness of London audiences that they were excited by such simplicity. (I need hardly add that "Rope's End" is not included in this category of A. B. C.'s from London. Even jaded New York hadn't thought of putting on such a fancy killing. Incest has been the best we could do so far.)

Mention has already been made of the pleasantly mild nature of "Many Waters" and "Murder on the Second Floor," but "Candle-Light" and "A Hundred Years Old" are even more ingenuous. "A Hundred Years Old" is so mild as to be practically non-existent except to the most alert, and I doubt very much if even London indulged in more than a passing trembling fit over it. After all, the Anglo-Saxon mind has to have *some* sort of stimulation to make it react.

"CANDLE-LIGHT" has at least a surface ripple of gay lines and several very live performances. Of course, it is true that it concerns itself with a situation which hasn't concerned anyone since the Baker & Taylor Company stopped printing those little brown books of plays for "Church and School Entertainments," namely, the valet masquerading as his master and the maid as her mistress, with the resulting breathless complications when the *real* master and mistress appear. (You should have heard them scream in the Piedmont Church vestry when Howard Dow, as the real master, came in and found George Dixon, as the butler, dressed up in Howard's, the real master's, clothes! I was the stage-manager, so I ought to know.)

But P. G. Wodehouse has inserted some smart lines into the German original of "Candle-Light" (and some pretty phony ones along with them) and Reginald Owen, who plays the old Howard Dow part, and Leslie Howard, in George Dixon's rôle, are practically perfect in their respective fields. They almost make a new play of it, and certainly they make it an entertaining one.

I am always hampered in writing judicially of any performance of Miss Gertrude Lawrence, because ever since that opening night of the first "Char-

"STRICTLY DISHONORABLE"

This gay little comedy, which tells the story of a young lady who failed in her attempt to be seduced, involves the services of the above. From left to right they're Tullio Carminati, Muriel Kirkland, Louis Jean Heydt, Carl Anthony (on the sofa), William Ricciardi, and the abstemious cop, Edward J. McNamara. They all ought to be very nicely fixed for the winter.

ecstatic fragrance of the French modernes... breath of dawn's awakening flowers... latest creation of Houbigant... favoured parfum of Paris.

Ten Dollars the Modèle Originale ✣ Eighteen Dollars the Grande Flacon ✣ Twenty Dollars the Grande Flacon with Atomizer

au matin *by* HOUBIGANT
PARIS

PACKARD

A NEW ERA in MOTORING LUXURY

Reasserting their leadership of the fine car field, the new model Packard Eights evidence striking advances in Luxurious Transportation.

You will be delighted with the spacious interiors, tailored in appealing fabrics and equipped with the daintiest fittings.

You are sure to appreciate the added power in the straight eight motor, with its four speed transmission that shifts silently and accelerates swiftly.

Surely Packard has created a New Standard of Luxurious Transportation. Why not discover its refinements for yourself?

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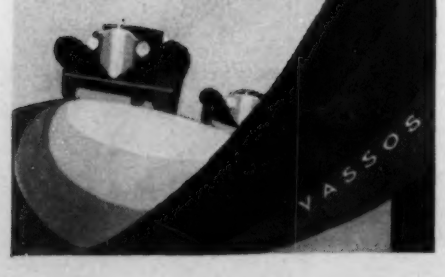
Ask the man who owns one



lot's Revue" (I must pause here for an instant to choke up and sob at the memory) I have been what, with great repression, I will call an "admirer" of her personal charms. This, I feel, makes it improper for me to sit on any case involving a cold, impartial judgment of her merits as an actress. In "Candle-Light," however, I do feel that, as the play begins to run down, Miss Lawrence relies a bit too much on her musical-comedy technique to get her effects, a failing which I would be tempted to attribute to the necessity of getting across the musical-comedy lines which Mr. Wodehouse has given her were it not for the fact that Messrs. Owen and Howard do not succumb to the same necessity and still get the lines across with splendid effect.

You can count on a pleasant evening at "Candle-Light" but not such a one as London may have led you to believe.

AT "A Hundred Years Old," thanks to the comfortable seats in the Lyceum, you can count on an almost undisturbed nap. One of those Granville-Barker translations from the Spanish of the Quintero boys, it lives up to the high standard of tedium set by all Spanish plays with a literary flavor, in which no character ever says "don't" when he can say "do not" and any reference to the Devil and Hell is a comedy gag of the first water. Owing to the hero having lived one hundred years (almost, it seems, in full view of the audience), a birthday party is arranged and had. There's your plot. Otis Skinner is the lovable *centenario*, and maybe he isn't lovable! Just a hundred-year-old mass of lovableness and understanding is what he is. He arranges a match between two of the most determinedly juvenile of young people (who were, I certainly hope, not *both* his great-grandchildren, for the sake of the great-great-grandchild on which he had set his mind, although everyone in the play seemed to be a member of the family) and in other ways gives off that kindly and tolerant spirit of meddling which is the prerogative of very old people. Fred Tiden and Octavia Kenmore, being the only disagreeable characters on view and good actors into the bargain, were a great relief.

The program did not state in what country the action ("action," ha-ha-ha!) took place, but I suppose from the authors' and characters' names that it was Spain. The set might have represented Spain or John Gilbert's house in Hollywood.

THE two melodramas "Scotland Yard" and "Subway Express" are both based on highly improbable premises, the first that a man can have his face rebuilt from another man's photograph so that he can fool both the other man's wife and the Bank of England, and the second that people at one end of a moving subway train can hear conversations being carried on by people at the other. "Subway Express," however, overcomes this slight distortion of detail by being a most original and interesting murder-mystery. A man is killed while sitting in his subway seat and the rest of the play is given over to an investigation held between Times Square and Van Cortlandt Park, with the rest of the passengers held prisoners until the thing is cleared up. Among other notable features of the play is the casting of the rôle of an electrical engineer who looks and talks exactly like an electrical engineer.

"Scotland Yard" never quite succeeds in overcoming the initial improbability of a man with a new face. In fact, it adds a few more which make the thing well nigh impossible.

THERE is no doubt about the settings in "The Criminal Code." Young Mr. Albert R. Johnson has made them to represent a jail, and so successfully that one almost asks for one's five dollars and a suit of clothes on leaving the theatre.

The settings are not the only things which impress the audience with a sense of having been a guest of the State. Mr. Martin Flavin has written an exceptionally strong drama dealing with the inexorable compulsion of both the legal and criminal codes, a compulsion which rides down such weaker considerations as Justice and the Ultimate Good. It is not a play that will get you to giggling, but it won't do you a bit of harm to let up that incessant giggling for once and see something good and depressing. Moreover, you will see the best

CLOUDED COMPLEXIONS TELL HIM OF TROUBLE *WITHIN*

Distinguished Skin Specialist Warns of Poisons That Spread from Clogging Food Wastes

DR. ALFRED BRANDWEINER, Professor of Dermatology at the University of Vienna, is chief of the department of skin and blood diseases at Vienna's largest free hospital. An important Austrian medical officer during the World War, he took commands from the Emperor alone.

"Skin diseases," Dr. Brandweiner says, "result most often from digestive and intestinal disturbances—including of course constipation.

"A good fresh yeast will keep the intestinal tract healthy and free from the poisons caused by food wastes, which disturb digestion and cloud the skin. It has an efficient, mild laxative action."

The millions of *living* yeast plants in Fleischmann's Yeast gently perform the task of internal purification. Sluggish colon muscles quickly respond when stimulated by this remarkable fresh food

Clean intestinal health brings renewed appetite and vitality, greater freedom from colds and other ills. Clear-skinned health, rich new energy is yours!

Now—the "Sunshine" Vitamin

And now, the *new* Fleischmann's Yeast brings you the astonishing "sunshine" vitamin. Dr. Brandweiner says, "Fresh yeast, already rich in vitamin B, has even greater health value when endowed by irradiation with vitamin D, the 'sunshine' vitamin. This vitamin acts on the system the way the sun itself does, giving it vigor and making bones and teeth strong."

Learn for yourself, as millions have, the happiness of boundless, beautiful health. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast today! Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-108, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

ON THE AIR! Fleischmann's Yeast radio hour. Thursday evenings—47 associated N. B. C. stations.

THE NEW Fleischmann's Yeast—now on sale—contains vitamins B and D. Eat 3 cakes daily, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

© 1929 F. Co.

"TWO OF OUR POSTAL INSPECTORS persuaded me to eat yeast. It worked like magic! I had suffered from painful skin eruptions for fifteen years—had tried all sorts of medicines without avail. Since eating Fleischmann's Yeast I haven't had so much as a pimple. And in spite of rain, cold and being constantly on my feet, I am feeling better every day."

—FLETCHER WACHTER
of St. Louis, Mo.

Below, Mr. Wachter on his daily rounds.

(*Left*)

"MY DOCTOR tells," writes St. Elmo Newton, Jr., of Memphis, Tenn., "of how, when I was quite young, I broke out with boils. He had long followed reports in medical journals of the results from eating yeast. So he decided to give yeast to me. The boils disappeared . . . My doctor is still recommending yeast, and I have also eaten it since."

"WHILE AT SCHOOL I had a rough and blotchy skin," writes Miss Stella Krashef, of Philadelphia (at right, above). "I had heard a lot about the good results from eating yeast. When I learned that my uncle, who is a physician, always recommended it for his patients with skin disorders, I decided to try it myself. I was well repaid. My skin cleared up and my health improved in every way."

Ah ! En Octobre ... Oui !

. . . . thus, punctuated with animated gestures, the chef of the Sherry kitchens suggested these of his table delicacies for flavoring October menus . . . . .

SHERRY SPECIALTIES . . .

SHERRY LOBSTER BISQUE . . . . made to order in the Sherry kitchens . . . $2 the quart

SHERRY MAYONNAISE . . . made daily of pure olive oil and grade-A eggs . . . $1.50 the quart

VIRGINIA HAM GLACÉ, whole, by weight . . . . $2 a pound $3 per pound, sliced . . . $1.25 per portion

FRESH BELUGA CAVIAR . . . Premium stock, fresh shipments, large gray eggs, latest catch . . . $12 the pound in Sherry tins; in half-pound glass jars, $6.25; also in three sizes of imported pottery crocks, $2, $3.75 and $6.50.

YEAR-ROUND NEEDFULS . . .

SHERRY COFFEE . . . the special blend served in the Sherry restaurants . . . bean, ground, pulverized or liquid . . . $1 pound tin; also in glass jars, pound size, $1; Liquid, 35c the pint, 25c split.

FRENCH OLIVE OIL . . . direct Sherry import. Glass bottles, $2 the litre (approximately 1 quart). $1.25 half-litre. 65c quarter-litre. Gallon tins $5.75

ITALIAN ANTIPASTO . . . in glass $1.25

SQUAB IN TIN . . . ready to heat and serve . . . $1.50

KADIA RELISH . . . a kaleidoscope of color and flavor . . 80c each . . . $9 a dozen jars

TEA . . . Sherry's exclusive blend. $2.50 for 50 individual bags . . . $2 the pound tin

POT AU CRÊME . . . vanille et chocolat . . a special custard . . . . . 60c each

FRESH CREAMERY BUTTER . . . marked for cutting . . pound, $1.25 . . half-pound, 65c

Complete displays in Shop. Consultation on cuisine by appointment, or telephone Regent 8530 for Sherry catalog.

TWICE-A-DAY MANHATTAN DELIVERIES

SPECIAL DELIVERIES AT SLIGHT CHARGE

Louis Sherry

TABLE DELICACIES SHOP

AT MADISON AVENUE AND 62nd STREET

piece of acting Arthur Byron has done for a long time, which is the same thing as saying the best piece of acting *anyone* has done for a long time.

ACTING, except that done by Walter Connolly, is not the strong point in "Ladies Leave." Henry Hull gives one of his whirlwind performances, sweeping everything before him, including the actress he is facing; and Catharine Calhoun Doucet seems under the impression that her lines were set to music. What Miss Blyth Daly does, aside from looking uncommonly handsome, is not acting but is a very nice piece of natural behavior. She and Mr. Connolly, and Sophie Treadwell, the author, make some parts of "Ladies Leave" amusing, but not quite amusing enough.

MR. ELMER RICE should take five or six morning lessons in light-dialogue writing from Mr. Vincent Lawrence, who has written "Among the Married" for us. He would then see that the fastest-moving and most entertaining comedy dialogue is that in which there are no sentences of distinction, no witty remarks, and above all, no wisecracks. Mr. Lawrence's sentences, if thrown on a screen, would look like nothing at all. There is hardly one quotable line in the lot, but as they roll merrily along, from the lips of a very capable cast, they give the effect of high entertainment. Not all of his sentences roll merrily, but they still roll, even when women are fainting and men are being blackguards on every side. Even a slight confusion in motives and standards, together with a quite unsanitary picture of suburban life among the adulterous set, cannot make "Among the Married" anything but smooth entertainment.

The cast assembled by Mr. Goodman, headed by Frank Morgan and Katherine Wilson, do a great deal to help Mr. Lawrence in this smooth effect, and it must be a great relief to them to be given lines which can be said without having to take long breaths before each one.

I hope, however, that as the run continues, the butler will learn to make better cocktails. Miss Wilson and Mr. Leiter, at a point where cocktails were very essential to the progress of the plot, could do no more than take one little sip of theirs. Even from the front they looked like pretty awful cocktails.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

This Fine Courtesy

Pierce-Arrow Commands!

IN almost any motoring circumstance, Pierce-Arrow commands a courtesy seemingly reserved for no other automobile, however fine. Attention that is extra alert, a certain gracious right-of-way . . . even a trifle more humanness on the part of traffic officers . . . are among the unvarying experiences of Pierce-Arrow owners.

All of which is important only as it denotes a universal and never-failing appreciation of that which is genuinely fine. On this single premise is moulded every Pierce-Arrow tradition. Thus, while the new Straight Eight is an ultra-modern expression of America's finest motor car . . . slender, low-swung, luxurious, powerful . . . crisp and modish as something fresh from Paris . . . it is, beyond all, *a Pierce-Arrow.*

Twenty years ago, Adolph Treidler did the illustration alongside. It was conceived, not as a Pierce-Arrow advertisement, but as a portrayal of the distinguished figures of that day. And, save for changing fashions, the same subject serves equal purpose today — with the aid of Pierce-Arrow and Mr. Treidler, as above.

Pierce-Arrow prices are from $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

PIERCE-ARROW

The NEW ROYAL MASTER

The Finest Tire Ever Built . . . the Greatest Value Ever Offered

The Royal Master is meeting with exceptional favor in that upper realm of motordom where no one discusses price . . . but where everyone gossips about value. Which is only logical. For when we created the Royal Master we determined that it should embody every superiority of design and construction at our command . . . that production costs should be forgotten . . . that it should be the finest tire ever built . . . in appearance . . . in performance . . . in endurance. Here is style in harmony with the smartest cars; design in accord with strictest engineering requirements. A superior tire for whose service to you, the world's largest producer of rubber accepts full and complete responsibility.

United States Rubber Company

MOTORS

"Bail Bonds"—Radios and Reading-Lamps—Stutz's Studio Item

CERTAIN bright lads with a penchant for making easy money are, we learn, active in selling memberships to mythical motor clubs. The racket is not new, but this year it has some novel features:

The entrepreneurs hire desk space and install telephones. They then scan the lists of new automobile registrations and set forth to make the rounds, offering a two-year membership for $45, and promising each buyer the earth. A choice bait is a somewhat ominous document they call a "bail bond," to be used if you are arrested at an inconvenient hour of the night. Alas, not even this is what it appears to be. The paper is merely an application for a bond.

The authorities harry the men whenever evidence is available, but the hocus-pocus soon reappears under a new guise. It is best to refuse such alluring salesmen and commit your destinies to the less colorful services of the New York Automobile Club, or the Automobile Club of America.

WE had about decided to stop reviewing cars for a while, when along came the new Hupmobile, Packard, and Cadillac-LaSalle. These models are indisputably more swank than last year's—especially the new six-cylinder Hupmobile, which, selling for about $1,250 in New York, has greater *savoir-faire* than might be expected of a moderate-priced automobile. The touring car has broken nicely with tradition. Its cowl is carried back of the windshield almost to the steering-post, like the visor of a cap, and the doors are cut in unusual shapes to conform with the sweep of the body. A neat piece of work.

IN Packard, to be sure, one finds the conventional basic lines, yet the new models have a variety of modernisms which make one feel both more comfortable and up-to-date. Look, for example, at the silk nets attached to the arm-rests in the tonneau (meant for handbags and any small light items, we suppose), at the ivory knobs on the instrument-board, and at the

Where do you dress for the evening?

THE commuter-executive let his wife pack his bag. One cuff link. One shoe. An unmistakable footprint on his shirt-front! And a dinner date waiting! Why can't those stenographers go home? Dressing in the office is uncomfortable enough without an audience. Spend the winter season in Tudor City and dress comfortably, with time to make a good job of it. And walk to your date. Here are all kinds of apartments, both hotel and housekeeping. Laundry, valet, nursing and maid service. Garage facilities, private policemen and radio experts. Two green parks and a miniature 18-hole golf course. In short, a complete community only four minutes' from Grand Central. Renting office at east end of 42nd Street (Vanderbilt 8860).

Your choice of 147 different kinds of apartments in 7 buildings. Hotel apartments, 1, 2 and 3 rooms: $900—$2700. Housekeeping apartments, 1 to 6 rooms: $800—$3900. Additional apartments ready this Fall.

FRED F. FRENCH MANAGEMENT COMPANY, INC.
551 Fifth Avenue Vanderbilt 6320

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AND WALK TO BUSINESS

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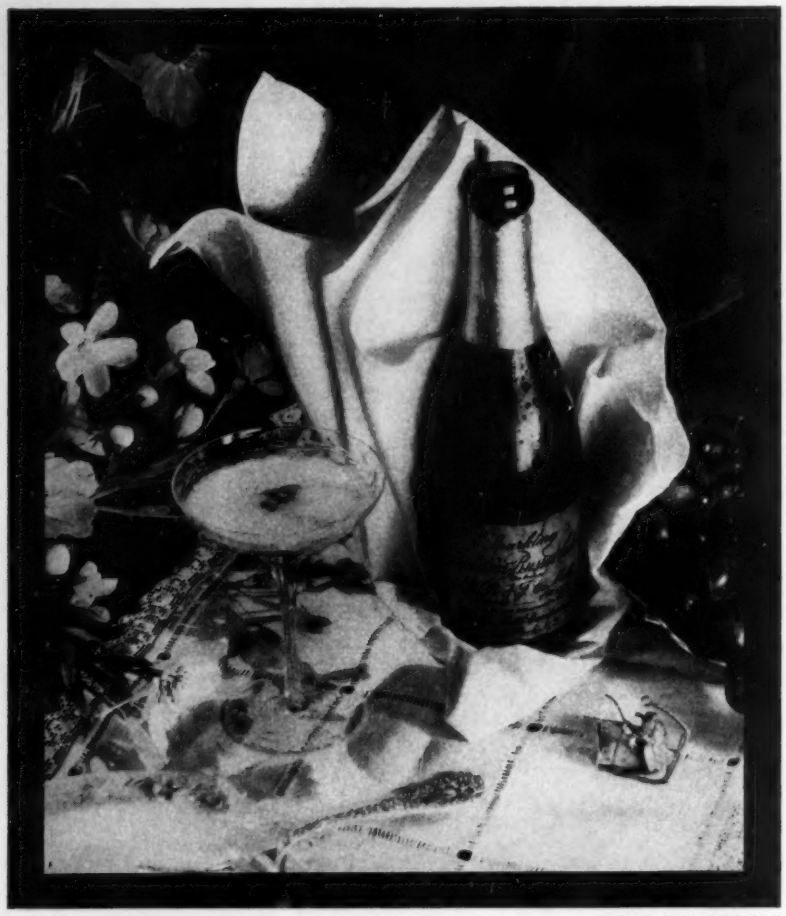

PHOTO BY KNOX MONTGOMERY

reminiscent of a certain french vintage

"The imprisoned laughter of the peasant girls of France"! So the poet calls an incomparable southern vintage. Not quite incomparable, tho. This sparkling juice of pampered Russet Apples, in its foil-sealed bottle, corpulent wine-cork wired in—this convivial drink is but little less worthy of your champagne glasses! As to imprisoned laughter, there's many an American quip within. The coupon below is just in case your grocer doesn't have Duffy-Mott Sparkling Golden Russet Cider.

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deep pockets in the dash. Nor is this all—there is a reading-lamp in the front compartment. The unbreakable glass is welcome, and the interior eye-shield, which can be let down from the ceiling so as to blanket completely the glare of approaching headlights, is an excellent idea.

As for its mechanism: Packard's gear now has four forward speeds; the lubricating system has been extended to cover forty-three points on the chassis; and the springs are wrapped in graphite, covered with a canvas slip, and sheathed in flexible metal jackets. This does away with the sound of "birdies" on a rainy day.

SPEAKING of sound, a new complication has just been added to an already over-elaborate existence. All Fleetwood bodies (Cadillac-LaSalle) are now wired for radio sets before leaving the factory. No need to dissect the car: just install an instrument and have music while you park. At least the world at large seems to like it.

Fisher-Fleetwood's color schemes are excellent. You just can't quarrel with them. The reason some cars look rather *gauche* is that someone has been ignorant of a palette's rules of harmony. On the whole, however, conditions are pretty good these days. Helen Dryden is with Dura Body, Northup is out at Willys, Dietrich is consulted by a number of companies. Fisher, though, was among the first to know there is more to art than a paintpot, and to employ interior decorators and designers.

Cadillac has a new device which may grow up some day—a heating contraption on the engine that warms the motor immediately *after* it has started. In the chill dawn at the end of a party in Westchester one really needs an electric toaster, such as the Lincoln had, which will cheer the motor and get it going. Until such a device is general we shall look upon all engineers with skepticism.

Cadillac-LaSalle bodies are always satisfactory, so there is little that is new to say about them except that they are longer, the rear seats are wider, the glass is virtually bullet-proof, and the running-boards are fitted with stainless steel. Nor do we object to the fact that their prices are from $80 to $200 less than last year's.

The various mechanical gadgets are particularly sensible. Not only does the Cadillac-LaSalle continue its special style of transmission, which in-

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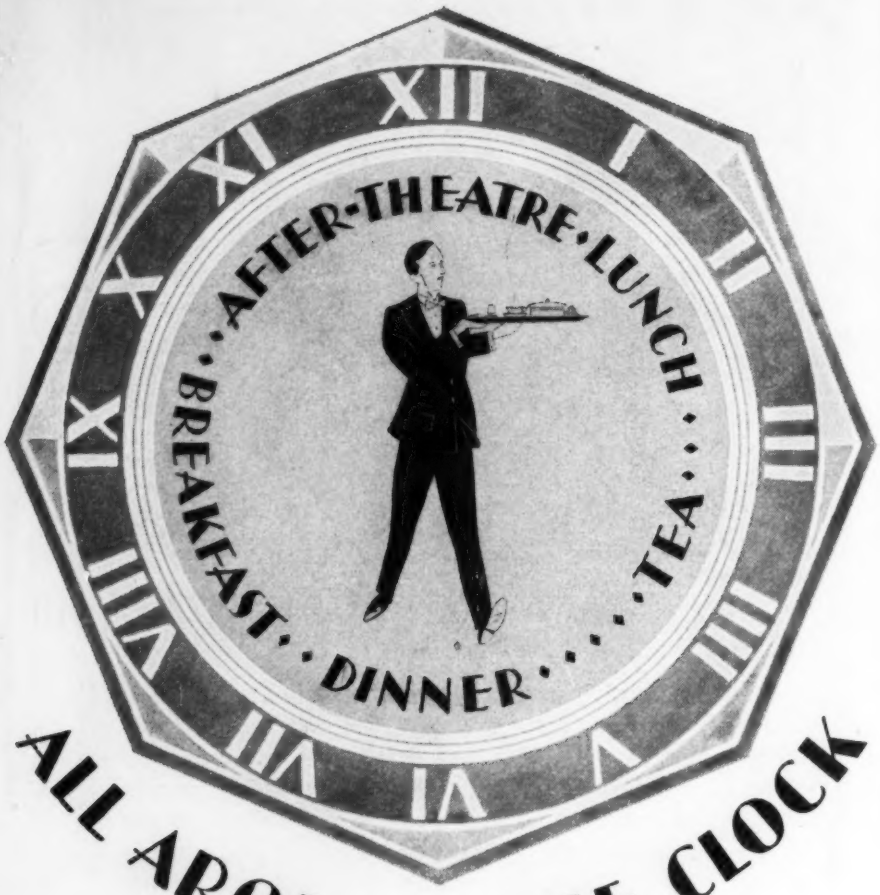

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sures a demure second gear, but it also has an extra gearing which makes the starter operate with less fuss. If there is a breath in the battery (and how momentous that last gasp is!), this gearing will help it work. The pistons wear slave-bracelets of four rings, all of which helps the compression.

IF you have a very specialized taste in motor carriages, we recommend a visit to the Stutz studio at Park Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street. One finds here impeccable taste combined with a good bit of verve—notably on the Hibbard & Darrin convertible sedan, in cream and black, that sells for $8,900. It is almost a Michael Arlen car, but still just enough on the conservative side to satisfy choosy matrons. The upholstery is of creamy leather and the trim has a white-wood finish with gold stripes. Safety glass, of course. Zippers and ball-bearing handles make it easy for one to change the vehicle from a town to a touring car, and to a sedan, giving one an Alice-in-Wonderland sensation. To us, however, its best feature is the set of special compartments under the hood, an arrangement worth consideration. —NICHOLAS TROTT

•

ESCAPE

Who has not traced the slant of stone
On hills unforested to bone,
Need have no fear of granite pressed
In quick remembrance on his breast.

Who has escaped the clashing boughs
That make for dark a windy house,
Need never dread the sight or sound
Of gaunt trees swinging from the ground.

And free is he who lives unmoved
By black fields wet and furrow-grooved,
But let him stand athwart the sun,
His shade designs a skeleton.

—FRANCES M. FROST

•

I believe I am the only man who is almost 25 who can claim the following: I have never smoked, or chewed tobacco, never have drank whiskey or beer, never wore a straw hat or had a shave in a barber shop. About every 3 years I enjoy a walk of a distance of about 40 miles. Are there any other men who can claim this record or better it? Still I am always happy.—*From a letter in the Boston American.*

Have you ever drank potassium cyanide, and why not?

FUN IN THE TERMINAL

OLD Horace led us out of the taxi and into Grand Central Terminal. There were Marcia and Millicent and I, whom Horace had dragged furtively away from the party on what he seemed to consider a highly important affair. We were in evening dress. It was 5 A.M.

At the checkroom Horace turned in his stub, and when the attendant returned, our hearts fell several notches. In his tow was a full-length bobsled, only it was on wheels, the sort you used to make years ago and call a buckboard.

Horace was the first to speak.

"I'd have got roller-skates," he said, "only I was afraid you'd back out."

We thanked him for that.

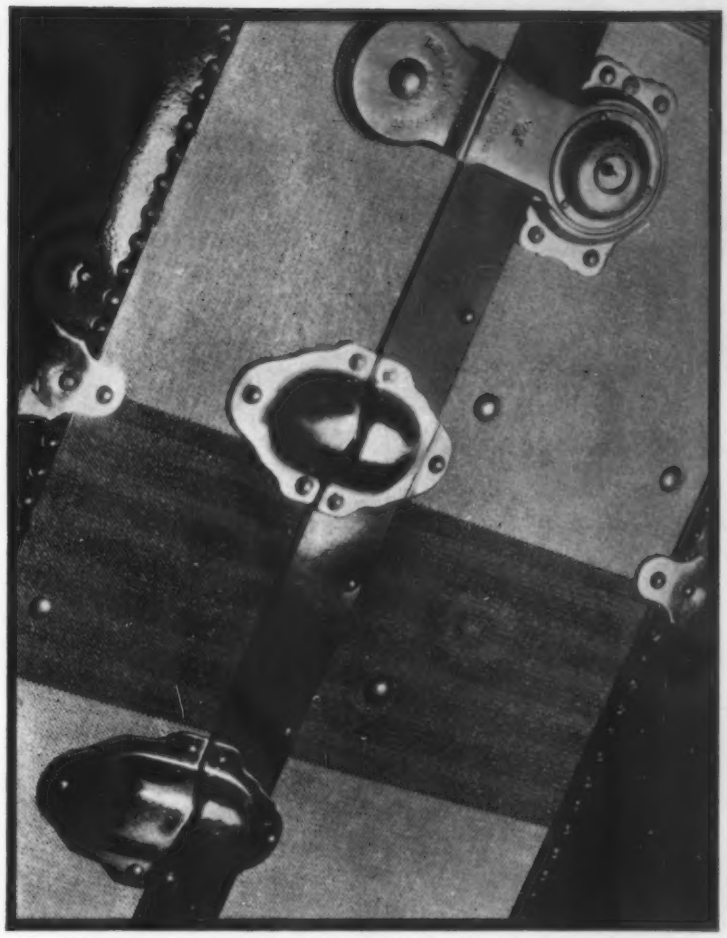
"Now, Fred," he said, "you take the rear and I'll take the front, and we'll be off. No, never mind about the station people. How do you think I got this here without fixing things?"

With the girls bringing up the rear, we trekked away from the checkroom and headed for the Liggett ramp at Forty-second Street. I was relieved to think the 4:33 on the New Haven had taken the last New Rochelleans home. We trudged up the ramp and hauled short at the summit. A newsboy tossed another brick on to his pile and ambled indoors to watch the take-off.

"We'll take a trial spin first," observed Horace, jockeying the contrivance into position. "You see, I've never done this myself and I'm not quite sure about that turn at the bottom. To begin with, we'll go straight, and maybe try the curve toward the Biltmore when we've reached Track 34. Marcia, you sit in back of me. Then you, Millicent, and Fred last. Lord, this is going to be grand! I've waited forty years for this moment! All set? Let's go!"

Down the ramp and on to the stone floor we roared, heading dead for Track 34.

"Now here goes that turn!" yelled



A good trunk is Art to us

OUTWARDLY we are normal human beings. But put us in eyeshot of a trunk, and we go right off our heads.

Show us a trunk shoddily made, and we feel out of sorts for a week. Show us one honestly constructed and built to *work*, and we make soft, purring noises.

That's why we make Oshkosh Trunks *unnecessarily strong*. It pleases us to know that *your* Oshkosh will last even longer than you expect it to.

The corners, for instance, are constructed to stand incessant pounding. You will never find a cardboard bottom in a drawer. The walls of the trunk are built throughout of three layers of veneer and two layers of hard vulcanized fibre.

Write us (addressing 532 High Street, Oshkosh, Wisconsin) for a booklet called "Your Home Away from Home," which describes them. Or telephone our New York office, Caledonia 2715, where trunks will be shown and names of dealers furnished.

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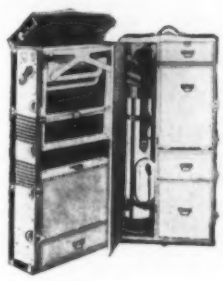

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Horace at the steering rope. "Everybody lean to the left and we'll see how the old boat is balanced."

We made the turn as neat as you please. On we rambled past the buttermilk bar and straight for the bulletin board beneath the Biltmore.

"Say!" Horace shouted, "with this roll, I bet we can make the Roosevelt!"—and he executed a nice half-turn to the right and steered us north up the concourse. We whisked by the Yale Club at a nice clip, and in another few seconds pulled up at the very door of the Hotel Roosevelt, with, as Horace observed, enough reserve to carry us to the Marguery, if they'd only extend the tunnel.

THE rest of our coasting is already history. First we tried the run out on to the Upper Level, past the checkroom. This fairly sharp right turn gave us practice for the daring Lower Level turns in prospect. We ended with enough drive to circle the Upper Level information booth and come up halfway to Graybar.

But the Lower Level was the keenest sport of all. Passing the oyster bar on the down ramp, Horace omitted the left turn and kept straight on east up the opposite ramp. When we were nearly to the Commodore, our momentum spent, we coasted down backward again, by the oyster bar, and then as we started forward once more Horace negotiated the left turn that brought us out on to the Lower Level—after as pretty a figure as you could hope to see.

THERE is nothing more to tell. Since that first night, coasting parties have become nightly events at Grand Central. Even Horace doesn't go any more—so many persons have taken up the fad. But for the sake of the record and as one small item in New York's social history, I like to set down that I was there at the beginning, trimming ship at the proper moment, scuffing one foot when the occasion demanded, a member of the somewhat timorous little band that made ramp-coasting what it is today among seekers after late amusement.

—HOWARD CUSHMAN

•

"When you start compromising with the fundamentals of government, you are setting up something which no person living can tell how far it will go."—*Governor Roosevelt quoted in the World.*

Which it is no news to us.

This time it's a delightful
French Revolution!

Le jour de gloire est arrivé! A new contour is evolved in Paris — and New York heartily approves.

The return to femininity is glorified in the Kargère creations designed and made in Paris and delivered to the New York shop weekly. They must be deftly molded to the individual figure — and these adjustments are handled expertly by our Paris-trained fitters.

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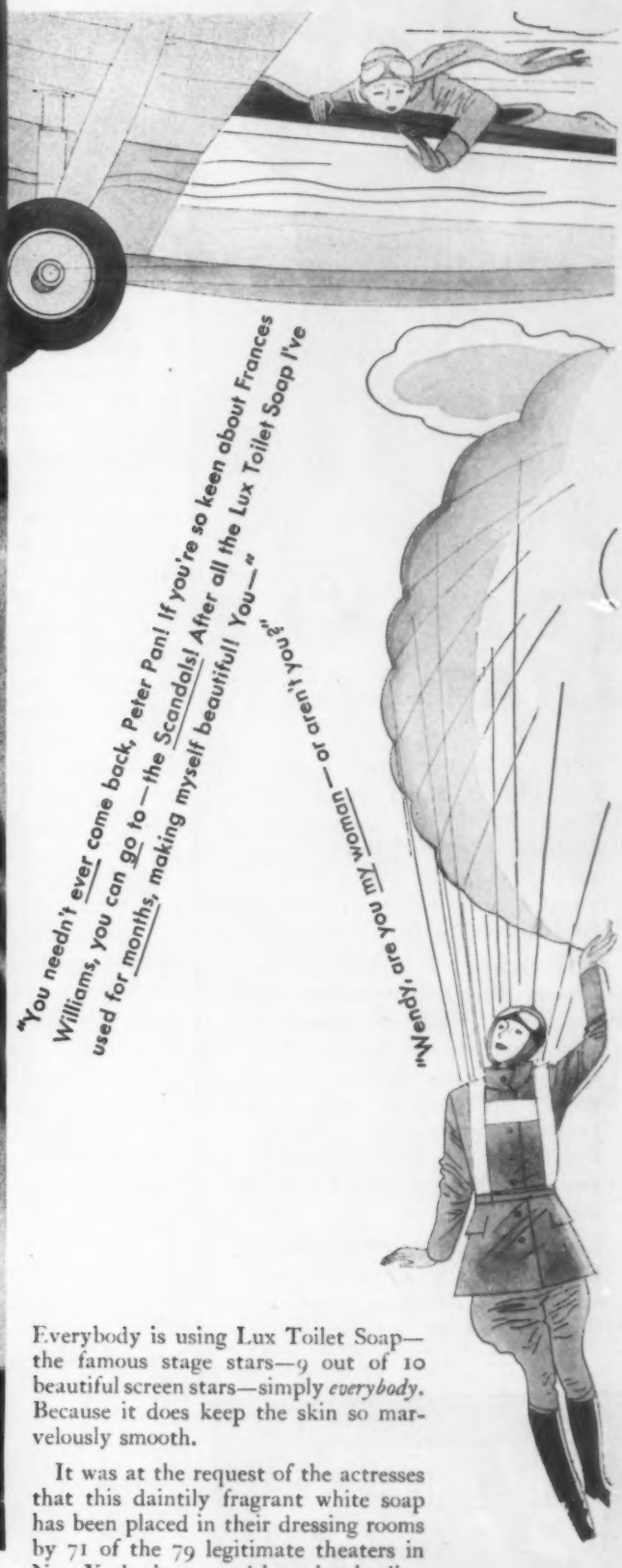
Underwood & Underwood

FRANCES WILLIAMS, *who is now appearing for the third year in* George White's Scandals, *first won Broadway's heart with her gay singing and dancing in* The Cocoanuts. *She says: "An* unattractive *skin can utterly ruin a girl's looks. I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin in beautiful condition—and velvety smooth!"*


"You needn't ever come back, Peter Pan! If you're so keen about Frances Williams, you can go to—the Scandals! After all the Lux Toilet Soap I've used for months, making myself beautiful! You—"
"Wench, are you my woman—or aren't you?"

Everybody is using Lux Toilet Soap—the famous stage stars—9 out of 10 beautiful screen stars—simply *everybody*. Because it does keep the skin so marvelously smooth.

It was at the request of the actresses that this daintily fragrant white soap has been placed in their dressing rooms by 71 of the 79 legitimate theaters in New York alone—and by other leading theaters all over the country.

In Hollywood, as you know, *all* the great film studios have made it the official soap in *their* dressing rooms. If you aren't already using Lux Toilet Soap, do get several cakes today. Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake—now 10¢.

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Start using Squibb's Dental Cream for your smoking's sake. All drug stores sell Squibb's at 40c a tube.

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

"WHAT SONGS THE SIRENS SANG . . ."

A Critical Estimate of a Lady on a Piano

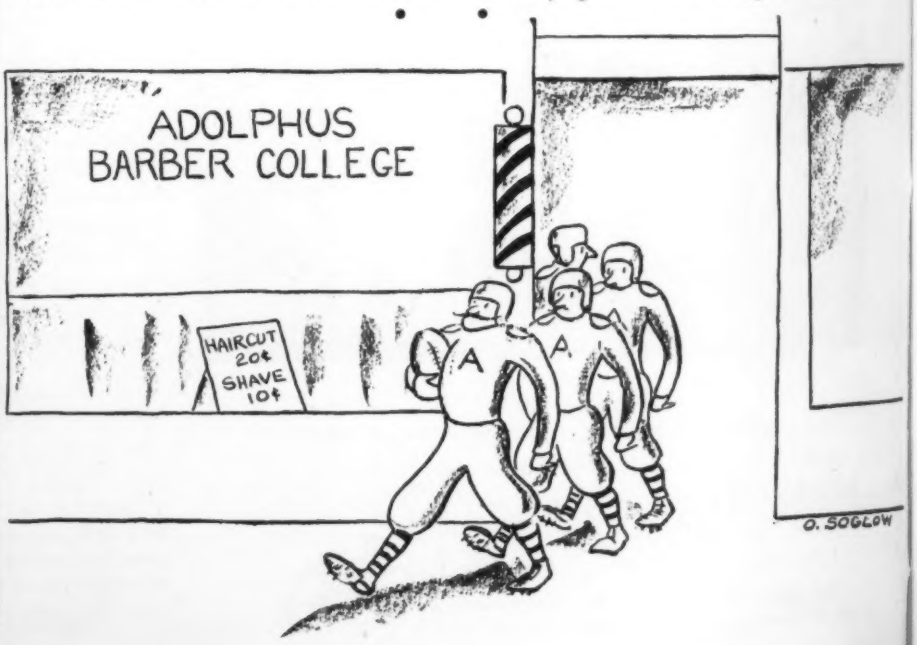
I AM not in a particularly favorable position to estimate the gifts of Helen Morgan. About her night-club appearances, in which she might show any versatility she possesses, I am ignorant, and while I thought both "Show Boat" and "Sweet Adeline" meritorious, each of them seemed to me in a different way an unsuitable medium for her. Yet I find it hard to dissociate her entirely from the quality of genius.

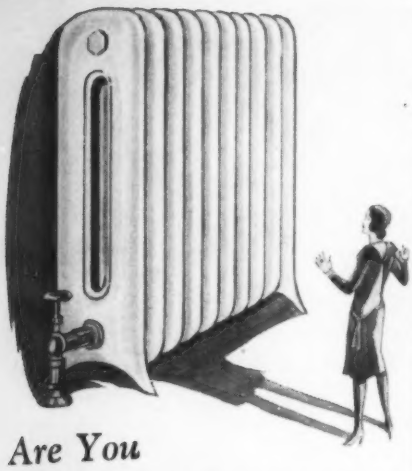
Whether she is "a genius" I do not know. Genius, according to an excellent dictionary, is "the highest degree to which human faculties can rise," and it would be well for people who throw the word around loosely to consider that definition and to recall the degree to which human faculties have risen in the past. If Leonardo was a genius, Miss Morgan, even in her field, falls a little short. She lacks range and variety—or has been supinely satisfied with the material offerred to her. One quality of genius she does, however, possess. She suggests infinitely more and infinitely greater things than she has done.

A MAN who knows the theatre once divided players into those who had high and those who had low visibility, making the point that neither talent nor integrity had anything to do with these qualities. With one-tenth of his actual talent, John Barrymore would still have high visibility, not only because he concentrates attention, but because he has the power to vitalize any scene he enters; and with ten times as much talent, his brother Lionel would still have low visibility. Miss Cornell, departing from all the traditions of stage beauty, has high visibility of presence; Miss Lenihan, with something of the same equipment, has low visibility. To me, Sarah Bernhardt, a tricky, not particularly moving or great actress, a waster of her own talents, had high, and Duse, infinitely greater, had low visibility. It is a quality of life, of inner fire, of the way the inner fire burns, flaming or steadily.

Miss Morgan's visibility is high. If you return to the word "genius," you will find that it means also the particular divinity which presides over one's life, it means the special bent and talent for doing a certain thing; and in these senses, genius abounds before our eyes when Miss Morgan steps on the stage. There are ways to identify this genius. Miss Morgan is a unique combination of talents and aptitudes. Analyse everything she does and you can ascribe each bit, perhaps, to someone else: the tragic mask of her face, the quiver of her mouth, the simple, awkward-seeming gestures, the careful nonchalance about being on a stage—we have seen all these before. Never before have we seen them combined, in exactly these proportions, integrated, made into a completely rendered personality. This completion is the second mark of distinction. There are no alien elements intruding to weaken the image which Miss Morgan presents; she is always the same inner person, no matter how she appears.

SHE does little and that little is not always good. One song in "Show





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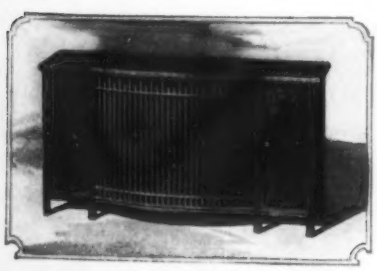

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Boat" (I think the one called "Bill") was rendered by her as fifty other singers might have done it. She sings melancholy songs, songs of longing and devotion, in a small voice; she used to twist a handkerchief, but now her hands are still; she looks patiently out of dark eyes; she moves gracefully and slowly; her pale face seems a mirror of emotion. These things seem not enough to make her even mildly effective. Actually they are too much—too much for everything that surrounds her.

For by these apparently artless means, Miss Morgan suggests such an intensity of feeling as we are not accustomed to experience on the stage. I would say that she suggests even an emotional depth we seldom discover in ourselves and in our intimates. In "Show Boat" she sang a song which, except for the graceful and languorous melody of Jerome Kern, might be any of the "gotta-have-my-lovin'-man" school, and without sacrificing its gentleness, she made it a complaint against the destiny which puts on human beings the injustice of loving an unworthy object to the end. Compare with it the rendition, by any of the French or Americans who tried it, of "Mon Homme," which is not dissimilar in theme and is far more dramatically expressed. It remained melodrama, and Miss Morgan swept her song, almost without effort, into tragedy. In "Sweet Adeline" she sings another song of fidelity and a plaintive "Why Was I Born?" and in each arrives just as surely at emotions far too profound for the setting, almost too intense to be borne.

MISS MORGAN suggests, in this rather unnerving power, one of the eternal questions of the stage: the one which baffled Hamlet when the Player King recited the passage concerning Pyrrhus, Priam, and the mobled queen. Observing "tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect," Hamlet, with a

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murdered father to avenge, cries out: "For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should weep for her?" It would occur to most modern critics that not the actor's tears but Hamlet's fury were the real tribute to his art. What Hamlet resented—and what we all vaguely resent when great emotion reaches us from the stage—is the inadequacy of our own feelings. That Miss Morgan, with a trivial song, should make us wonder more about love and fate than we do in the thousand crises of our own lives, is the intolerable thing.

Something in Miss Morgan's manner, something in the manipulation of her voice, suggest Yvette Guilbert, who possessed this evocative power over a wider range of emotions than anyone else I have ever seen. She had what Miss Morgan has so far not shown: the capacity to create a variety of images before us, images exactly appropriate to the emotion of her song. Out of indolence, or lack of imagination, Miss Morgan gives us, so far, the single image of "the heart bowed down," and in the two musical shows in which she has done this, the mid-Victorian picture was appropriate enough.

She is in a peculiar position. For long minutes after she leaves the stage, her shadow rests on it, so that no change of scene or light, no entrance of stars or chorus, is at all effective; the producer who really cares about the total effect of his show ought to be extraordinarily careful about allowing her to appear. Yet the impression is so strong and so satisfying that one is quite willing to miss everything else in the show and think it magnificent. Until a proper medium is found for Miss Morgan, her presence in any show will only prove that the world is well lost for a few moments of exquisite beauty.

IT occurred to me, since "Hamlet" was in my mind, that no one could do Ophelia's mad scenes with more loveliness and more poignant grief than Miss Morgan, but I have no idea that she is a good actress, no idea what her medium really is. If she is, as she seems at times to be, an entirely instinctive player and if she has shown all she can, or wants to, do, she can

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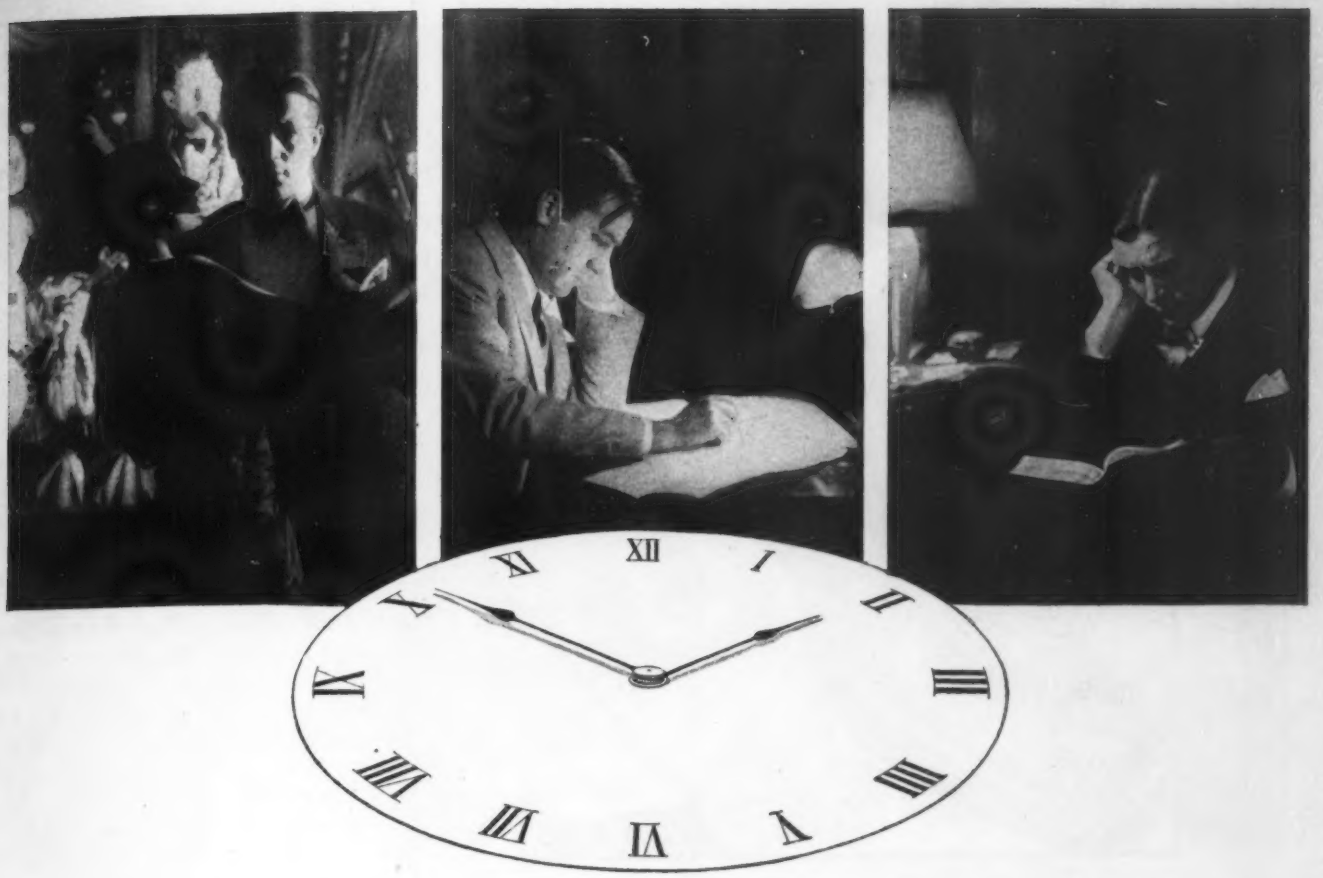

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"COTSWOLD", for men with a leaning toward the English type of oxford. Black or nut brown calfskin. For you who prefer Scotch Grain, we have an equally handsome shoe at the same price, $9.

IN style, smartly English—in value, soundly American . . . The "Cotswold" is a John Ward achievement at $9.

The heel is new . . . leather and rubber combined for comfort and wear. The toe is a wing tip, foxed. The leather, imported calf-skin. The colors, black or nut brown. The sum total—a model smartly refreshing without being extreme.

John Ward
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continue for years to make a mockery of most of the other actresses who try to simulate grief on the stage. She will need only competent and imaginative directors to give her such a place in lighter pieces as Miss Cornell has in tragedy. In the long run, her limitations will betray her—but it will be a long run indeed.

The alternative—that she has the talent and the will to do more things than she has done—is one of the most alluring prospects offered by the contemporary American stage. For all I know, it may be in vaudeville, or in revues, or in the operetta she now chooses, that her talents will grow. I have no passion for transplanting people from one medium to another and see little reason to believe that Miss Morgan ought to be made into a tragic actress or a *discuse*. What I would like to see—in any medium whatever—is the complete functioning of all her power, the arrival, at the highest degree, of all her faculties.

The capacity to give the spectator this sense of expectancy is rare. Almost everybody felt it when they read the first novel of Scott Fitzgerald or heard Gershwin's "Rhapsody" or saw Miss Cornell at the beginning of her career or heard "Petrouchka" or saw Robert Edmond Jones' early settings. It is the conviction that a talent is destined to develop to fulfillment, probably to greatness. Even if Miss Morgan has nothing more to give than she gives now, she will always have that promise. For a time, at least, it will be a priceless asset.

—GILBERT SELDES

•

St. Paul, in a letter to the Phillipines said: "Forgetting what is behind me, and straining toward what lies ahead, I am pressing toward the goal."—*Glenn Frank in the Salt Lake Deseret News.*

But you know how slow the mails are.

"Let's go to the club and get a room . . . *we can't think here!*"

What a guilty admission of business malpractice! What an inglorious retreat! . . . "Come on, let's get out of this place, this noise is too terrible!" The business man who makes such remarks is pointing to a ruinous flaw in his own business fabric.

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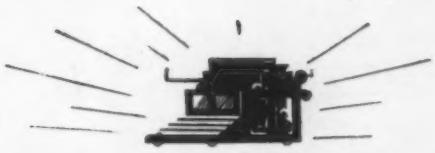

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SHOUTS AND MURMURS

THE EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

THE question as to who killed the late Arnold Rothstein remains as yet unanswered, and there seems no present likelihood of the world ever knowing just what became of that most vanishing lady of them all—Miss Dorothy Arnold. But now one mystery that for many weeks had plagued and vexed your frantic correspondent has at last been solved. The events leading up to the tragedy could be recounted in a brochure entitled "The Mystery of the Easy Chair."

It was on a tranquil, lulling day last May that the chair arrived at Wits' End. As though it were yesterday, I remember my first glimpse of its noble profile, when I came in and found it glistening amid the shabbier furnishings. I had been up the street on some errand or other—had probably trudged off, let us say, to take an ailing neighbor a glass of guava jelly nesting in a basket under a snowy napkin. At all events, the chair arrived during my absence. That notorious dawdler, my man Saturday, explained that two melodramatic deliverymen had borne it triumphantly into the living room, cut the strings, whipped off and taken away the encasing paper, and gone their way, saying no words as to whence it had come, and leaving not a tittle of evidence behind to help me guess. It was a new chair, copied, I suspect, from some classic model of an ampler age, and built to sustain without misgivings a person of considerable bulk —should any such chance to pay me a visit.

Being a burnt child, my first suspicion led me to telephone one of those harpies called interior decorators. I know their tricks and their manners, and I just wanted to warn this one that I *would* not have my flat fixed by duress, that if she thought to tempt me with the sight of this masterpiece on the premises, and thereafter mail me a staggering bill for it, she might better send a dray around for it at once. The harpy in question repelled this "horrid implication" with some little asperity.

I was then driven, blushing, to the conclusion that the chair was a gift from some unknown admirer. But from whom? Of course in the days when I was a dramatic critic I was showered with presents. Anyway, at Christmastime there would always be a few tasty bottles of this or that from Jones & Green; a box from Dixie Hines containing three pencils with my name lettered in gold on each, and almost correctly spelled, too; and several cartons of Camels from old Santa Lee Shubert. But, with my retirement from the turmoil of journalism, the neighborly affection of these gentlemen withered as if from some sudden frost. An unsuspected gift, therefore, had become a rarity. I could not begin to guess who had sent the chair.

THE chair, though superb in architecture, was upholstered in one of those flagrant chintzes, designed, apparently, by the art editor of a seed catalogue. I itched to have it reupholstered in some stout denim, but dared not thus affront the veiled unknown. Therefore I decided, like Bunker Bean, to play the waiting game, keeping up the while an artfully careless watch on every visitor for some telltale gesture—perhaps a blush of pride at the reminder of so costly a gift, perhaps an irrepressible spasm of regret at having parted with it. Inevitably, several wags, hearing of my researches, wrote me, handsomely confessing that in a moment of impulse *they* had ordered the chair sent to me. But these shy admissions lacked the ring of authenticity. Finally I came to the conclusion that the giver must be one of two persons, and I set myself to the task of discovering which.

To be safe, I showered each of the suspects with orchids, bonbons and theatre tickets, in the manner of a Nineteenth Century gallant, writing them little notes which besought them to drop in to tea and sit in a great, new wonderful chair which I had acquired for their comfort. As each sank into its beckoning depths, I watched for some blush of complicity, but came at last to the conclusion that I was on the wrong scent. After a pointblank question, indeed, each suspect disavowed all previous knowledge of the chair, but not before I had spent enough on their entertainment—orchids, bonbons, theatre tickets, orange pekoe, crumpets, and the like—to have paid for the chair, and a couple of ottomans thrown in.

Then, the other day, just as the mystery was receding into a pigeonhole alongside the Charlie Ross *dossier*, a quite hysterical furniture dealer broke through the cordon of sentries while I was nibbling my breakfast rusk. He rushed at me in saucer-eyed excitement, holding out a dingy business card and muttering, "A terrible predicament, yo, a terrible predicament." He was in the middle of a stuttering explanation that a chair had been ordered by an apparently fussy family named Talcott,—he had got that far in the story of his terrible predicament when he spied his lost chair, as good as new, save for a few nicks in the woodwork and a few caviar-stains and splotches of fountain-pen ink, barely perceptible in the rank *flora* of the upholstery. With a loud, glad cry he signalled his henchmen, who were, I discovered, even then crouched in the hallway.

The last thing I saw of the mystery it was on its way down the freight elevator. The Editor's Easy Chair, forsooth! *Too* easy, it seems. Altogether too easy.

WHICH leaves me just room to recount the embarrassment of a fellow scribe, to wit, my precious leader in matters of murder, Edmund Pearson.

"Here is a problem in conduct," he writes me. "Recently I was the only passenger in a plane from New York to Washington. Much fascinated by my first flight, I asked the pilot his name and address, intending to send him a copy of 'Studies in Murder,'—in fact, openly threatening to do it. The next day, the unfortunate man, skimming over Jamaica Bay in fog and mists, hit a boat and killed an elderly fisherman: he gained the name of the first 'hit-and-run' aviator. He is now on bail, but under charge of homicide. I have been much perplexed whether my book would seem in bad taste at this time."

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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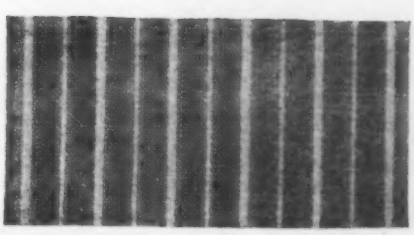
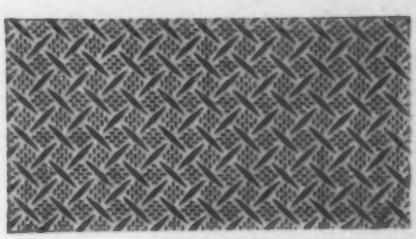
The collars in both styles are keenly up-to-date in tailoring. And ARROW *introduces in all Arablues a freshly interesting shape of cuff. (The fabric shown in the major illustration is a fine pale diamond, overlaid with sapphire stripes.)*

ARROW SHIRTS

Basket-woven masses of tiny sapphire-diamonds on a white ground.



Fine light alternate stripes of white on a cool, solid "field of azure."



An intricate small-pattern mosaic—rich blue on a pure white ground.

"tales out of school

gather no moss," said the clever cinema customer, "and neither does that fast moving entertainment

at the rialto

the headmen in this show are those two black crows, moran and mack in "why bring that up?" . . . paramount did, and even if they weren't good you'd like it.

at the rivoli—united artists

where "three live ghosts" haunt the premises . . . brought out of thin air by united artists . . . humorous spirits, non-aromatic.

at the criterion

is miss helen morgan in "applause" not that which has been given her for years by admirers, but a vehicle lent her by paramount for the transportation of her voice, her hands ...and what have you.

at the paramount

"four feathers" are pulled from the criterion and stuck in the paramount—prices are lower—but then brilliant plumage is cheapened not a whit. a mr. davis works with paramount stage band and the crawfords with the organ.

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

George Arliss Disraeli —No Place to Go—A Most Notorious Woman

THE output of new pictures this last week has been torrential. There have been ten—ten, count 'em, ten. Of the lot one is really good, too. I refer to the Arliss film, "Disraeli," at Warner Brothers' Theatre.

"DISRAELI" follows the well-known play closely and, like that play, depends for its value upon the performance of the star. It seems to me that nothing of the Arliss portrait is lost on the screen. His voice is clear, effective, and delightful. The fragile, telling gestures are a pleasure to behold. To be sure, the screen, especially in the closeups, somewhat accentuates the eccentricities with which Mr. Arliss has seen fit to endow "Dizzy." Judging by the portraits we have of him, Disraeli in those late years of his life was not the oddity this twentieth-century rendition would have us believe. The elderly minister coquetting with Queen Victoria did not wear quite so hilarious a lock of hair down his forehead, nor were his shoulders quite so weirdly pointed, nor his hands so fantastically maneuvered. Be that as it may, however, as a gentle caricature the performance is first-rate. It has an elegance about it adapted to those sumptuous days.

The story, as I said, is the same as the play's. You remember that it centres about the purchase of the Suez Canal; and there is a trifling plot involving Russian spies and young love, as well as Disraeli's own devotion to his wife, played again by Mrs. Arliss. Considering the subject matter of this story, I had a great dread that we should be suddenly diverted from the English scenes, the rosewood decorations of Hughenden Manor, to some cinematic views of the Suez, camels, ladies in yashmaks, and what-not. However, proper discretion has been employed for once, and there is nothing of that sort.

I AM not very much impressed by the Barthelmess picture, "Young

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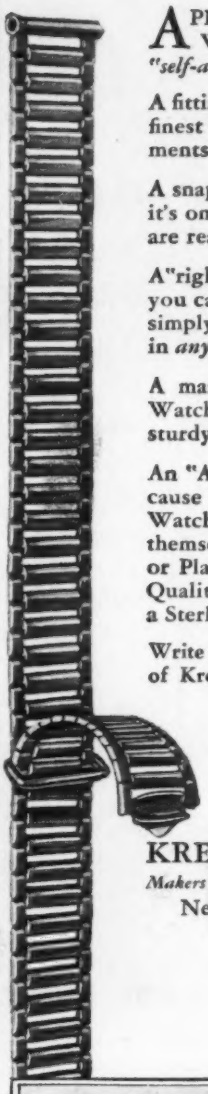

A PERFECT fitting Wrist Watch Band because *"self-adjustable"*.

A fitting complement to the finest watch. It also compliments the wearer.

A snap of a clever clasp and it's on to stay on—until you are ready to snap it off.

A "right-feeling size" because you can tighten or loosen it simply by catching the clasp in *any* link.

A mannish looking Wrist Watch Band—thanks to its sturdy open links.

An "A-1" gift, or prize because it's the sort of Wrist Watch Band men buy for themselves. In Solid Gold or Platinum. Or Krementz Quality Rolled Gold over a Sterling Silver base.

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"When I saw the Gas Refrigerator I knew this was my apartment"

"I HAD LOOKED at places until they all sort of ran together in my mind.

"Then I came to this apartment. It was modern and high class in every detail. I liked it as well as any. But still I couldn't quite decide. Not until I came to the kitchen. And then I knew. For there stood Electrolux, the Gas Refrigerator. That settled it. If the owners were discriminating enough to install Electrolux, that was the kind of apartment I wanted to live in."

Of course you know that Electrolux is entirely noiseless. It hasn't a single moving part to hum or cause annoyance. It never needs oiling or attention. It will be just as quiet, just as efficient, years from now as it is today.

Though tested in every conceivable way and approved by nationally known authorities everywhere, no good reason has yet been found why this Gas Refrigerator should ever wear out.

There's nothing about it to wear. No machinery to make trouble.

Just a tiny gas flame, a small trickle of water—nothing else—makes Electrolux supply constant, steady cold day or night, hot or cold weather, winter or summer—without any attention. All the ice cubes you want. Even the smallest model makes 36 cubes at once. And all this at the cost of a few cents a day—a dollar or two a month.

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A tiny gas flame takes the place of all moving parts

Throw away your oil can! You don't need it for an Electrolux, because this automatic refrigerator has no machinery whatsoever.

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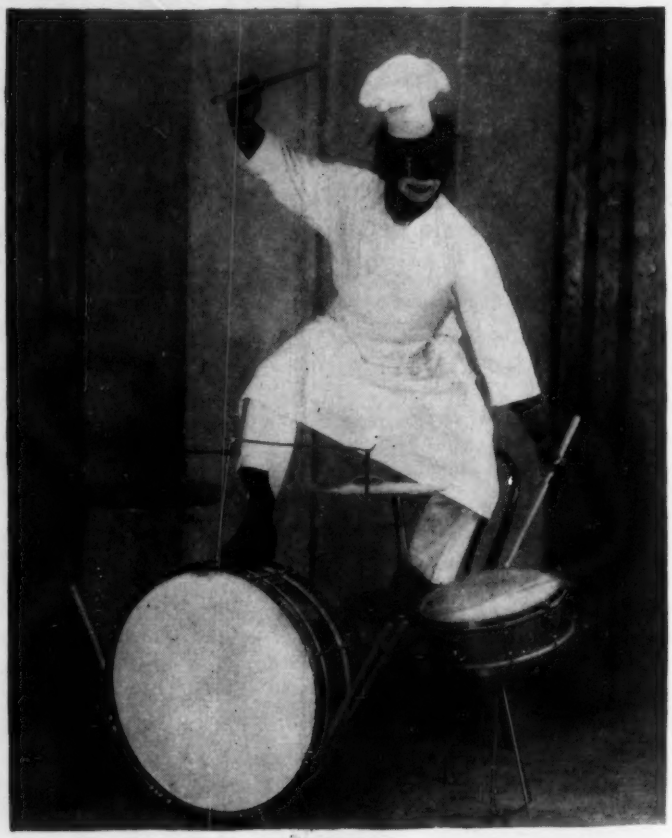

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Nowheres," at the Central. It's a story of young love, excessively pure and idealistic love, in this great cruel city, and of the problem that faces young people who have no place to go where they may be alone for their romantic communion. Barthelmess is an elevator-boy in an apartment, and the love of his heart is a little maid who dusts up about the place. They are a wistful, poignant little couple, but as the picture goes on, something tedious creeps into its deliberate direction, and we grow impatient with their poignancy and begin to think them just ineffectual, and this ineffectuality at last even seems somewhat anemic. Barthelmess still droops his shoulders and does much with his timid, appealing smile, but the camera does now and again reveal the fact that he is maturing, getting on a bit. There is a suspicion of a jowl, and the bejowled always find it difficult to appear poignant.

TO continue in this disagreeable mood, I must report that "Sunny Side Up," at the Gaiety, is a disappointment also. Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell deserve the tributes they get for their abilities in serious rôles. Why this should imply that they can sing and dance, I don't know; and I don't see any evidence that they can in this musical show which has been fitted out for them. The picture opens with amusing street scenes in Yorkville, and then proceeds with utter banality of story and complete lack of distinction in its musical numbers—except for one rather droll ballet relevantly titled "Turn on the Heat." The picture does much more with Miss Gaynor than it does with Mr. Farrell, but we hope that both will be back in their own field before long.

SOMEHOW Pauline Frederick doesn't seem very well cast, either, in "Evidence." She plays the injured woman, the mother with the yearning for her child, the misunderstood woman, the "notorious" woman—the

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"Stop stamping your feet!"

Do you feel that way too?

When the cat walks across the Persian rug do you feel like throwing things and shrieking, "For the love of Mike, stop stamping your feet?" If you do, it's time to go into executive session with your nerves. Maybe the cure is as simple as switching your brand of cigars. Perhaps those frayed and ragged nerves are simply caused by harsh, raw tobacco. Why not change to MURIELS? Neither too heavy nor too mild . . . you'll like their mellow fragrance . . . and you'll find you can smoke them all day long and still be fresh at 5 o'clock. MURIELS are blended of choice Havana and other selected tropical leaf. Try one today.

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NEVER GETS ON YOUR NERVES

10¢ and up

ROTHSCHILDS	10¢
CORONAS	10¢
PERFECTOS	2 for 25¢
ARISTOCRATS	15¢

(© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760)

story harks back to those Pinero days when ladies easily became "notorious." In the midst of her proud anguish she seems always very crisp and brisk and competent, like a fashionable lady broker after a bad day on the market.

This picture, however, is better than the new John Gilbert affair, "His Glorious Night," the movie of "Olympia," Molnár's comedy of Austrian royalty. Lionel Barrymore evidently directed it in a distracted moment, for all the sophistication, urbanity, and *Almanach de Gotha* spirit are replaced by the general mood of the tabloids, without even the vivacity of those journals.

"Blackmail," the English film at the Selwyn, is better than either of these. It is about a young lady—affianced to a Scotland Yard detective—who has occasion to murder an artist, and who is threatened with blackmail for a few hours until the villain chances to fall off the roof of the British Museum. The sound effects are noticeably good, and minor points are well done, but the picture moves with true British stolidity, tiring as the hours go on.

THE world is not all gloom, however. Moran and Mack are at the Rialto. They do their familiar acts in "Why Bring That Up?," which will be enough for many. Some will wish for new material, but even these captious persons will find this film, with its backstage story, adequate for their amusement-hunger. "Fast Company," known on the stage as "Elmer the Great," is a pleasant bit about Ring Lardner's guileless, gullible, very vain young baseball player, with Jack Oakie doing the part formerly played by Walter Huston, and in an entirely likable fashion. "Salute" is Annapolis and the Army-Navy game, with good football pictures to please the wholesome younger group. "Big News" is a somewhat over-colored "Gentlemen of the Press," with the newspaper boys again shown as possessing hearts of gold and a very ready wit, which is all as it should be.

—J. C. M.

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PSHAW DEPARTMENT

[*From a Profile by Niven Busch, Jr., in The New Yorker, October 5*]

He grew up in Rochester, the only boy in a prosperous family of German descent. His father ran a cooperage. He has five sisters, who have married citizens of Rochester and still live there; and five brothers, some of whom migrated.

WHERE STYLE GIVES MEN A BREAK!

THINK of those broiling days when the ladies wore next to nothing and we men had to keep our collars on!

Well, now it's our turn.

When the weather man says "Colder," smart style says "Spats." And today "Spats" mean "STANDARD"—just as they have for three generations of well-dressed men.

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TEE AND GREEN

Beauty at Oakland Hills —Cliques and Cleeks— Champion Collett

COMPETITION in a women's golf championship is not limited to golf. It involves numerous subtle issues that you might not think would have anything to do with a golf championship. Certain important players are always able to beat certain other important players, who would figure to win if they didn't suffer from obscure psychological handicaps. Maureen Orcutt can beat Helen Hicks. Glenna Collett can beat Maureen Orcutt. These relationships worked out at Oakland Hills this year, as they have previously. They have to do with the ladies' abilities, but there are other factors in women's golf that originate in social distinctions.

I don't mean to imply that women golfers are too much distracted with private affairs to take the game seriously. They take it a great deal more seriously than the pros, who make a living out of it, but there aren't as many first-rate women players in the country as there are men. The twenty ranking stars compete against each other pretty often. They travel together over a sort of Grand Tour that begins in Florida, moving north and then west. A few of those who have time enough to take this tour compose a clique. Membership in the clique carries with it various advantages —invitations, exchanges of clothes and secrets, and chances to make money, if the clique member needs money, by selling real estate or making endorsements.

The qualities entitling players to rate well with their colleagues are vague. More important than beauty is a certain way of looking at life. Some girls who have tried to break into first-run golf have had a chilly time of it, and a few finally quit tournament competition because they were tired of playing against uncongenial opponents.

THE reason Maureen Orcutt beats Helen Hicks so consistently is principally mental. Helen Hicks worked at her game when she was learning it in the hope that some day

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CHICKEN

MODERN *to the minute!*

CHICKEN *that is sound, wholesome, clean. Government* INSPECTED.

CHICKEN *improved. More flavorful; more tender; more convenient.* FLAVOR-SEALED.

GOVERNMENT Inspection means that you get healthy birds every time.

To know the meaning of Flavor-Sealed, try this test. Step into a kitchen where chicken is being cooked. Note the flavor-laden air. Flavor *lost*. Then, try Flavor-Sealed Chicken on your own table.

Flavor-Sealing *saves* all the natural flavors and juices lost in ordinary cooking. This chicken is cooked in the sealed vacuum tin. The flavor is cooked *in*, not *out*.

Here, too, is *convenience*. Chicken ready for immediate use. Serve it cold instantly. Fry in 3 to 5 minutes. Broil or roast in 15 minutes.

And do not fail to make use of the jelly. Marvelous for soups and gravies. In broiling or roasting, use it freely for basting.

In Flavor-Sealed, you have chicken *modernized* —all you have wanted in chicken. Wholesome chicken, U. S. Inspected and Certified. *Better* chicken, *made* better by Flavor-Sealing. And *convenience!* Try it.

At all leading food stores from coast to coast. Whole Chicken, or Halves. In vacuum tins, 2 to 4½ lbs. net weight. Geo. A. Hormel & Company, Austin, Minnesota.

★*Flavor-Sealed Foods are first sealed in vacuum tins, then cooked. All flavors and juices are saved.*

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For natural loveliness

Loveliest of colors . . . blush-rose, akin to Nature's own glow of youth and health. Lips of Tangee . . . subtle individuality . . . yours and yours alone.

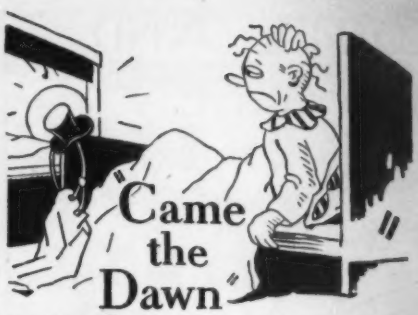
In an amazing way Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . and blends with each individual complexion. Truly, a miracle of miracles! Lips of Tangee . . . no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural that it seems a part of your own lips. And indeed it is for Tangee leaves no thickness or substance, and it is permanent as the day is long.

Tangee—one lipstick and one rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick in gunmetal case $1, in superb case of gold and black enamel $2.50. Tangee Rouge Compact 75c. Tangee Crême Rouge $1. Tangee Face Powder, including the smart, new shade Tangee Tan $1. Tangee Night Cream $1. Tangee Day Cream $1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada. *Ask for TANGEE, and be sure you see the name TANGEE.*

she would be as good as Maureen. Now she can't get over her initial awe. A parallel of the situation exists between Maureen Orcutt and Glenna Collett, who was Miss Orcutt's early idol.

Having these matches over by the end of the second round took a lot of interest out of the tournament. The draw was arranged very stupidly, or rather, not arranged at all: to show how fair it was the tournament committee seeded nobody, drawing the names of the qualifiers out of a hat. We may admit that formal seeding has drawbacks, giving the seeded players a feeling of superiority that may or may not be an advantage to them; the only really satisfactory way of drawing a match tournament is the numerical draw. This system is automatic; the qualifiers are numbered in the order of their scores, from one to thirty-two and then the field is split in half. Number one plays seventeen, number two plays eighteen, and so on. Naturally this tends to distribute the best players through the field without laying officials open to the charge that they have favored anyone.

THE best golf of the tournament was not Mrs. Pressler's struggle against odds in the final, but Glenna Collett's spurt when little Mrs. Higbie was dormie four. Reports of the putt she sank on the fifteenth, the No. 3 iron she gambled across the lake at the sixteenth while Mrs. Higbie played safe and lost, her spoon shot into the wind on the seventeenth, and her recovery of a bad drive on the eighteenth, sounded like Hagen. After five holes of that, Mrs. Higbie, at the nineteenth, couldn't get out of a trap. She had



—and

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CAME the grinning sun . . . your tongue fuzzier than a top hat . . . and you faintly recollect a cadenza of laughter and a tinkle of glasses. If you're wise, you'll pour a glass of College Inn Tomato Juice Cocktail. Quickly you'll find new vigor . . . that undiluted juice of sun-ripened tomatoes blended with spices and lemon . . . all ready to serve . . . "hits the spot." Good food shops sell it . . . drug stores serve it. College Inn Food Products Co., Chicago.

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done well enough, though, to go on record as being in the same class as Roland Hancock, Phillips Finlay, Harry Cooper, all of whom have been within the length of a putt from sensational wins.

JUST before the Men's National Open was played at Oakland Hills in 1924, Cyril Walker said that only a giant could be expected to score on the course. Walker weighed a hundred and eighteen pounds at the time; he won the tournament. To get round criticisms of its length, the course was made about a hundred yards easier for the women and par raised ten strokes, but nothing was or could be done to change the slant of the difficult greens, or the lay of the traps. It was a tough, challenging layout, and Glenna Collett never showed her ability more definitely than by the way she smoothed her way, placing her shots where she could get at the green. She has improved since she took her first title. Her latest one, if it weren't for a certain Joyce Wethered, would be the women's championship of the world.

—N. B., JR.

•

SPEAKEASY CATS

PEGASUS

PEGGY, the huge white cat with the jade eyes and the Fuller-brush whiskers, is completely dominated by the bartender at the Three Stars in Sheridan Square. When he lays aside his shaker and bitters and calls her to the centre of the room, she responds immediately. About once an hour he puts her through her paces. There is a growing fascination as she crouches there below her master's outstretched hand. Odd throaty chuckles issue from her coral mouth. From jade the eyes turn topaz as she works herself into a quivering, mental lather over some hypothetical bird with a broken wing.

She jumps. That is the long and short of it. A sudden, electrical leap. A flash of white—a gracile twist of body high in air, as of a pole-vaulter clearing the bar.

The bartender and the patrons are delighted. Pegasus is scooped up and carried in triumph to the kitchen, where she is privileged to inhale delectable odors of Italian cooking and rub her sleek slats against the generous underpinning of Josefina, of Sorrento and Little West Twelfth Street.

—EDMUND S. WHITMAN

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Nineteen ideas for delectable drinks and foods that have set palaces buzzing with praise. See your food shop for Martini & Rossi Vermouth; two kinds: Italian dry and French extra dry . . . often used fifty-fifty. Address W. A. TAYLOR & Co., 94 Pine St., New York, N. Y., sole importers.

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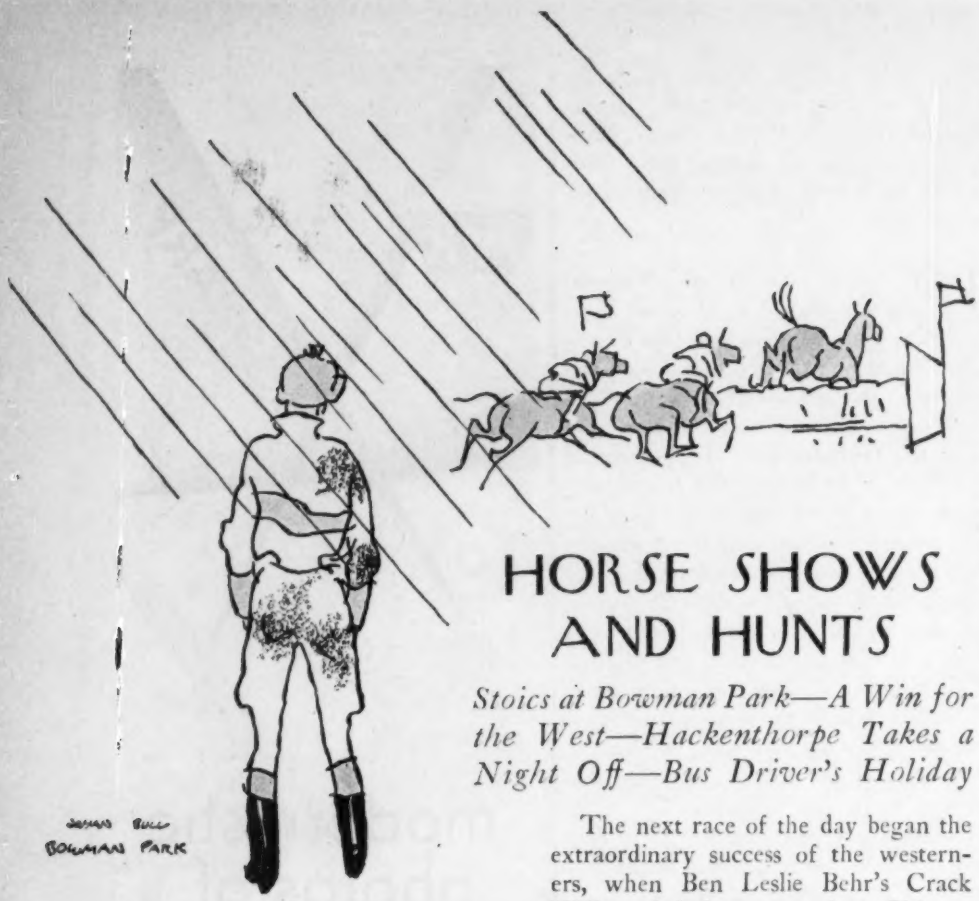
Vermouth
. . . . before dinner



JOHN BULL
BOWMAN PARK

HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

Stoics at Bowman Park—A Win for the West—Hackenthorpe Takes a Night Off—Bus Driver's Holiday

THE gathering on the first day at Bowman Park was a weather-beaten one. Clad in everything the attic trunk offered, drenched men and women bravely watched five pretty good races. The polo field during the first was swept with sheets of rain—a white spume drifted over the grass, and a high wind blew it into the eyes of riders and spectators. Through it all, Ambrose Clark's drearily named Stoney Lonesome, bred and trained by the owner, came home the winner, over some badly smashed hurdles.

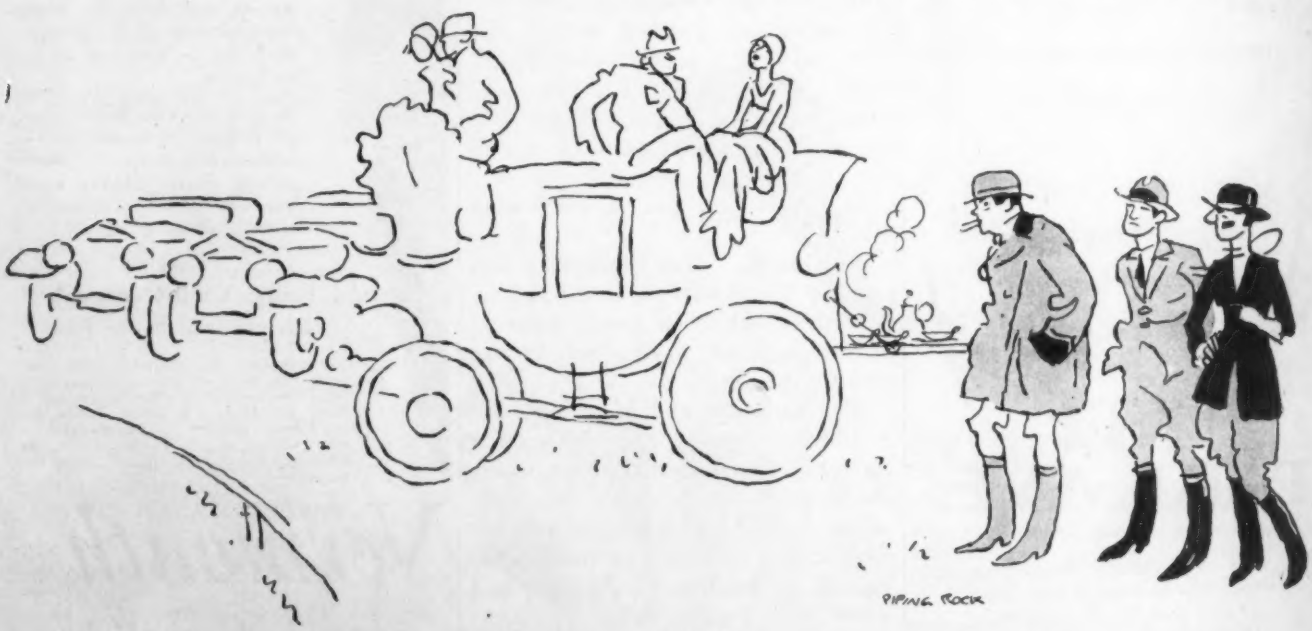
The next race of the day began the extraordinary success of the westerners, when Ben Leslie Behr's Crack Willow led home another Chicago horse, Cahanamore. The favorite, old Brave II, who had won countless francs in his homeland, broke down midway, and Count Rostworowski had a long wet walk in with the pathetically limping horse, for whom we have always had a personal feeling, as we saw Bill Emery hunt him in Warrenton when he first began American training; and then, as always, his legs and not his heart were wrong.

The interior of the clubhouse between races comfortably held the few hundred who made up the attendance, and presented the picture of a complete breakdown of the supposedly secret dealings between layers and players. They were all just thoroughly wet people trying to help each other out. Mr. Briggs' Lieutenant Seas, from Detroit, was a short-priced favorite, the rest long shots, but the advice from headquarters not to bet at all was free.

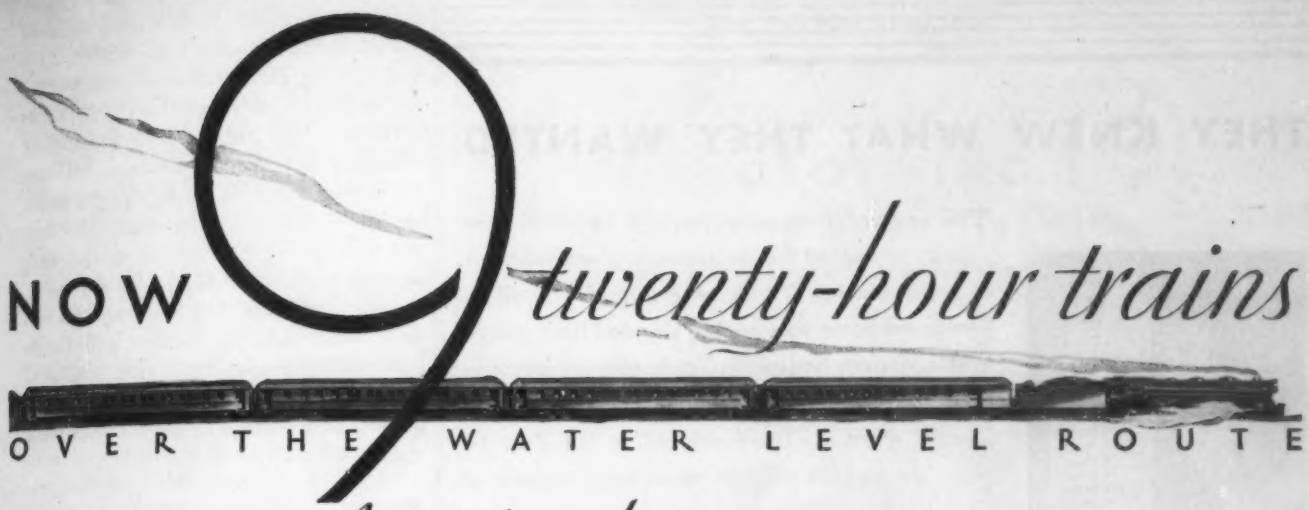
Looking at the large timber fences set here and there in a sea of rain, the riders must have felt completely discouraged. The parades to post brought out much-annoyed horses, their jockeys looking like victims of a peculiarly wet experiment. Lieutenant Seas, a very handsome blaze-faced bay, ran and jumped like a real favorite and had his race to himself, with the Chicago Maitland a distant second.

Casualties were plenty, although they proved the Leicestershire adage of "more mud, less blood." Gerry Smith, better known on the polo field, was riding Doc Henry, who had run well in the Meadow Brook Cup the week before: but the Doc is "said to be" by Sir Henry, and what happened to him went to prove that no horse of whose paternity there was the slightest doubt had any place running in the trying going. He got more and more tired, and finally crumpled up over the board fence and lay without moving.

SATURDAY at Bowman Park belonged almost as exclusively to Mr. Augustus Goodwin, of the Eastern Horse Club, as the first day did to the Great West. He won three races, including a second leg on the Biltmore



PIPING ROCK



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With these notable additions to the New York Central fleet, the thousands of business executives and transcontinental travelers who choose the water level route between Chicago, New York and New England will find a fast train waiting for them at almost any hour of the day that suits their convenience—not only at Chicago and New York, but Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, St. Louis and other cities on the New York Central Lines.

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4 New York—Chicago

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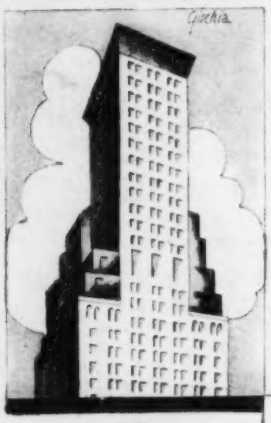

ITS roster of distinguished residents stamps the new Delmonico as aristocrat of apartment hotels.

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HOTEL DELMONICO
Park Avenue at 59th

Cup, with that good and consistent horse, Land Boy. The timber race saw nothing of Lieutenant Seas, resting on his laurels, or of the ill-fated Hackenthorpe, who got loose after a spill at Meadow Brook, and was out half the night—and unwise enough to get badly staked the while. In their absence, the interesting characters of the race proved to be two Man o' War colts, Purple Pirate and Sea Soldier, who ran first and second. Perhaps among his other achievements the great Man o' War will be a leading sire of timber horses, and will leave no corner of the racing world unconquered.

IN between racing at Rye, the Piping Rock Horse Show provided a bus driver's holiday for those who simply can't live without horses. Ambrose Clark tootled in on his yellow coach with its sporting cross-matched fours; and Mrs. Hitchcock wandered around looking as though the Aiken season couldn't begin too soon to suit her. Diana Guest showed her costly Albert J. Davis purchase, Mild Testator, but failed to prove its worth in ribbons won. Bernard Gimbel's Captain Doane took away several challenge cups that have never seen the light of Westchester before. Eleanor Langley produced the grand champion in Ben Johnson, an Irish four-year-old with such a captivating way of going that his rather weak middle and common head were forgiven.

Everyone missed R. Penn Smith and his beautiful horses, who used to be such big winners. Sennacherib alone

appeared, a different horse from that of two years ago, when he was grand champion. In fact he was stopping with such intensity that he hurled Ned Voss, brother of Frank, over his head, bridle and all. There was quite an epidemic of bridles being pulled off down there: Bobby Young was high man, as he had two to his credit, plus one saddle.

Frank Bonsal was judging hunters, his arm in a sling from a fall off Liz Altemus' Thornbrack, giving mute warning to people to confine their leaping to the show ring. He, Joseph Flanagan, and Major Scott found a good many things concerning horses to disagree over; and many and long were the arguments. They ended in compromises—but, Ah never surrenders, suh!

Thus the exhibitors were kept in titillating suspense lest their particular guardian angel should lose his voice too soon and leave them to the wolves.

—TOUCH AND GO

•

SEE AMERICA FIRST

"YES," said the red-haired lady at the table next to me, "we had a nice trip and we thought the Yellowstone was lovely though a bit crowded. But I'm rather glad to be home again. Mother *is* a responsibility. Her blood pressure is *so* sensitive."

"How is she?" asked her companion.

"Well, she's all right now," said the red-haired lady, "but she was bitten by a bear, and that upset her for a while." She said it calmly, as if bear bites were quite in order among the hazards of travel.

"Bitten by a bear?" asked her companion, decently alarmed.

"Yes," said the red-haired lady in her even voice.

"Did you say 'bear'?" asked her friend.

"Yes," said the lady. "It was in the Yellowstone Park. But he hardly nipped her. She was only scratched and her coat wasn't even torn though her underclothes did get snagged." She went on attacking her salad in a mild and genteel manner. Her friend was incredulous.

"Why, I never heard of such a thing," she said.

"Oh, but it happens quite frequently," protested the one who had enjoyed the advantages of travel. "I don't mean that Mother is often bitten, but they told us after the bite occurred that Yellowstone bears do occasionally

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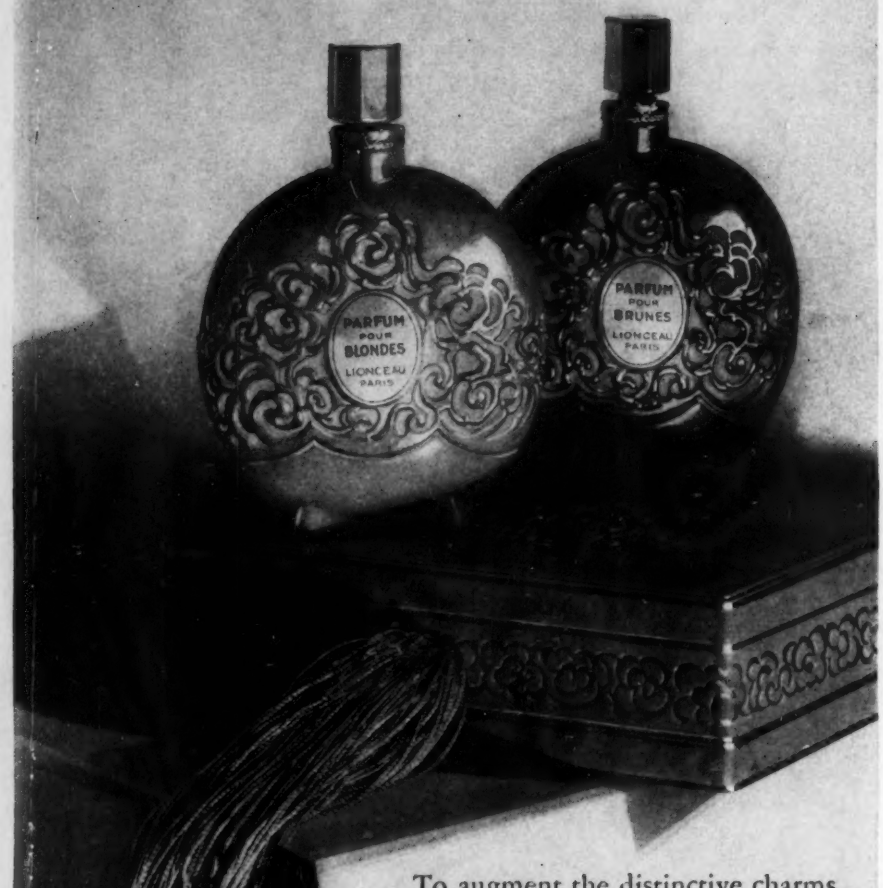
FORTIETH - FORTY-FIRST STREETS

LIONCEAU



To augment the distinctive charms of the Blonde and the Brunette . . . to interpret in fragrance the temperaments of these two feminine types . . . is the glorious mission of Parfum Pour Blondes and Parfum Pour Brunes. For the Blonde, the fragrance of joyous life . . . for the Brunette, the odeur of mystery and romance.

Parfum Pour Blondes is presented in a flacon of jade green; Parfum Pour Brunes in coral red. The lovely case, simulating rich, soft suede, is of matching hue. Three convenient sizes. Each scent artfully repeated in the Face Powder.

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make a little trouble that way and people are warned not to go near them. As a matter of fact, she wasn't much hurt. Only surprised."

"What had she done to make the bear dislike her?" persisted the friend.

"Nothing that we could discover. Her theory is that bears dislike bluebirds, and that her coat, which was blue, naturally confused and irritated the bear, so being a proud and high-spirited creature, he bit her." That seemed to conclude the story, for though the friend pursued the matter bravely for a while, conversation on the subject languished. Her only additional remarks concerning the Wild West amounted to the briefest summing up.

"Yes," she said, as she laid a tip under the remains of her butterscotch ice-cream cake, "it's good to be back, though we did see some very lovely mountains." —MARGARET FISHBACK

•

THE TIME-SAVER

Henry, who, his whole life long,
Had always used his spare time wisely, lay
In a heap of wrinkles, listening to a song.

Like showers shouting in the leaves, there grew
A rush of notes that swelled and ran away
And came again, melodiously, and flew

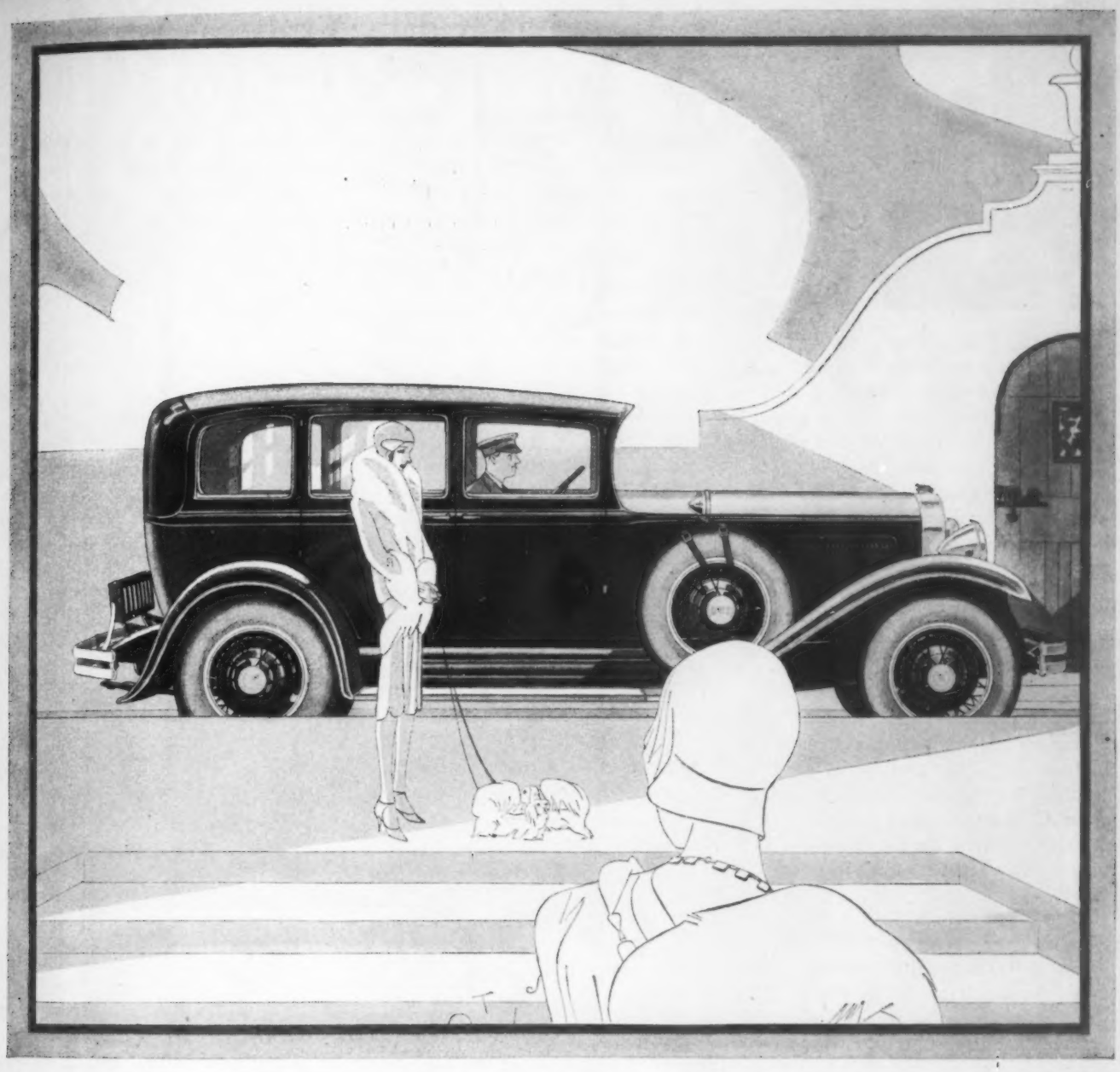
To confident heights, and altogether built
A fire of notes. It seemed to Henry Saires,
Drumming his yellow fingers on his quilt,

Such music ought to waken memories
Of half-forgotten loves, and strange affairs;
Or how, one night, the moon looked through the trees,

Making the branches lace against the sky,
And spilling a shimmer of silver on the ground
Just as a certain goddess wandered by.

The music stopped; the last note echoed out,
And Henry, staring in the sudden silence, found
He had no memories to dream about.

—TED ROBINSON, JR.



The President Eight State Sedan, for five—six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment—$1875 at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

NO MERE fortunate placement of a line here, and a curve there, could by any chance have achieved results so happy as the coachcraft of Studebaker's great straight eights and sixes. In their poised and eager style you see Studebaker's champion speed and stamina reflected with utmost fidelity. This admirable harmony, in cars so moderate in cost, has won for Studebaker the tribute of continued world leadership in the sale of eight-cylinder motor cars.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

THESE days, shops seem ever so much more interested in the settings of their wares than in the goods themselves. When the phone rings, it appears that everyone wants you to see a new interior, and forgets to mention whether Airedales or jewels are the goods on display. With thoroughly good reason, Stewart points to its marvellous new building, Saks-Fifth Avenue yelp ecstatically about the new modernist fifth floor (which is indeed a thing of exalted beauty, and no fooling), and Mabel Eldridge and Daisy Garson ask you first to admire the spacious, gracious, and feminine appearance of their new house at 22 East Sixty-seventh Street. Their pride is justified, for you feel positively like a Jean Cocteau *élégante* in her salon as you view the collections of gowns and lingerie to be seen there.

MRS. ELDRIDGE's great gift, as her devoted clients already know, is creating robes de style that gather the men around you in flocks, and still without being too costumey. The robes are often decorated with one exquisite splash of beading, embroidery, applied work, or a combination of all three. One lovely panel of silver in a new pattern of her own will be the only decoration on a black-taffeta affair. For *jeunes filles*, she puts an all-over embroidered shell pattern with glistening bits here and there on pink chiffon; tear-drop crystals are sprinkled casually over a white tulle evening dress long at the sides; hand-painted hydrangea patterns outlined with silver thread make elaborate a simple fluttering dress of mousseline de soie. The movement of all of her dresses when you enter a room, or dance, or anything, is something to dream about.

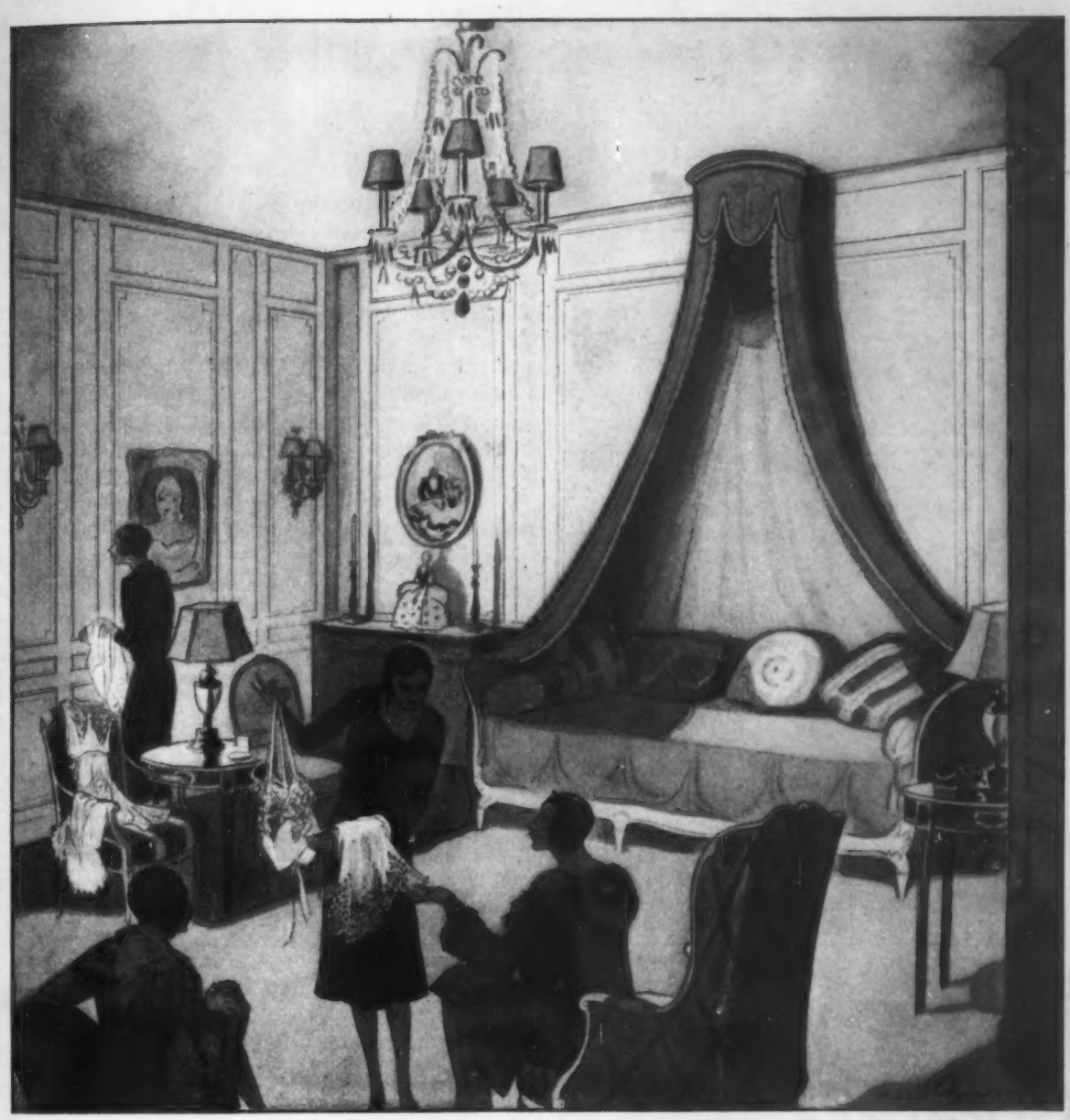
Besides her talents in fairy-princess clothes, Mrs. Eldridge is expert in creating models of simplicity and distinction. There is a perfect dinner dress of black moire, for instance, that her smartest clients are going for—bateau-necked in front, and deep and oval décolletage in back, uneven and moderate in length, and molded to the figure quite closely with an artful circular tier starting on one hip and winding downward. There is a grand costume for those evenings when your escort refuses to dress for the theatre—severe black taffeta, with gleaming, semi-transparent sleeves in black, silver, and gray beads massed together. Look also at a suit of black homespun wool, the Persian lamb collar running down the front and outlining the jacket, which scallops upward in front. On the skirt, another scallop of fur gives the effect of a longish two-tiered jacket.

There are lots of other things; these I remember especially.

DAISY GARSON's lingerie, also to be viewed at this shop, is better than ever. She is doing a great deal of tailored lingerie in the newest Parisian manner, combining georgette crêpe or dull flat crêpe with satin applied in modernist fashion. All of her lingerie, including the nightgowns, is molded through the body in the newest manner. Then, you must look at some pajamas, which Miss Garson does particularly well. There are red satin ones, with the wide bottoms shorter in front and scalloped, that have a brocaded velvet jacket to match. Another, in green crêpe cut in one piece, with a shoulder-strap décolletage and circular pants that give the effect of a skirt, has a green and silver lamé jacket accompanying it. Look also at a classic tea gown of white velvet with a shimmering pressed pattern that gives it a liquid instead of a plush quality. And at another tea gown with trailing medieval sleeves combining yellow brocade and plain velvet.

FRANKLIN SIMON is out with a new idea in shoes for tweeds—pumps of a finely striped corduroy in a beige

"You couldn't find any use for a map of Hartford in 1631, now, could you?"



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The season's most important première . . . the Fall Collection of French importations and the discriminating originations of our own ateliers sweep into the limelight of Fashion with a new setting . . . Two new buildings and three additional departments . . . The new French Boudoir on the fourth floor . . . the lovely daintiness that has been handed down to femininity since the saffron days of le roi de soleil . . . *Nightgowns . . . negligées . . . pyjamas . . . beautiful invisibilities . . . all shown in their rightful* décor . . . *If a lovely* chaise longue *entices you . . . or a* poudreuse . . . *or the most diminutive lullaby of a pillow . . . you may buy them, too . . . The enlarged Sports Salon on the new third floor . . . and on the new second floor, New York's ultra-smart innovation, the Bergdorf Goodman Shoe Salon . . . exquisite, beautifully made shoes and slippers for every possible occasion.*

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

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New York City

coloring, costing $14. So far, this is the only color to be found here, but I should imagine that your favorite dyeing gentleman could achieve other colors for you if you wished.

Besides this epochal idea, they are doing some beautiful copies of new French models in the sports department. There is the Chanel that has a jacket and skirt of a spongy brown wool, with the lining of the jacket, the jumper, and scarf of the same wool striped horizontally in a maze of blues, reds, beiges, and blacks. Another one has a bois-de-rose jumper (to be worn inside or outside the skirt) in a heavy knit-wool fabric that is very soft, with a brown ribbed jersey skirt and jacket. The jacket is lined with rose wool and satin. There is a knockout all-day-working-or-shopping dress from London Trades in tweed or, better still, ribbed jersey, molded through the waistline and flaring smartly below it. This has a white piqué collar and a casual bow, and costs $29.50. Look at the copy of Rochas' Kiki, which has a dress consisting of a light green top and attached skirt of a deeper hue, with the short jacket coming to the dividing line in back and ascending upward uselessly in front. There are several youthful dresses in woollens that follow the general idea of having the top (usually a knitted fabric in bright patterns) attached to the plain skirt, with the jacket either sleeveless or so short that the patterned fabric has a chance to appear. Also, those of you who love knitted dresses that mold the figure should ask for the copies of a knitted checkered Chanel model. For golf or town or almost any daytime occasion, unless you are a black-velvet girl.

ALREADY I have to admit it—I was wrong about trains. "They" are buying them. And their method of disposing of them on sidewalks or on the dance floor has the simplicity and directness of genius, which is too

• • •

Master Your Mashie!

Every golfer knows how important *mashie-mastery* is. CHIP SHOT is the new game specially designed to perfect the use of this club. Ten minutes daily play with CHIP SHOT will definitely improve your game and lower your score by ten to fifteen strokes.

The five numbered holes in its durable canvas provide splendid targets for mashie pitches. Use a regular mashie and ball and "go around". Arrange matches with your friends. Any number can play. And no bothersome retrieving of the ball—it *rolls back.*

CHIP SHOT occupies five feet of floor space, can be set up in one minute, and as quickly tucked away in the closet when not in use.

Mail us your check for $15.00 immediately, and we'll send you CHIP SHOT, express prepaid, with the understanding that if you are not fully satisfied after using it ten days, your money will be refunded.

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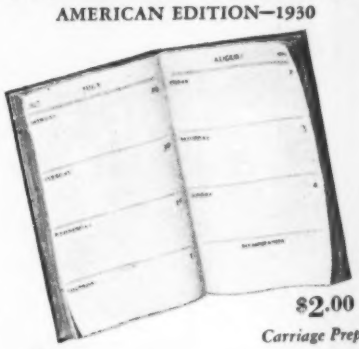
AMERICAN EDITION—1930



$2.00
Carriage Prepaid

A POPULAR and unique 12 months' diary in most compact form—4¼ inches long, 2¾ inches wide, and, owing to the peculiar thinness of the special paper, less than ¼ inch thick. Fits the waistcoat pocket perfectly. This extraordinary fine little book is being reordered by the thousands every year by the many who have already found it indispensable.

Printed on blue paper with gilt edges, bound in limp roan, very durable. Though the paper is unbelievably thin it is not transparent and takes writing with pen or pencil equally well. As the 1930 edition is limited, order at once by cheque or money order.

Initials stamped in gold, 15 cents each. Name in full stamped in gold, 7 cents a letter.

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BEAUTY
HEEDS NO CLOCK

THE intangible loveliness called youth is not timed by the cold precision of the passing years. There is no fateful year that marks: "On *this* side lies youth—on *that* middle age."

How old is a woman when she ceases to look young? Perhaps less than thirty, or long past fifty. It is not *time* that makes you look young, or old, but the care you have given your skin.

If you neglect your skin or give it haphazard care, then at any time you may expect to see lines deepen at the corners of your eyes and mouth. You may look for a drooping of the underchin, and for tiny criss-cross lines that give your throat a crêpy texture. And any one of those three tragedies—wrinkles, double chin or crêpy throat—will make you look old, no matter what your age may be.

It was Dorothy Gray who discovered the three signs of age, and she evolved wonderfully successful treatments and preparations for preventing and correcting them. You can easily follow these treatments in your own home. The same preparations used in the Dorothy Gray Salon treatments may be had at leading shops everywhere. Ask for the booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." It fully explains the simple, scientific Dorothy Gray method.

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You will notice their masterly execution . . . their smooth, rich fabrics . . . their luxurious furs. You will notice too, that they have a subtle restraint . . . a genuine elegance . . . a characteristic individuality. And you will know at once that they are Dobbs fashions!

Dobbs Costume Suits are presented at a broad price range that enables every one to enjoy Dobbs distinction in dress.

FIFTH AVENUE AT 57th STREET

much for a fashion writer, with that involved mentality of hers, to understand.

They hold them in their hands, which allows glimpses of the almost forgotten calf of 1928. —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

The Season's Scents—In Answer to a Maiden's Prayer—Baby Data

HAVING foreseen, with an all-knowing eye, that this winter season would be more elaborate and elegant in the true sense of the word than ever, Guerlain is out with a perfume that absolutely expresses the spirit of the new mode. It is rich and seductive, and yet not in the least heavy or humorless in its appeal. The name, Liu (pronounced Lee-you, sort of), will be a slight stumbling block for you and the salesgirl alike, but the scent is worthy of the effort. All the up-to-date perfume counters in department stores and specialty shops should be carrying it by the time you read this, and it should be Guerlain's leading gift de luxe in perfume until they decide to do another one.

Not to be outdone or outrivalled, M. Worth has also crashed through with a new scent called Sans Adieu. This is a fresh, Cologney, sports perfume, beautifully done up in a green-glass, slim cylindrical bottle, with a case of wood painted green and varnished in a suave sort of way. A really refreshing and delicious one that I should think many men would crave for themselves. Franklin Simon—exclusively—has this.

IT is very difficult in this town of ours to have lingerie handmade to your individual measure without paying in the neighborhood of one million dollars per panty. The present answer to this maiden's prayer is a lady named Helen Coen, who holds forth in the building at 2095 Broadway. She is a Hungarian girl, whose workmanship is not excelled in my experience this side of the Atlantic, since the inside of each creation is finished as beautifully as the outside. You may visit her shop, where a large selection is to be seen, or she will come to your apartment, in response to a phone call to Trafalgar 7108, bearing samples of the type of thing you want to

see. As far as I can make out, she does all kinds—from the very frilly and froufrou things of chiffon and black lace favored by numbers of her theatrical clientele, to very simple and tailored affairs of crêpe or satin with bindings and applied designs in contrasting color. These last, by the way, cost around fifteen dollars a combination, which will give you an idea of her prices. In between the froufrou and the tailored, she does beautiful work on nightgowns, bed jackets, combinations, and panties with real Alençon lace and bits of hand embroidery or hemstitching here and there. She does grand lounging pajamas, with or without jackets to accompany them. Her designs are her own and can be altered to suit your taste, and she is also an expert in copying favorite French underthings of your own. Really a discovery.

IF you are the kind of sentimentalist who keeps data of your baby's progress (and lots of bright people do, much as actresses treasure their press clippings), and also if you are one of those somewhat grim women known as "intelligent mothers," there is a new record book, entitled—to the pain of all—"Our Baby's First Seven Years." This is bound in moire or Keratol cloth in the inevitable pink or blue, and is to be found in the infants' department at Saks-Fifth Avenue. With this, you are encouraged to immortalize not so much the cute sayings of the kiddies as the serious indications of your child's mental and physical development.

WHERE ARE THEY NOW DEPARTMENT: Beatrice Meyer, who has a way of her own about accumulating beautiful antique jewelry, designing jewelry of her own, and remodelling your stuff, is now associated in business with Lillian Sloane, the gown shop at 573 Madison Avenue. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

A Hat a Year—Light Cases for Long Weekends —Among the Imported

MANY men with fairly complete wardrobes have only one hat—usually the kind that turns down in front—which they wear on every occasion and in all kinds of weather. This is really extravagant, for the hat is bound to become so disreputable in

Here is the way Women everywhere are using the new LINIT Beauty Bath for a soft, smooth skin

THEY merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in the bath—bathe as usual, using their favorite soap.

Velvet couldn't be smoother than your skin after a Linit Beauty Bath.

This soft, satiny "feel" comes from an extremely thin layer of Linit—invisible to the eye—left on the skin after the bath. This thin porous coating of powder is evenly spread—not in spots that it may clog the pores—but thinly and evenly distributed over all parts of the body.

The results of a Linit Bath are immediate. You need not wait weeks for some sign of improvement—instantly you sense the refreshing difference in your skin.

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Most exquisite of odeurs

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a short time that it has to be discarded and replaced; and when this happens four or five times a year, as it easily may, the expense is considerable. The same amount of money, spent intelligently, would give a man a complete outfit: a couple of hats for town wear, one for sports, and two for the evening. After that you will not have to buy more than one hat a year to keep the stock complete. If they are good ones they will not go out of fashion, and—treated properly—they will keep their color and shape for a long time.

Turned-down brims are appropriate for the country, but they are less dignified, and less suitable for town, than brims that turn up. However, turned-down brims are the most popular, perhaps because they are generally becoming, and if you want to wear them in the city that's your own business. I only suggest that you choose a brim of reasonable width and avoid those that are chopped off so close that they allow your nose to protrude beyond and look strangely unprotected. On turned-down brims raw edges are better than those bound with silk; and a rather dark brown is better than gray for the country, because it shows the dirt less easily.

TRIPLER has been appointed exclusive representative of Hilhouse, 11 Bond Street, London, and is carrying the complete line, which includes such a variety of sizes, shades, proportions, and colors that it should be possible for a man to make his entire selection without stepping away from the mirror.

Speaking of country hats, there is one Hilhouse model that was specially designed for rough wear—a shaggy felt which is waterproof and can be rolled up without injury. It is made in several heather mixtures, of which green is the most popular—not exactly my favorite, but very country-squirish and doubtless practical. The Brunswick, also a Hilhouse, is my idea of a good town hat. It is a homburg with

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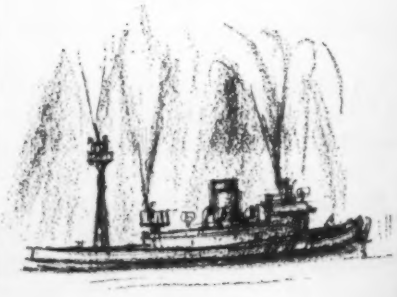


a brim that is permanently turned up but is not bound with ribbon. And I was glad to see a soft black felt with a silk-bound brim here; this is the best type to wear with a dinner jacket. All of Hilhouse's felt hats cost $14.

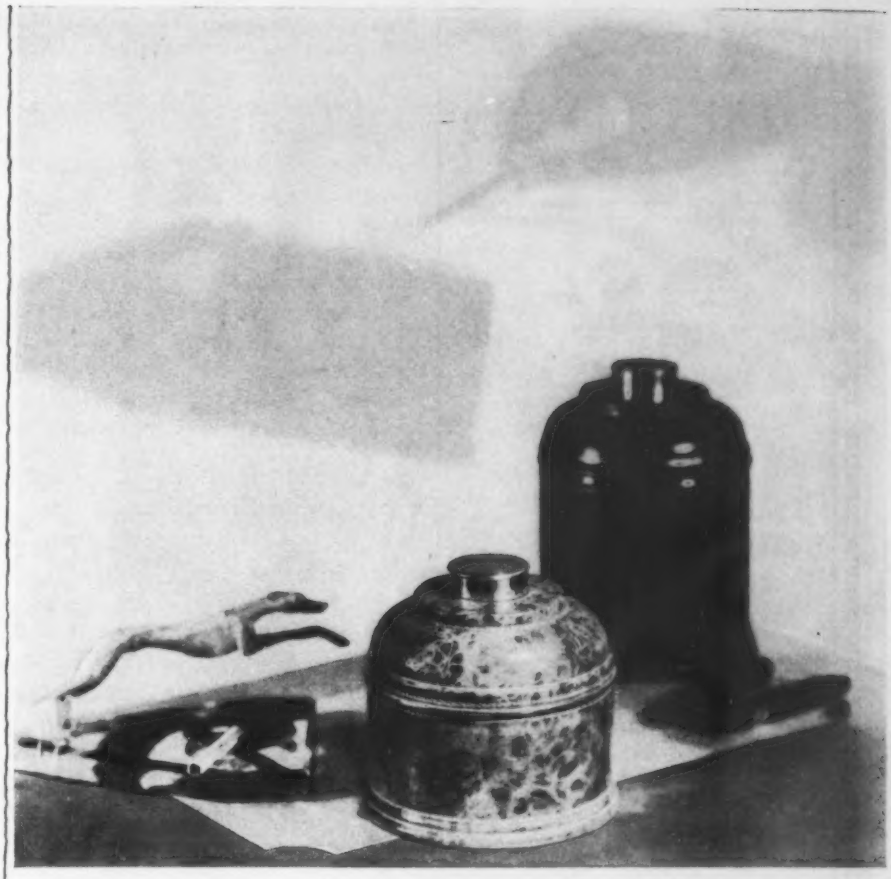
I ignored the opera hats because their use is so limited, and they have become so common, but I did look up the silk hats, and found they are carried in several shapes, to suit different features; Hilhouse's cost $25. Tripler also has Henry Heath silk hats, which have satin, instead of plush, on the upper side of their brims—a practical innovation that makes them a little less delicate; it may appeal to you if you are not a stickler for tradition. Price, $20.

BROOKS has been showing the fall Lock hats for some time, so if you want one you'd better hurry in. The homburgs and snap-brims cost $14 and $15; they have the same perfect lines they have always had, and are made of a felt that keeps its shape, but while they come in gray, green, and tan, unfortunately there is none to be had in dark brown. Lock's derby has a rough finish and a bulge in the crown that makes it different from any other and, I think, exceptionally good-looking. There are two models; $15.

Brooks also carries Herbert Johnson hats—$12—as well as some that are made in England and are sold here under the Brooks name for $9. The domestic hats, copies of the Lock, which sell for $7 and $7.50, are very good indeed.

IN Abercrombie & Fitch I was shown some new wardrobe suitcases called the Clubman. They are made of pigskin or calf on light wooden foundations, are equipped with Sesamee locks, and can be had in three sizes to hold from one to three suits. The one-suit size is lined with natural linen, the other two with dark green morocco. They all have hangers, a tray large enough to take shirts folded the way they come from the laundry, and shoe pockets lined with velvet and closed with Talon fasteners. The one-suit size costs $70 in pigskin and $50 in calf; the three-suit size, $145 and $100.

FAULKNER & SON, London bootmakers, have moved their New York office. It is still at 51 East Forty-second Street but has been transferred from Room 1504, which Faulkner used to share with Washington Tremlett, to Room 1405—both firms

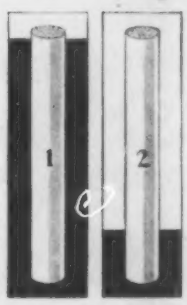


Rumid tobacco is never dry

Anything that is dry burns quickly and is hot. That is particularly true of tobacco. You know that by biting experience. Keep your smokes in the Rumidor and enjoy the full pleasure of smoking, for rumid tobacco is never dry.

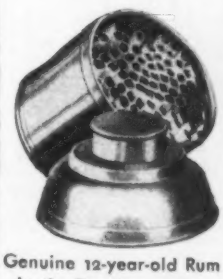
In the cover of the Rumidor there is a block of solidified rum which revives the flavor of tobacco because it brings back its freshness. Rum is used to condition tobacco before it is packaged, and now you can use rum to re-condition your smokes after the package is broken. Your first rumid smoke will prove it.

There are four sizes of Rumidor accommodating cigarettes, pipe tobacco and cigars. In metals or beautiful leathers $3.50 to $100. If your dealer cannot supply you, mail coupon.



1—A cigarette from the Rumidor is fresh, mellow and full of flavor... it is rumid . . . 100% moist and in perfect condition for smoking.

2—This represents the average of twelve cigarettes, purchased at random. They are NOT in condition for smoking. Only 15% moist . . . not rumid at all.



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RUMIDOR

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Package four Rum Refills. Check encl. $1.00

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KNOX HATS
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Court Street At Remsen
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needed more space. Faulkner now keeps a man permanently in New York; he also looks after the customers of Codner, Coombs & Dobbie, another English bootmaker.

When you consider that Faulkner is one of the best bootmakers in London, the prices seem reasonable. For instance, a pair of oxfords, made to measure, costs from $25 to $40, and riding boots start at $50. When you are ordering, be sure to say you want trees; those for oxfords cost about $5 and you have to pay duty on them. From five to six weeks are required to fill orders.

WASHINGTON TREMLETT, still in Room 1504, 51 East Forty-second Street, requires a similar length of time to fill orders for ties, shirts, pajamas, and the like. A small stock is carried, however, and if you like anything there you can take it away with you. Cotton shirts, made to measure, cost $8.50, including duty; and cotton pajamas cost $15. In linen the prices are, respectively, $15 and $22; and in silk $30 and $45. There are hundreds of good-looking patterns to select from and you can depend on the workmanship.

Also, there are sweaters of several kinds of wool in hundreds of shades of color, gloves that are all hand-sewn, and ties that all have seven folds and need no lining. The range of tie patterns is one of the largest I have ever seen: there are seventy-eight shades of plain-colored rep, a soft heavy silk that knots beautifully. These and the Spitalfields cost $5.50. —G. McC.

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FEMINA IN URBE

JACKSON HEIGHTS MATRON

She goes to Wednesday matinées,
Her favorites are those English plays
Of love among the tea-cups where
The entire cast is debonair,
And butlers speak in epigrams,
She loves the talk of scones and trams
But most of all she revels in
The sleek and British heroine,
She marvels at her way with men
And watches every gesture. Then
She hurries home, preoccupied,
And burns the dinner. Dreamy-eyed
She greets her husband slinkingly,
Her Mayfair personality
Is wasted—for her artful guile
Brings only a domestic smile.

—RUTH BROWN

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60 DAYS—$975. UP
First Class throughout. Visiting Barbados, Riode Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Trinidad.

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Rate includes hotels and conducted sightseeing ashore.
Apply to your local agent or,
LAMPORT & HOLT LINE
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BETWEEN THE HALVES

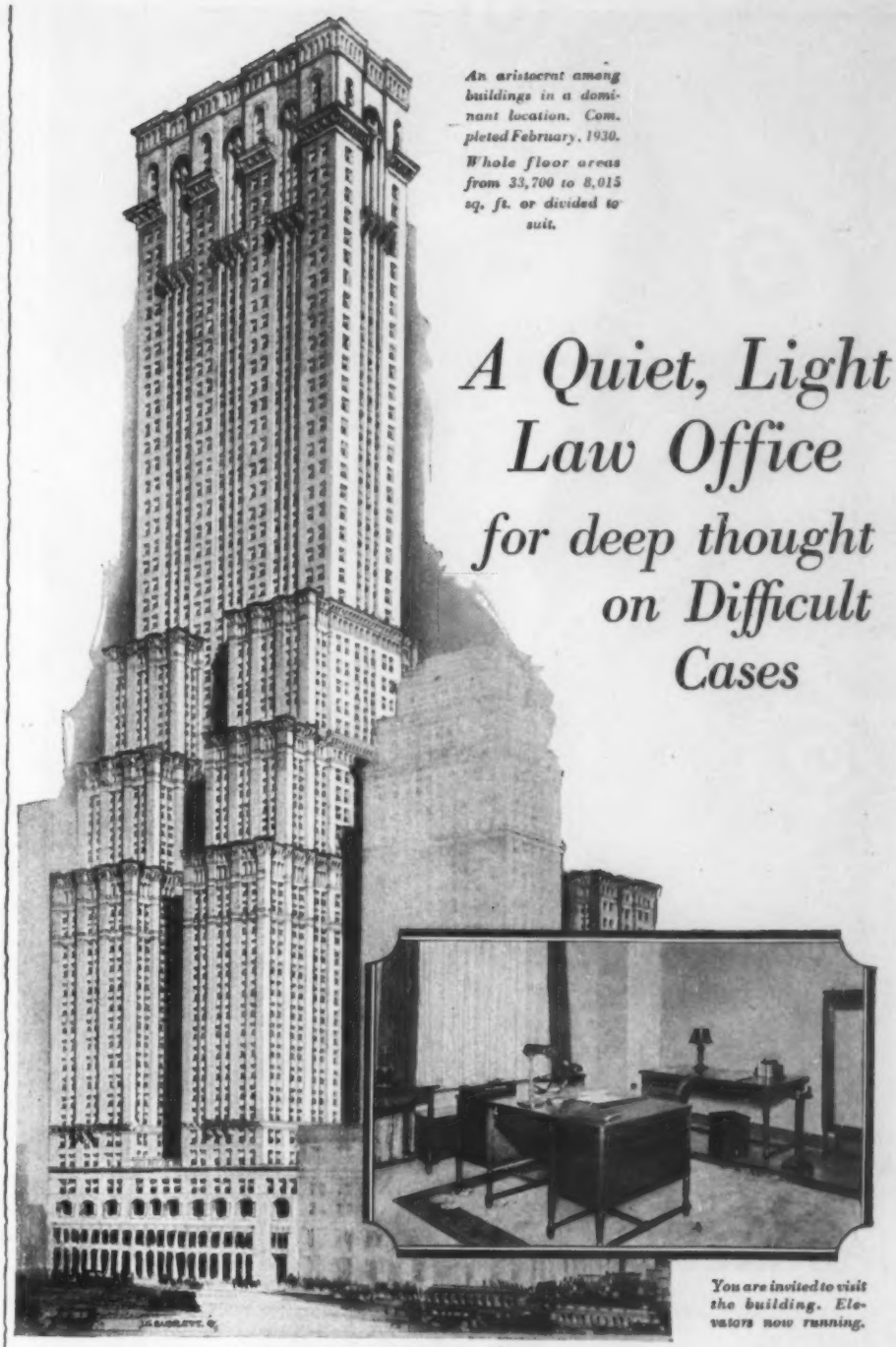
OH, oh, oh, oh, oh. Five minutes more of that and I wouldn't have a hat. I wouldn't have any fingernails or any nerves. Boys, in fourteen years I've seen some pretty terrible football. I've seen guys running toward the wrong goal and all the other conventional bulls, but in all my experience I've never seen the like of that exhibition you're putting on this afternoon. I know I didn't, because if I were a normal coach I'd forfeit the game.

If you can't make more than two touchdowns against a team like that, I'd like to know what the hell you're wasting your time for.

LET'S get down to cases. You, Ridgeway. I understand you're quite a bridge player. Is that why you're afraid to use your hands? You're about as much help to the team as that head linesman. No, you're not even that much help. At least that head linesman can make some of the other guys mad enough to play football, but you—you just . . .

Foster! Don't let them suck you in like that. Play out. That doesn't mean you have to play over on the sidelines like you did once or twice. Of course, it's nice of you to get out of their way and all that, but that isn't the idea of the *game*. See, this is a *game*. You're supposed to be *playing football*. Get that?

You! Yes, I mean you, Schmaltz. Don't pretend you didn't hear me. I guess you think you're a big shot



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The Bar Association and the Library are two short blocks away, all courts are within a few minutes ride, and subways may be entered directly from the building.

We invite you to write for a complimentary portfolio prepared especially for lawyers.

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53 Stories Facing Grand Central

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because you made a touchdown. Well, you're not. I have to admit that for once the team played six seconds of football. They made a hole big enough for a Mack truck to go through—and that's what you looked like going through. A Mack truck. How you ever stumbled over that line the way you're running is just one of those things I'll never understand. I guess that's my reward for leading a comparatively Christian life.

And you, J. Thornton Fisbee, captain of the team. And what a captain. *Oh*, oh, oh, oh, oh. You win the toss and what do you do? You let them have the wind. How many times did I tell you that if you get the wind or if you *can* get it, take it? Do you know how much they've been gaining on exchanges of punts? No. Well, you'll find out when you see the papers. Generalship. Bah.

Another thing, Mr. Captain Fisbee, see if you can remember this five minutes after you go back on the field. Every day for the last two weeks you've seen the scrubs working that fake reverse of theirs. Every damn day for two weeks. If you had the sense you were born with you wouldn't have let them pull it twice in succession. Don't you know any elemental football?

And now we come to our smart little quarterback, our little ball of fire, the one hundred and thirty-pound marvel, Mr. O'Neill. Well, whatever chance you had of getting anywhere this year has certainly gone to hell after this afternoon. It cer-tain-lee has. You should have gone to Princeton. That's the only place I know of where they don't lynch a quarterback for calling a forward pass first down on his own

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twelve-yard line. Holy Mike! What was the idea of throwing that forward? You had them weak, and I will say for Schmaltz that at that particular moment he seemed to be making an occasional foot between guard and tackle, but no. I guess you're one of these cheerful guys that like to play the game for the spectators' benefit. One of these guys that try to make it a game of basketball. Just what *are* you trying to do? Get the long-distance-pass record? You'll get it all right, but not the way you expect.

YOU ends. When O'Neill does manage to get off a high-school kick, why don't you try to get down under it? The idea when you're an end is to get down under punts. I don't know whether you ever believed that, but it's true. Yep. Ends are supposed to get down under punts. Now isn't that a strange thing, huh?

You tackles. Especially you, Norton, you with your two hundred and four pounds. You're being boxed all the time by a guy not much bigger than half your size. Snap out of it. Break through. I know you're not afraid, but there's about seventy-five thousand people up there that think you are. You're all I've got in the way of beef, so will you please get going?

Line! *Charge!* You backs! On that shoestring of theirs take your man. And say which one you're gonna get and get him. Sterne! Snap that ball back so O'Neill won't fumble any more.

TIME'S up. Now go in there and fight and bring me back that ball with at least three more touchdowns on it. Show them you got some guts and don't think the game's on ice because you're leading. Anything can happen in a third period. Get your five touchdowns and then you can kick as much as you please. Now go on out. . . . Hey, O'Neill, lace your shoe!

—JOHN O'HARA

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SCHEDULE

Don't forget the fish food
Nor the raisin bread,
Don't forget the dog biscuit
Nor the coarse black thread,
Mind you get the *Journal*
And the vaseline.
The sun will rise at seven, prompt,
And set at four-fifteen.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

24 WEST FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET

PRECIOUS FURS

a matchless collection from which to choose—sable . . ermine . . broadtail!

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When the world famous sculptor

shows you the bust of your wife . . .

be nonchalant . . . LIGHT A MURAD.

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Your guests will long remember!
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"TICKER" *the new Wall St. game*

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THE ART GALLERIES

Fanfare—Derain and Matisse — Laurels for the Lowly—Potpourri

THERE is much to be said for the custom followed by the old galleries of bringing the townspeople back to art with a wallop. After the long summer drought, the casual lover might not be induced to renew that pleasant flirtation of last spring unless the appeal was overpowering.

DE HAUKE starts off with a rousing show, assembling for its curtain-raising as many fine French works as can be got in one room. Not always addicted to the first-line masters, who already have plenty of support from dealers, this firm has found a niche for the men who are not quite so popular.

A few of them are represented here, but the group for the most part consists of the classics, in many cases fine examples of them. The Rousseau "Paysage," which always finds itself in the best of shows, again does duty to remind us of the beauty to be found in humble scenes. Vuillard has seldom excited us, but we felt we could become interested if we saw more from the period of his "Le Journal." Then there is one of the best of the early Utrillos, "Église en Automne," as moving a picture as we have ever seen from his brush. Also a severe Modigliani, one calculated to be acceptable even to those who are estranged by a beauty not built along the lines of a "Follies" girl.

Much of our first visit we spent before a very small Matisse, one of those inconsequential landscapes that seem to be just a little thing dashed off with the paint that was left on the palette. Yet across the room it burns itself into you, and it lingers in your memory long after many others have been forgotten. **There are** also a superb Braque, a fair Derain, and one Lurçat, "L'Île Enchantée," that is more likeable than any other Lurçat we have seen.

The roster, an imposing one, also lists Roussel, Bonnard, Denis, Rouault, Vlaminck, Picasso, Léger, Laurencin, Segonzac, Kisling, Gromaire, and

She BŌSTS *and* BŌSTS *and* BŌSTS

MORNING, noon, and night she is at it, and yet she is the soul of modesty. She is usually quite alone, in her bath-room or dressing-room when she Bosts.

She knows that by Bosting she can keep her teeth gleaming white and healthy, and at the same time enjoy her daily cigarettes.

For she Bosts with Bost Tooth Paste—the smartest toilet requisite in her boudoir. Even more harmless than a lip-stick, and a much greater factor in a smile!

She is familiar with the handkerchief test, with the mellow bouquet flavor—is modestly conscious of the fragrant breath which attends the use of Bost.

Do you wonder that she thinks you should be a Boster?

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In the jade-and-coral tube

The Smoker's Friend

Announcement

Mr. Bertram Newhouse has returned from an extensive tour of the European Art Centers, where he has acquired many important paintings. This collection of Old and Modern Masters is perhaps the most interesting group that has ever been shown in this country.

The NEWHOUSE GALLERIES

11 EAST 57TH STREET New York 484 N. KINGSHIGHWAY St. Louis

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J. I. McDONELL, Manager

Write for illustrated literature

Hotel Knickerbocker CHICAGO

One of Chicago's Outstanding Hotels

163 E. WALTON PLACE...
Adjoining Palmolive Bldg.

Juan Gris. This exhibit will be on until the last of the month and is one of the things that make art a constant delight.

KRAUSHAAR, usually the first with the fall's French samples, did not open this season until October 5. We saw the show in the process of being hung (and lacking a Segonzac which was heralded as the eye-opener of the exhibit), yet we found it one of the thrilling experiences of the week. So rich and so varied is the assortment that you again stand amazed at the latent power of this thing called art. The ever-renewing fecundity of the men who do this magic translating of life in terms of paint always brings us back to the belief that if there is anything more sublime than painting, we have yet to come upon it.

The show is particularly noteworthy in pictures that have not been imported before. Some fourteen Derains include one or two of the finest examples of his work we have ever seen. One portrait forms a high spot in this genius' career, and two of the smaller still-lifes are powerful organizations of color.

Matisse again caught our fancy with a picture that is an answer to any who have felt that he might be content to carry on with the Delacroix heritage. It is of a highway as seen from the back of a motor car, looking forward over the driver's seat. It is playful and gay without sacrificing anything

to the dignity of the medium. Also, the show has a still-life of the period by which Matisse is best known, and another of his simple, searching little landscapes.

Added to these are a Braque of the first water, a Toulouse-Lautrec, a Modigliani, a Redon, a Sisley, and a Pissarro. Then there are about thirty lighter pieces ranging from Constantin Guys to Ingres.

FRANK OSBORN is exhibiting a new medium at the Weyhe Galleries. Osborn, we are informed, once dallied with art in the form of lamps made from kitchenware—laughing a little at us moderns the while. This new stunt is air-brush drawings: the tainted commercial tank and spray used in the fields of higher endeavor. Sometimes the result is pleasing, but the method is not always successful. The picture comes out as a sort of soft lithograph with nuances and tones that are hard to attain from the stone; probably they would make pleasing decorative spots in the new order of homes. We thought the "Imaginary Bouquet" and the design for a box cover the best use of both his talent and medium.

THE merry round has begun in the other fifty-seven emporiums: Macy starts its season with some of its own hopefuls, the only familiar ones among them being Karl Knaths and Tod Lindenmuth. . . . Byron B. Boyd has a show of paintings of Corfu and Dalmatia at the Ainslie Galleries, to last until October 18. . . . The Art Center houses the third annual show of the Scandinavian-American artists, through October. . . . John Paul McHugh has water colors at the Babcock rooms until October 19. . . . Harlow, McDonald are excited over eight new duck etchings by Roland Clark. These always enjoy an open season.—M. P.

•

RESOLVE

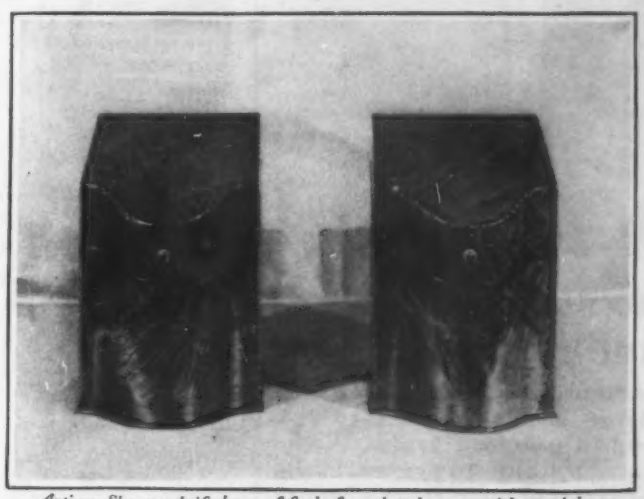
The streets are shaken
Like great stone rattles.
The riveters
Resume their battles.

An aeroplane stutters
Over the town.
My thoughts like bats
Hang upside down.

When there is a lull,
And I said *when*,
I'll start my thinking
Over again. —G. H. C.

·ANTIQUES·
WORKS OF
ART

If you are interested in acquiring beautiful old English furniture or silver, our galleries will prove a source of delight to you. Our department of Interior Decoration will assist in the selection of fine pieces and the designing of interiors.



Antique Sheraton knife boxes of finely figured mahogany, with rope inlay

H. Douglas Curry & Co.
33 EAST 57th STREET, NEW YORK

Wetzel
Established 1874
2 and 4 E. Forty-Fourth Street
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CLOTHES by WETZEL are the material response to the fanciful dictates of innate good taste.

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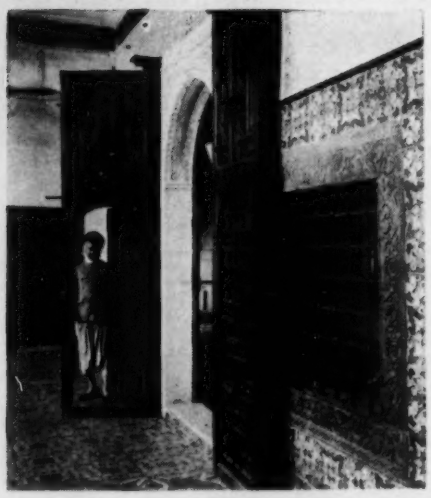
EGYPT . . . and the MEDITERRANEAN



Algiers

The Mauretania en-route for colour . . .

Paris gone tropic . . . dapper French soldiers threading their way through throngs of Arabs . . . the muezzin's whine to prayer . . . the latest scrap of song from a Montmartre music hall . . . veiled women . . . chic Parisians eating the delectable *couscous* up in Khasba, the old city . . . continental gaiety on the incredible edge of Africa. The Mauretania calls at Algiers with the same discrimination for the colourful moment that distinguishes her entire Mediterranean itinerary. She has the old comfort, spaciousness, and indefinable air that made her so popular . . . She is remodelled and beautifully equipped. And she calls at Madeira, Gibraltar, Villefranche, Naples, Athens, Alexandria and Haifa when each of these ports is most glamorous and interesting.

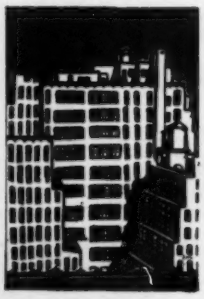
The Mauretania sails from New York February 20th . . . returns via Southampton.

N.Y. to Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, Villefranche and Naples . . . . . $275 up.
N.Y. to Athens, Haifa and Alexandria . . . $350 up.

CUNARD LINE

THE SKY LINE

High Finance — Battle of the Giants—Metal and Glass—Exhibit A



CONSTRUCTION in general, so a building-loan specialist tells us, is not what it should be in the metropolitan area. According to him, many contractors of estimable standing are ready to take over the "secondary financing" of not-too-large operations, meaning that they will put up most of the cash necessary to complete the building, over and above what the first mortgage provides. They do this in order to keep their organization from falling apart. This loan from the builder, which is really a second mortgage, is discounted at some "big, friendly bank," so that the kind contractor's money is not all tied up after all. This gets terribly complicated the further one goes and always makes our head reel; but it is one of the things that the New York architect of today has to know. That is why so many of our large buildings are designed by able financiers rather than by architects.

IF he were to draw his conclusions from the heated rivalry of the tallest-building-in-the-world contest, the casual observer would think there never is any let-up in local construction. For a while, the sixty-eight-story Chrysler Building at Forty-second Street and Lexington was supposed to top all others. This great tower, designed by William Van Alen, improves steadily as it progresses. The outlines of the soaring parabolic-dome treatment which will crown its peak are distinctly interesting, as is the modern use of contrasting dark and light material throughout, and the employment of metal panels at various floor levels.

However, the Chrysler altitude claim did not stand for long. Almost daily, plans have been filed for taller and taller structures—ninety, one hundred, one hundred and five stories. Some will be built, others will probably remain in architects' pigeonholes. Among the former (for a while its eighty stories were a record, too) is the huge building which will occupy the old Waldorf

In a Climate That is Health's Best Friend

HAVE you ever suddenly desired a few days' vacation—to begin at once? Then come to Pinehurst, N. C. It's near enough* for a short visit if you're rushed—or a winter's stay if you have the leisure.

Outdoor good times are at their best. 5 famous Ross golf courses (new grass tees), riding, tennis, etc.

For new booklet or reservations at Carolina Hotel, (opens Oct. 28) address General Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

*15½ hour trip direct to Pinehurst on through Pullmans leaving N. Y. at 6:40 P. M.

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NORTH CAROLINA
America's Premier Winter Resort

To reside at

Mayfair House
Park Avenue at 65th Street
New York

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Luxury! Comfort! An atmosphere of distinction! An appreciation of your wants!

A land-going "yacht" plying nightly between Chicago and St. Paul-Minneapolis over The Milwaukee Road . . . "sailing" smoothly, swiftly, silently . . . thanks to roller bearings.

Individual bedrooms, inviting lounge and smoking quarters, radio, valet, coil spring mattresses . . . and marvelous meals — by Rector, of course; the self-same, skillful, gracious host who once was Broadway's own.

Come to our ground-floor office at 547 Fifth Avenue (at 45th Street) and let our Western Travel specialists tell you more about this luxury-laden train, about the other fine trains The Milwaukee Road operates, about any phase of any trip to the West. We'll be glad to serve. Phone Vanderbilt 3721, G. L. Cobb, General Agent.

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL AND PACIFIC

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD
ELECTRIFIED OVER THE ROCKIES TO THE SEA

site, with which the name of Al Smith has been prominently associated. The governor's personality and picturesque appeal have been consistently utilized in keeping this project before the public, for whatever Al does is news. Last week he began the "formal demolition" of the old hotel, and, in the presence of an adequate gallery of reporters and photographers, sawed off a carefully prepared chunk of metalwork. We presume he will get down to the cornerstone laying in good time and then will work his way back to the top again. This use of his engaging smile and vigorous utterances as advance advertising and super-salesmanship material is by no means stupid. His association with the building adds an interest in its progress which is unique.

ONE more entrant in the altitude contest, and again heralded as the "world's tallest," is to be built from designs by Cross & Cross for the City Bank-Farmers' Trust Company combination, which is affiliated with the National City Bank. Plans for this giant have already been filed and call for seventy-one stories sheathed with Indiana limestone. The design, judging from preliminary drawings, is imposing and graceful; its tower will

high spots

ROUND-THE-
World
CRUISE

The art in cruising comes in knowing where to spend your time. This is the high-spot World Cruise. Time concentrated in Holy Land—Egypt (10 days), India-Ceylon (15 days), China (16 days), Japan (10 days). High-spot scheduling, too . . . . Christmas in Bethlehem, New Year's Eve in Cairo, through India in January, Japan for the plum blossoms. Enough odd corners to round out the real world experience . . . Sumatra, Java, Siam, Formosa.

It takes experience and resources to build such a cruise. Canadian Pacific is the world's greatest travel system.

Your own home throughout, Empress of Australia, ship of luxurious roominess. Marble-bath suites. Roomy, delightful single rooms. Roman pool. A 21,850 gross ton giantess.

From New York, Dec. 2, 137 days. As low as $2000.

If you have a good travel-agent, see him. Booklets, ship-plans and information also from . . .

Canadian Pacific

District Office, E. T. Stebbins
344 Madison Ave., at 44th, New York

taper from the fiftieth floor upward to an illuminated bronzed sphere, fifteen feet in diameter and supported by four colossal bronze eagles.

All this emulation is thrilling, and reinforces our conviction that we are living in the most exciting city in the world.

ANOTHER stirring project is the huge building which the Chanin organization has under way—in plan form—for the site of the ill-fated Century Theatre in Central Park West. This is destined to house various displays—governmental, commercial, and cultural—of France. It is safe to say that it will be modern and interesting. The exterior investiture of the upper floors is to be entirely of metal and glass—its dwellers had best not be tempted to throw inkwells.

THAT New York is not narrow in its architectural outlook is shown by the plans recently formulated at a meeting of a special committee of the Architectural League. This committee, composed of Messrs. Raymond Hood, Ely Kahn, and Ralph T. Walker, proposes to hold in the League's gallery, at 115 East Fortieth Street, a series of one-man shows, illustrating architectural, sculptural, and decorative accomplishments of eminent Americans. The first exhibition will be devoted to the work of the Chicago firm of Holabird & Root, designers who have achieved a remarkable average of excellence. Such accomplishments as the Chicago Daily News Building and the fine tower at 333 Michigan Avenue must rank high in the architectural history of this country.

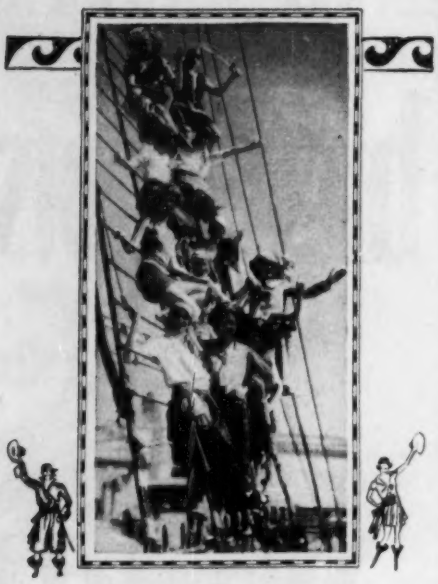
It is hoped to feature in this exhibition, scheduled for November, the complete evolution of an important building, from the first "thumbnail" sketch through the developing studies, working drawings, and details, to complete photographs of the finished product. Such an exhibit, we feel sure, in an age when our architecture is so vital, will be of great interest to the layman as well as to the professional.

—T-SQUARE

•

Wish to correspond with lady, object matrimony. Must be poor working lady. I am poor working man but honest, and the lady must be the same, age 35, weight 210 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches, baldheaded, but good looking.—*Denver Post.*

In short, a real lady.



Do You Long to be

DIFFERENT?

Then make yourself over into a "Pleasure Pirate". Oh yes, it can be done! And you'll have the gayest, happy-go-lucky time in the world. All you have to do is — step up the gangplank of the Reliance or Resolute. Presto! You are a Pleasure Pirate — off to the West Indies and the Spanish Main in search of treasure — not of pirate gold — but of health and happiness.

Enjoy the balmy climate and the matchless beauty of the tropical isles of the Caribbean.

6 Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimages

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Dec. 17—16 Days (Two Cruises)
Jan. 4—16 Days Jan. 23—27 Days
Feb. 22—27 Days March 26—16 Days

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S. S. RESOLUTE

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★*The New Cruise Port in Tropical Waters —to Havana, Nassau and the West Indies.*

The supreme complement to your trip South this Winter—a cruise aboard the great Royal Yacht—beginning and ending in warm southern seas—saving whole days of cruise time by starting in the South . . .

THE MAGNIFICENT
TRIPLE SCREW—328-FOOT
ROYAL OCEAN YACHT "PRINCE OLAV"

formerly The ALEXANDRA
—Yacht of the British Royal Family
—One of the Largest Yachts Afloat.

Reservations now booking for the 20-Day Cruise, sailing from Miami, January 13th, for Nassau, Havana and West Indian ports. Other 13-day and 7-day cruises will depart from Miami during February, March and April.

The Royal Yacht, your hotel throughout each cruise, is limited to ninety guests—all outside rooms with bedsteads—unaltered Royal Suites—all rooms refrigerated—connecting suites for parties.

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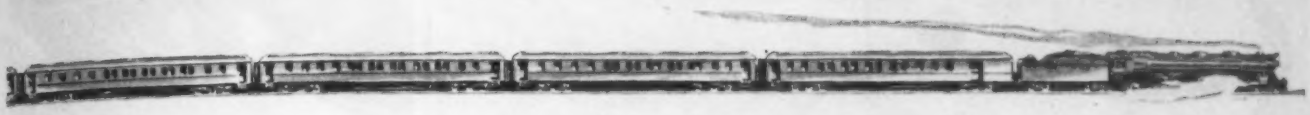
Ladies and Gentlemen—
The PRESIDENT!
Atlantic City's Newest Boardwalk Hotel
Reduced Fall & Winter Rates
Sea Water Swimming Pool Sun Deck
Management Charles D. Boughton

JAN. 21, 1930, THE FIRST *DE LUXE* BOAT TRAIN WILL LEAVE NEW YORK FOR HONOLULU!



. . . A WEEK . . . A DAY . . . AND EDEN LAND!

Wind the eight-day ormulu clock . . . before it runs down, you'll be basking on the beach at Waikiki!

January 21, step into your own compartment of this, your special Southern Pacific Boat Train . . . To Chicago with "Century" and "Broadway" luxury. You don't change . . . Thence by the route of the famous "Overland Limited." New York flowers will have scarcely faded . . . and it's San Francisco! "Stop-over"—16½ hours. And then,

JANUARY 25 . . . THE EXPRESS S. S. MALOLO!

The *Malolo*, "The Flying Fish," is one of the most luxurious, most distinguished boats in Hawaiian service . . . and the swiftest. Only four days . . . Your companions will all be men and women of your own class . . . *You'll ride straight into Summer* . . .

JANUARY 29 . . . ALOHA—HAWAII

In Hawaii the boy and girl in you will come of age again. Do what you like. Comb the beaches . . . or strut your social best. The Orient as well as Polynesia will be yours. Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos . . . Buddhist temples, American museums . . . Superb golf courses. Hunting—sword-fish—tuna . . . Strange whims of nature. Volcanoes—canyons . . . The old native life still unspoiled—the real *primitif!* Ever-present flowers—enchanted sunshine. "The most beautiful people in the world." . . . You can do in Hawaii *all* you can do on the mainland—and much, much more . . .

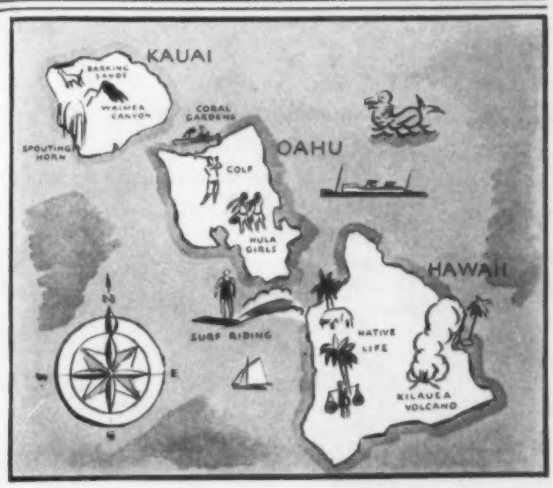
The incomparable *Royal Hawaiian Hotel* at Waikiki will be ready for you. For details and for reservations: Hugh H. Gray, General Agent, Southern Pacific Lines, 531-535 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Resist the lure of the South Seas no longer . . . .

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

MATSON • LINE •



Jan. 21, the infinite variety of Hawaii is—just around the corner.

"THE SWEETEST MUSIC THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN"...

GUY LOMBARDO

and his ROYAL CANADIANS ORCHESTRA

It has been said of the dance music of GUY LOMBARDO that it smoulders and glows like a living coal . . . now soft with the lilting cadence of a dreamy melody . . . now vivid with pulsating jazz rhythms. In turn seductive and tumultuous, alternately tender and unrestrained, it is proving the season's outstanding musical sensation!

DANCING

Dinner, 7 to 9:30 · Supper, 10:30 to closing

No Cover Charge for Dinner!

THE ROOSEVELT GRILL

MADISON AVENUE AT 45th STREET

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, 1929

WHICH IS THE FINANCIAL REPORT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR 1928-29

NOTE: The inordinate delay in the preparation of this report was caused by Elly Buddle, whose return passage was booked on the amphibious Paris, and whose subsequent delay in sailing in turn delayed the accountants in preparing this statement.

Note No. 2: They needn't have waited. She gave me a hearty handclasp.

TRANSACTION No. 1—Given: to John, one combination corkscrew and bottle-opener.

Cost $4.00

Received: two violent foulards for which elevator-man named "Hey, Joe" thanks you, John.

Value (approx.) 1.00

Net Loss $3.00

TRANSACTION No. 2—Given: to Marion, one Manhattan telephone directory.

Cost $0.00

Received: one Paris telephone directory.

Value 0.00

No Sale

TRANSACTION No. 3—Given: to Margaret, orchid corsage, from Schling.

Cost $10.00

Taxi to boat 1.25

Subway home 0.05

Total cost $11.30

Received: one note—"Announcing my engagement to Bob Stevens—Mig."

Value 0.00

Net Loss $11.30

TRANSACTION No. 4—Given: to Bill E., one "My Trip Abroad" diary.

Cost $1.43

Received: one Listerine bottle of first-quality green Chartreuse. Good old Bill!

Value at Market 8.00

Net Profit $6.57

TRANSACTION No. 5—Given: to Mother, one suede handbag.

Cost $20.00

Received: six shirts, twelve handker-

It's easy to get to the *"Cavalier."* If you can get a taxi, the thing's practically done. Through Pullman from New York. Midnight to noon. Ripping golf, archery, swimming, riding and goodness-knows what-all. A Hotel that seems to have just stepped down from Manhattan. During October the weather's sublime. Through Pullmans direct to the grounds. Fine motor roads. By steamer from New York, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Providence. Complete information and descriptive literature upon request.

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C. V. DELAHUNT
Managing Director

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VIA HAVANA AND PANAMA CANAL

S. S. California, S. S. Virginia and *S. S. Pennsylvania*—largest steamers ever built under the American flag. All launched in less than two years. Coast to coast—either way—13 days, over the famous Recreation Route: New York, Havana, Panama Canal, San Diego (Coronado Beach), Los Angeles, San Francisco. 5,000 miles of cool ocean travel on colossal liners designed for comfort, luxury, speed.

Address No. 1 Broadway, New York; our offices elsewhere or authorized S.S. and R.R. agents.

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

chiefs, six ties, one opera hat, one pipe.
Value (approx.) 100.00

Net Profit $80.00

TRANSACTION No. 6—Given: to the Peter Lees, one framed chromo, "Home," beginning—

"When all the pathways of
the world you've trod,
— — — — — Mother
— — — — — God,
— — — — — another."

Cost $1.00
Received: nothing (honeymoon).
Value 0.00

Net Loss $1.00

TRANSACTION No. 7—Given: to Aunt Edna, one hip flask.
Cost $1.50
Received: one striped necktie (other less humorous nephews received three each).
Value 2.00

Net Profit ..... $ .50

TRANSACTION No. 8—Given: to myself, one postcard of Woolworth Building, sent around the world via Graf Zeppelin.
Cost $1.58
Received: from myself, one postcard of Woolworth Building sent around the world via Graf Zeppelin.
Value $10.00
Subsequent loss—card lent to a friend 10.00

Net Loss $11.58

TRANSACTION No. 9—Given: to Howie, one pogo stick.
Cost $3.00
Received: one photograph postcard of

• •

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HAWAII *only smiles*

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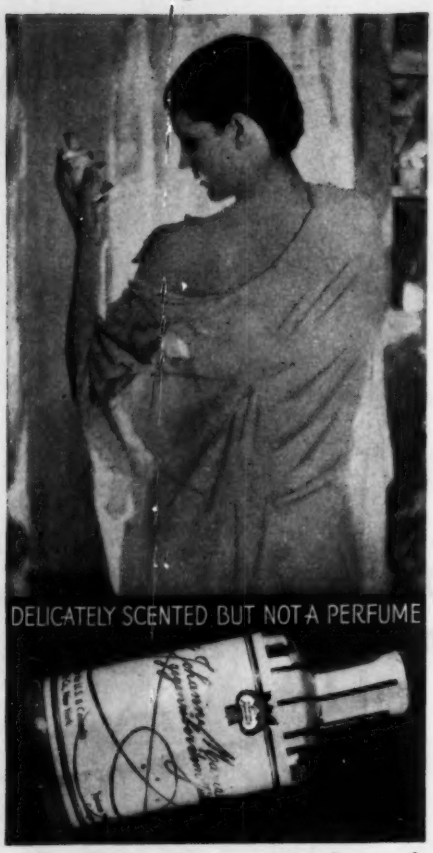
A HAPPY ENDING *for your Bath*



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Howie drinking at sidewalk café—Paris.
Value ..... 0.00 (or less)
Later: two pair horizontally striped silk socks. I wear plain wool.
Value (for use in gym) $1.00

Net Loss $2.00

TRANSACTION No. 10—Given: to Florence, not a thought.
Cost ..... $ .00
Received:—and a great surprise—a beautiful malacca stick.
Value 10.00

Net Profit $10.00
(This does not include theatre and dancing—$26.00—since her return.)

TRANSACTION No. 11—Given: to Elly Buddle, one "My Trip Abroad" diary.
Cost $1.43
Received: see Note No. 2.
Value 0.00

Net Loss $1.43

RECAPITULATION
Profit $97.07
Loss 30.31

Total Gain, Season 1928-29 $66.76

—ROBERT JAY MISCH

•

MOUSE

Mouse whose wet whiskers shyly brush
my face
Seek a foundation—an abiding place.

Mouse, you compel me into resignation
To your peculiarly designed creation.

Destiny gulps you as a final feature,
Therefore be in no hurry, timorous
creature.

Traps must be recompensed and lean
cats fed,
Stale cheese may waft you to Procrustean bed. —LAURA BENÉT

•

In England and Wales, he declared, more than 40% of the women over thirty never married. This is not entirely because of an excess of women, he said, but largely because great numbers of men had not married.—*Special Cable to the World.*

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•

but she posed as a Proud Southern Belle. She married the junior partner of a fine old firm. Her husband's partners suspected she lied when she said she was the daughter of a famous Southern family. Business reasons made it important that each partner's wife be socially unimpeachable. The senior partners retained McIntyre. A search that started in Louisiana, extended through New York convents, tenements and criminal court records, proved this haughty Southern lady was in reality the daughter of an illiterate East Side saloon-keeper. The couple are still happily married, the husband unaware of the investigation or its result—but his partners bought out his interest in the firm. If there is anything in your private or business life which requires investigation, McIntyre will handle it competently, quietly and swiftly. *Unimpeachable references.*

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FOOTBALL

Reform's End—Coaches in Debate—Guests of the Management

IT would seem that one of the football reforms which came into being only a few years ago has already gone by the board — the famous non-scouting agreement. When Tad Jones was head coach at Yale, he and Bill Roper agreed that scouting was an evil thing and that each would refrain from it. This meant not only that Yale and Princeton would not scout each other, but also that Yale and Princeton would not scout any other opponent. Harvard upset this plan a bit by refusing to join, but several other colleges signed the agreement.

This year Yale and Princeton still hold to their arrangement with each other, but the matter ends just about there. The reform has been weakened again, for in it Yale has consented to break the pact with West Point. Now each time Yale plays, army officers, equipped with sketching-boards and other paraphernalia, sit high up in press seats at the Bowl and watch proceedings. On Mondays, in the coach's room of the gym under the bluffs at the Point, their reports are submitted and gone over with great care. Yale, of course, reciprocates, and the early Monday afternoons in the "Y" Club are devoted to the same procedure, with perhaps less military precision.

SO long as football remains the game it is, scouting will be a part of it. At every big college, the staff of coaches has a supplementary group of men whose names seldom get into the papers, but who are an important part of the coaching equipment. These are men assigned to various opposing teams for weeks before the date of the game.

Enemies of scouting say that it tends to lessen the initiative of the players. Roper has felt strongly on this score. "We have found," he said last year, "that non-scouting has worked out toward giving the men who play the game the chance to use their heads as each situation comes up." Friends of scouting usually reply as Gilmour Dobie of Cornell did when questioned

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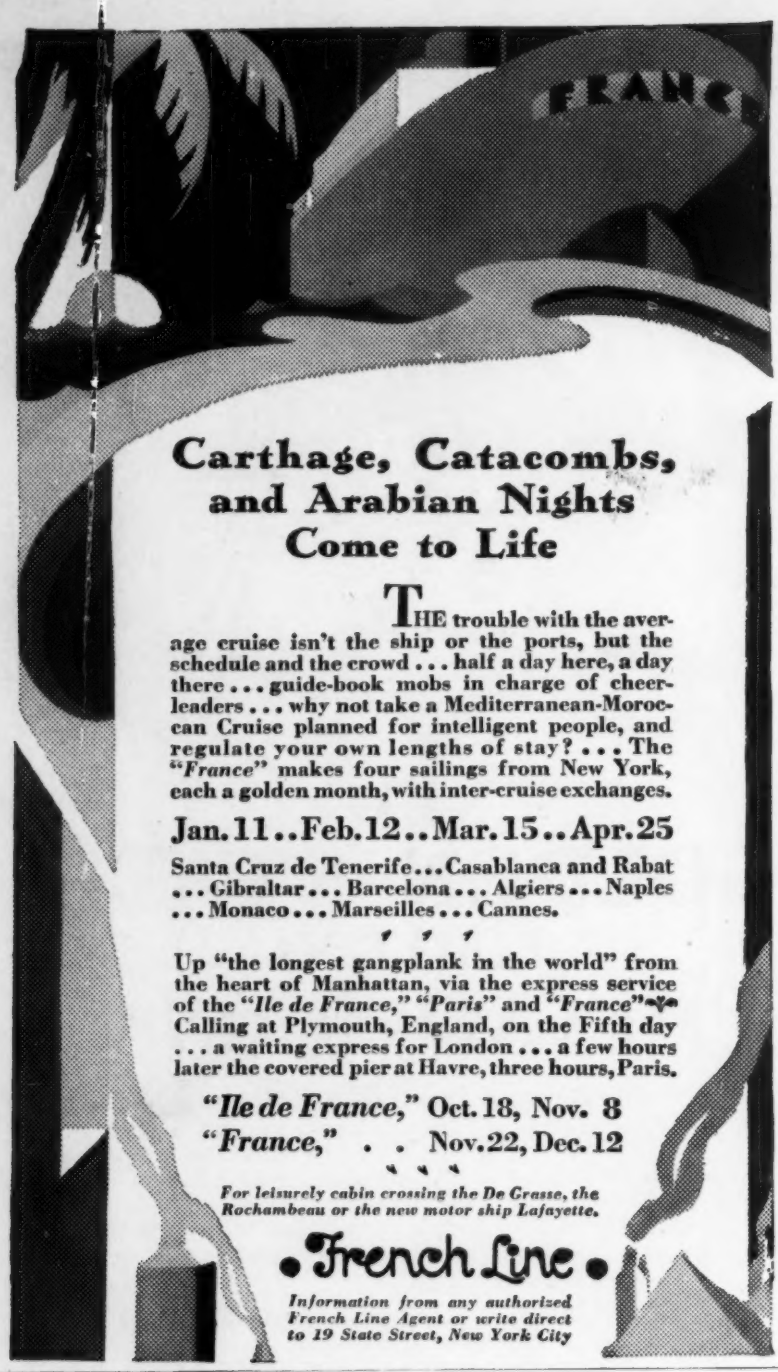

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at the height of the furore over this reform: "You can't teach the average college boy enough football now when there is scouting. It would be an impossible job if you abandoned the practice." The reasoning is that if you scout a team, you have only to teach your men a certain type of play. With no scouting, you have to teach them everything, for there is no other way of being prepared for what your opponent may do.

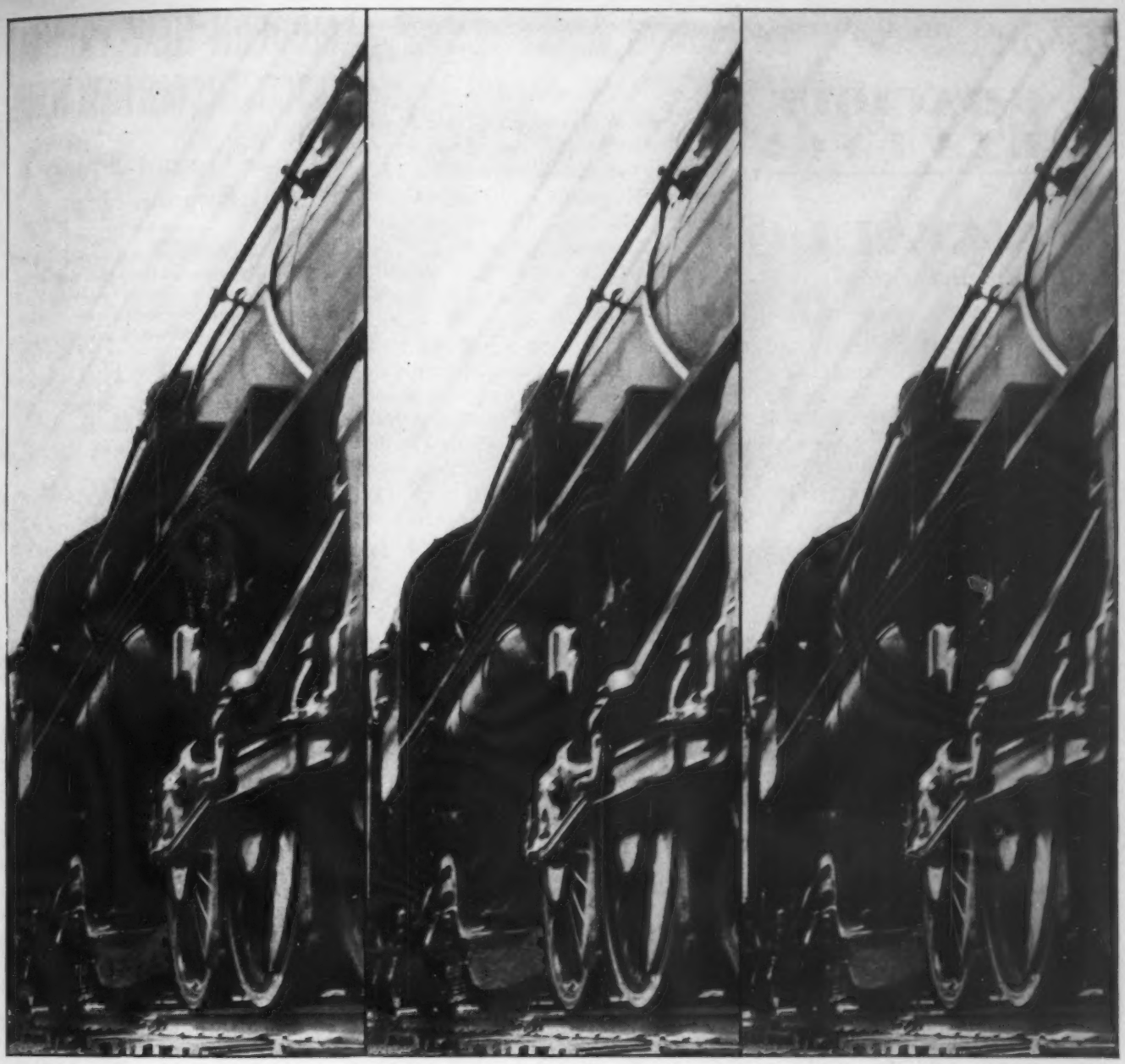
The neutrals' attitude has been expressed by Chick Meehan, the very smart little man who runs New York University football: "I'll give any coach in the country my plays if he wants them. If he has the team to stop them, it's all right with me. I'll even give him my signals. Heaven knows it's hard enough to teach a team its own signals and keep it from mixing them up. I wouldn't want to try giving it another team's on top of that."

SCOUTING is not an attempt to figure out each play. In big-college football there are very few plays. New York University, for instance, has twelve, some varied slightly. Knute Rockne has said there are only seven places where you can send a man with a ball, and there ought to be only a few more than seven plays in an offence.

Scouting has more to do with the manner in which plays are carried out; whether one team pulls its guard out each time to run in interference; how the defence is handled for passing; whether a punter takes two or three steps before kicking. The scouts look for defects in ball-carriers, small idiosyncrasies that show what they are going to do. One man may shift a foot just a fraction of an inch before the start of the play in which he is to receive the ball.

The name of scouting is against it. It brings to mind spies hiding under bushes and peering through knotholes. Those days have gone forever. There was a time when the scout sneaked in to games and practices, but now he is the guest of the home team, with tickets furnished; more often than not, he lunches with the local coaches. On the day of Dartmouth's first game of the year, Arnold Horween and the Harvard assistants were Jack Cannell's guests at Hanover. Mal Stevens of Yale would have been there, too, but his team had a practice game scheduled.

The height of all this has been reached this year with the building of



2 o'clock 3 o'clock 4 o'clock

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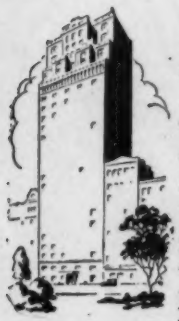

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a special stand for scouts at Duke University, to be a permanent part of the stadium.

NOTES ON FOOTBALL'S NEW MAGNIFICENCE: The Governor of Georgia has made October 12 a legal holiday this year; not because of Christopher Columbus, but because of Yale's trip to Athens for the opening of the new University of Georgia stadium. . . . Those thousands who will attend the game have been furnished with gold tickets, lettered in red and blue. On the front they have pictures of two bulldogs—one with a red ribbon, one with a blue—and of Connecticut Hall and Old College, at Georgia. On the back there is a brief editorial on "Georgia's kinship with Yale." . . . Let the impresarios of movie premières look to their laurels. —R. F. K.

•

YARDSTICK

This is the measure of her spinsterhood. . . .
Not that she waves her hair less frequently
(It's not too bad, and never was too good;
She was no belle—no beldame will she be).

Not that the glow that once informed her eyes
When years ago she read romantic fables
Is now reserved for speaking of the prize
She won when last the "girls" made up two tables.

Not that she goes alone to matinées;
Nor that new games of solitaire are sport;
Nor yet that she complains, each time she pays
Her rent, about the children in the court.

This is the measure of her loneliness,
This is the darkest memory known to woman:
She never (and each day the chance grows less)
Has heard a man exclaim, "My God, I'm human!"

—JEROME BARRY

•

The baby animals are the most appealing. Somehow the grown-up wild beast loses a great deal of its charm.—*Osa Johnson in Good Housekeeping.*

Yes, and most of its enthusiasm.

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THE RACE TRACK

Humanist's Harbor Hill —New Broom Does Not Sweep Clean—Shopping

THE close of Aqueduct and the opening of Jamaica come into my orbit this week, but it almost is a case of hail and farewell to both, these two autumn meetings are so very short.

HUMANIST may not be our best three-year-old jumper but he won the Harbor Hill Steeplechase convincingly enough for J. Fred Byers. This is a horse I am rather interested in, for he is an exemplification of the British mode of training. The races he ran on the flat were only incidental to the main objective.

Victor Emanuel also hoped to get the big silver cup, and in August bought Stalker from Thomas Hitchcock. He offered an even larger sum for Actor, though the Russley gelding was out of training because of an injury, but Mr. Hitchcock declined to sell. Duller, who had successfully partnered Stalker the time he beat Humanist, doubtless pursued the right policy in allowing his mount to run more or less his own race in the Harbor Hill and we saw him pegging away and fencing perfectly. Even so, Humanist was always close, and when Stalker tired, swept past him easily, as did Silver Jay.

DISTINCTION was given to the opening of Jamaica by the appearance of Polydor in the Interborough Handicap, who, although he had been sour in his morning gallops, was at his best over the track, with its sharp turns, and bowled along in rare style, disposing of Nusakan in three furlongs.

There was consolation for Mr. Cochran in the performance of his filly, The Beasel, who followed up her victory in the Beldame Handicap with one in the Baldwin the following Saturday. It was amazing to see William Woodward's Flying Gal vanquished so easily in the Baldwin, and for no apparent reason.

AT last we have seen New Broom under silks, the colt by Whisk Broom II for whom the Eastland

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Farms Stable gave $75,000. It is well not to give a horse a too pretentious name. New Broom finished thirteenth in a field of fifteen runners. Though New Broom was the centre of an admiring group in the paddock at saddling time, Charlie Cushman shared the attention, for after all it's something to pay the world's record price for a yearling. New Broom stripped well for the race, but handsome is as handsome does. Still, he has done no worse than Broadway Limited, who cost $65,000 and who always has been more than a little late.

SPINACH, after all, was not good enough to win the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes for William Ziegler, Jr. There was an idea that he had been unlucky in the Futurity, but at Churchill Downs his bad luck was encountering Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt's Desert Light, for he finished out of the money. Speaking of Spinach reminds me that the name Broccoli has been claimed by the Mapleton Stud for a colt by Epinard.

WHEN Laurence Sterne remarked that they order matters better in France, he probably was not thinking of the practice there of announcing, when a foul is claimed, which horse the objection is lodged against. It seems to me Joe Widener, who imports so many innovations from France, might well sponsor this. The most nerve-wracking minutes on a race course are those when a jockey goes before the stewards. We can see him tell his tale, invariably with gestures, and then retire discreetly while the stewards go into a huddle. We must guess against which horse the objection is made, and it seems to me it would be a generous gesture on the part of the stewards to take us into their confidence.

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE TELLS ME: That on the opening day at Jamaica Charlie Amory was doing a little shopping for the best price against Shakitup, and Coley Madden said, "Three to two." "Don't want it," said Amory, "I must have seven to five." . . . And that Tom Shaw said, "Remember, Rosh Hashana starts tomorrow," and Joey Levins said, "Bet me fifty each way." . . . And that Joe Widener will be the new president of the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association. . . . And that the new front entrance at Jamaica looks like the false-face effect on the front of the Lido Venice at Saratoga—AUDAX MINOR

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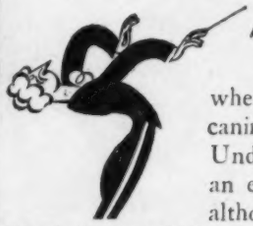
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Return of the Maestro



THERE was a time when Arturo Toscanini was a 'cellist. Undoubtedly he was an excellent 'cellist, although, like old Uncle Ned, he laid down the fiddle and the bow to become one of the greatest conductors of our time. Never having heard Nikisch, Richter, Seidl, or any of the other giants of the nebulous nineties, I cannot write "of all time." Since I encountered recently a young man who complained that a soprano who impersonated Jenny Lind on a radio program was not so brilliant as the original, I have become chary of comparisons over the centuries.

AS I began to remark, when Jenny Lind somehow made her way into this column, Signor Toscanini once was a 'cellist, and evidently he retains an affection for other 'cellists. Last spring he devoted a Philharmonic-Symphony concert to a charming *vale* for Leo Schulz, who had been first 'cellist for the orchestra since the days when ushers aroused slumbering subscribers with remonstrative wands. This season, Signor Toscanini turned over the "spot" to Mr. Schulz's successor, Alfred Wallenstein, formerly of the Chicago Symphony.

The occasion was a performance of Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote," which is a first 'cellist's holiday. Sometimes it is a first 'cellist's vacation, because many conductors will not traffic with "Don Quixote" unless they can obtain a solo virtuoso to play the 'cello passages, but Signor Toscanini, who always does things simply, entrusted the tricky music to Mr. Wallenstein—and was rewarded, as were all of us, with one of the most delightful expositions of "Quixote" that ever has been heard here.

"DON QUIXOTE" is the von Stroheim of the Strauss tone poems: it is a work that some love to hate and others hate to love. For sheer orchestral dexterity it is unsurpassed by anything else in the Strauss repertoire, but there are listeners who discover in it pompous patches in which the composer is tilting at wind instruments. Unless one is thrice familiar with the score (I

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don't know how familiar "thrice" is, but it sounds imposingly intimate), "Don Quixote" is a confusing whirligig. If one follows it score in hand, which is not so simple in the crepuscular setting of Carnegie Hall, it is a fascinating exercise. There are moments of humor, moments of touching tenderness, but it is a work that I hate to love. It is not so much that a little of it goes a long way, but that a lot of it goes a little way.

Signor Toscanini treated "Don Quixote" in a manner that was far from the usual thumping proclamation. He conducted it like a large "Till Eulenspiegel," as a legend, and much of it that used to sound heavy became charmingly graceful and pointed. The orchestra, in fact, played with a delicacy and buoyancy that it rarely has had. Even the somewhat clumsily orchestrated "Manfred" Overture of Schumann acquired unwonted tints. The overture, by the way, was greeted with so little enthusiasm that one might have imagined it to be a new work by an American composer. It may be a deep, brooding prelude to something searingly significant, but I suspect that it is just an overture composed, as somebody once noted, while the Byron was hot.

By way of conclusion, there was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony in true Toscanini fashion—which means Beethoven as it was written and as it rarely is played.

The news, however, is that Signor Toscanini is with us. And that is not only news, but perennial good news.

—R. A. S.

PLAYER-PIANO ROLLS

With Approval—Assorted Chopin, Strauss, Liszt Etc., and an American

ALTHOUGH this acreage is devoted to the latest publications of roll releases, it may not be amiss to recall to owners of automatic pianos that they may have overlooked Robert Haven Schauffler's new biography of Beethoven (and, speaking out of turn, I commend it to everyone), which contains a complete roster of recordings of that composer, and is, in its way, a tribute to the enterprise of the player-piano concerns.

For instance, the Sonate Pathétique is available on Ampico (Adler), Duo-Art (Bauer), or Welte-Mignon (Lamond). The "Moonlight" (which

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SUBWAY EXPRESS
EVES. 8:50
MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

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A MUSICAL REVUE

Mr. Schauffler renames correctly the "Moonshine," but you'll have to read his book to find out why) can be had on Ampico by Lhevinne, on Duo-Art by Paderewski or Hofmann—and a student can learn everything about the sonata by getting both Duo-Art versions—and on Welte-Mignon by Paderewski. The Fifth Symphony, in a two-piano arrangement, is conducted for Ampico by Bodanzky and for Welte-Mignon by Reiner. Duo-Art has it as a one-man job by Albert Stoessel. These are the more obvious selections. The lists of less commonplace music in "Beethoven" are almost as complete.

BY the way, I have noticed several sales of rolls announced recently. The music runs chiefly to old popular songs and obscure salon sweets, but the shopper with time to listen can augment his collection with many agreeable curios.

LOOKING over the October bulletins of the various piano-roll emporiums, we find the following, alphabetically:

Ampico

Fantaisie Impromptu—Chopin. Played by Nikolai Orloff. Orloff's Chopin is not the usual pound-and-sob exposition which frequently passes for profundity. He plays in miniature but without pettiness and always beautifully. If you have no "Fantaisie Impromptu," listen to this recording. If you have, perhaps this ought to replace it.

Rondo Capriccioso—Mendelssohn. Played by Mischa Levitzki. Many pianists tackle this tricky work, but few can make music of it as Levitzki does. He plays it delicately, but there is an underlying masculinity that ought to be present.

Artist's Life—Johann Strauss. Played by George Kerr. If you have only the "Blue Danube," you need this to show Strauss' waltzes in a more gypsy idiom. Anyhow, a Strauss waltz always is in order.

Duo-Art

The Dancer in the Patio and Desert Stars—Charles Repper. Played by the composer. This American has written some of the best of recent native piano music and is worth watching. Both of the compositions are light—but full of musicianly surprises.

Valse Impromptu—Liszt. Played by Josef Hofmann. All Hofmann recordings are important. This one may be ordered on faith.

Romeo and Juliet—Tschaikowski. Played by Percy Grainger and Ralph Leopold. Percy Grainger has reset this supercinema piece handsomely for the piano, and with the assistance of Ralph Leopold, also an expert in the performance of orchestral scores on the keyboard, he turns out one of the month's finest offerings.

Welte-Mignon

Symphony No. 5 (Third Movement)—Tschaikowski. Played by Carol Robin-

GILBERT MILLER presents
Gertrude Lawrence
IN
Candle-Light
EMPIRE Thea., B'y, 40 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30
LYCEUM Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:40 Matinees Thurs. & Sat., 2:30
OTIS SKINNER
IN "A Hundred Years Old"

HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, 124 W. 43rd St. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
GILBERT MILLER (by arrangement with MAURICE BROWNE) presents
JOURNEY'S END
BY R. C. SHERRIFF

THEATRE MASQUE 45th Street, West of B'way. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
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ROPE'S END
(Produced in London as "Rope")
ENGLISH CAST includes ERNEST MILTON
"Makes all other thrillers look like quilting parties"
—Richard Watts Jr., Herald Tribune

ETHEL BARRYMORE Thea., 47th. W. of B'way Chick. 9944. Evs. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30.
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Original English Cast Over a Year in London
7th Month in New York

SHUBERT Thea., 44th, W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30 Mats. Wed. (Pop.) & Sat. 2:30
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BROADHURST W. 44 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
Evs. at 8:50
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Staged by Jose Ruben Sets by Jo Mielziner

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—R. A. S.

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AM I BLUE? Played by Victor Arden and Adam Carroll.

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NOW I'M IN LOVE. Played by Emil Wright and Bernard Johnston.

DE LUXE (Welte)

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'. Played by Ford Gray.

BREAKAWAY. Played by Jack Wehrlen.

WHY CAN'T YOU? Played by Walter Sturgis.

DUO-ART

EV'RY DAY AWAY FROM YOU. Played by Harvey Maddon.

SATISFIED. Played by Frank Milne.

WAITING AT THE END OF THE ROAD. Played by Douglas Ralston.

—POP

•

THERE WAS A TIME

There was a time when you had eyes to see
The flash of silver windowed in the stream,
When days were open doors and we were free
To follow each unprofitable dream.
Then Beauty had not prospered and we took
Delight in what was cherished though unbought—
Patterns of bird-flight, music in a brook,
The quiet-shared sufficiency of thought.

O years that count our moments in the sun,
Whose nights are ridden by an evil brood,
What pitiable mischief have you done!
Through what blue distance have your hawks pursued
The small, bright bird of Love—a bird whose wings
Rise never from the Tyranny of Things!

—LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS

•

In the lower corner was a picture of the Mayflower, which carried Columbus across the uncharted Atlantic—*Portland (Ore.) Telegram and Press.*

Long before the landing of the Berengaria.

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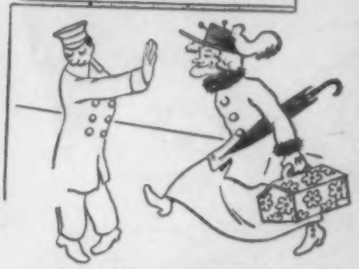
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Oct. 12, 13, 14: All Talking: Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond"; Oct. 15, 16: All Talking: "The Squall"; Oct. 17, 18: "Hard to Get"—all talking; Oct. 19, 20, 21: "MADAME X" with Ruth Chatterton (all talking)
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NEW APARTMENTS

Hell Gate and Gracie Square — Uptown vs. Midtown—A New Note

UP on the Eighty-fourth Street edge of Carl Schurz Park is the now well-known little blind street, Gracie Square, which is bounded, respectively, by the Park on the north, East End Avenue on the west, an alley on the south, and old Father East River on the—well, the fourth side. Apartment buildings at No. 1 (corner of East End Avenue) and No. 7 Gracie Square (inside the block) are now completed, and very attractive. No. 10, however, which is still in the architect's plans, though initial rumblings are under way, will front on the Park and have its full length on the river. You can, therefore, see what will happen to the light, air, and vaunted river view of the tenants in the other two houses, except in such rooms as are squarely on the park. This lugubrious foreword is necessary in justice to everybody, and I will say no more about No. 10 Gracie Square until next year—when it will break upon a startled New York as one of the city's most remarkable buildings.

NO. 1 is a nice, conservative coöperative, deliberately designed to appeal to solid families whose daughters attend the nearby Brearley and Chapin Schools. For such people, the eleven-room simplex is ideal. Rosario Candela being the architect, you won't be surprised to find well-balanced rooms, handsomely ample fireplace openings, big baths, perfectly beautiful six-ply birch doors (which can be successfully transformed into fashionable mahogany), and closets so large and so abundant that in the bedroom hall of this apartment, five enormous utility and linen closets are ranged proudly down the walls. This does not preclude two good clothes closets in each of the four bedrooms, and one or two coat closets in the entrance foyer.

Also, No. 1 Gracie Square has a type of apartment exceedingly in demand among smart, well-off young married people: a six-room duplex with a charming living-room, dining-room,

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The first building on this famous thorofare is the favorite of all who know it. At this time apartments of two or more rooms are available. Rooms are extravagantly large, with windows facing north, east, south and west, as you prefer. Many apartments have a roof terrace; all have a serving pantry. Apartments may be leased furnished or unfurnished. Early visitors enjoy the widest choice.

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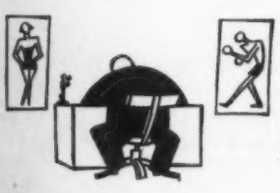
kitchen, and pantry surmounted by two masters' bedrooms and baths, and a maid's room and bath reached by a private service stairway from the kitchen. All beautifully finished, nearly all rooms fronting on the parklet, and therefore staring straight up the river into the celestial reaches of Hell Gate Bridge. Such an apartment can be bought for from $24,000 up, and is, if you ask me, a very fine buy. So is the eight-room simplex, beginning at $26,000. The large apartment first described is priced at $48,000. If you realize how those East River properties have a way of accruing in value, you will see all the practical advantages of using your money this way.

Maintenance a bit over ten per cent; you furnish mantels, lighting fixtures, and decorating; and Douglas L. Elliman is to be consulted as agent.

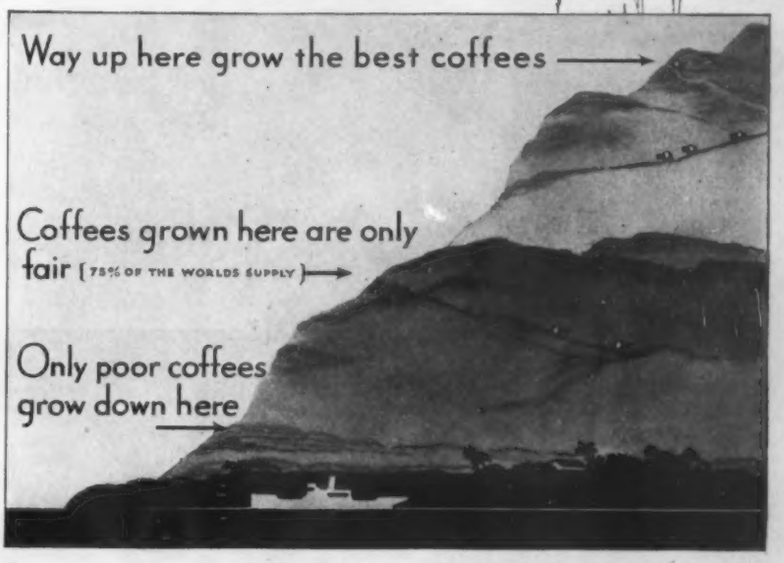
NEXT door is No. 7 Gracie Square. Being a rental house, it's not so imposing as its neighbor, but it has charm and duplexes—both much in demand. There are a few rather unprepossessing features, such as an inside bath between two bedrooms (really a surprise, no matter how pressing the question of space might have been) in the nine-room duplex; but considering the combined advantages and disadvantages of the location, I think the architect did well.

All the features of the better houses appear here—library-bedrooms, which are always a convenience; open fireplaces, cedar closets, and well-equipped kitchens with Frigidaires and the Smoothtop ranges that seem to be the rage now. Those rooms whose windows front on the park have the same magnificent view as the house next door, but the rear rooms have no particular view at all; though that, if you ask an old hand, is a ridiculous thing to hold against them. If there is any view from the windows of a midtown apartment in the East Fifties or Sixties, I have yet to see it—but the quiet, the absence of traffic, and the air of the East River districts are often not enough to convince habit-bound doubters. There must be View from every cranny, forsooth.

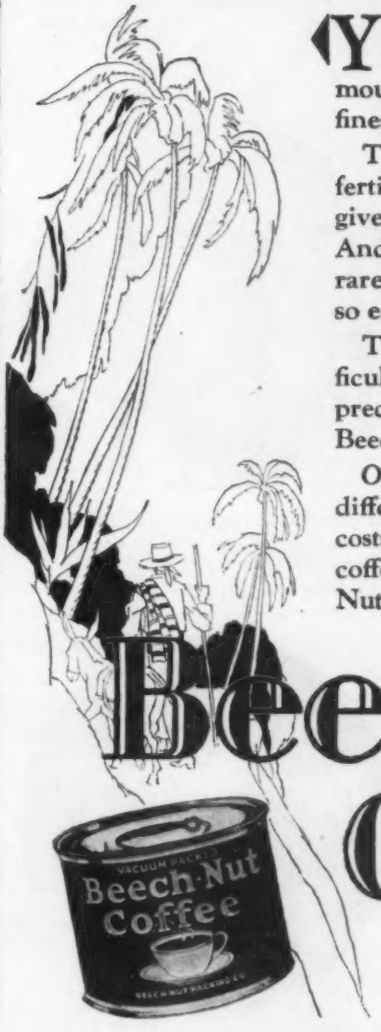
I append some prices as a guide to



You have to CLIMB


Way up here grow the best coffees
Coffees grown here are only fair (75% OF THE WORLDS SUPPLY)
Only poor coffees grow down here

for the best COFFEES



YES, *climb* far, far up steep burro trails—to reach the high tropic mountain plantations where the world's finest flavored coffees grow!

There brilliant mountain sunshine, fertile soil and abundant rain combine to give them unrivalled aroma and flavor... And it is there Beech-Nut goes for the rare varieties that make Beech-Nut Coffee so exceptional.

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Beech-Nut Coffee

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The smart new Liquid Polish that women with famous hands are using . . .

Ethel Barrymore
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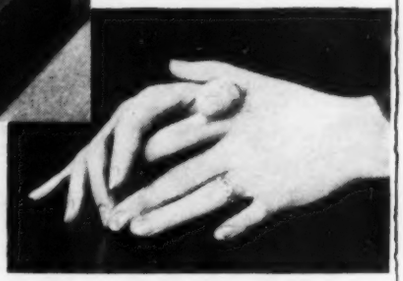

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Their hands, like yours, are busy ones—whether at work with crayon and paint, with pencil or typewriter, grimy with motor grease, or subject to the hard water that traveling necessitates!

That is why they are so pleased with this softly lustrous Liquid Polish that keeps their nails lovely.

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ETHEL BARRYMORE, *beloved actress, declares, "I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly fresh and crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle!"*

the homeless: the nine-room duplex rents for about $6,500; seven-room simplexes, $4,900; six-room simplexes, from $3,500 to $4,300. Your choice of decorative finishes is included, and service of a high order, as the owner, a pleasant gentleman, lives in the building, and Brown, Wheelock: Harris, Vought are running it. Occupancy right now.

LISTED as having a dignified appeal for the economical, No. 14 East Ninetieth Street strikes a newish note in coöperatives: a building whose general construction and detail are no more luxurious than that of the average rental offering, but sold with the promise that the maintenance is half the sum that the annual rent of an equivalent apartment would be. I am lukewarm about the whole idea. The house is not very beautiful, unusual, or much fun. Pleasant open fireplaces and well-equipped kitchens and baths are offset by uninspired room arrangements, and by such details as the fire-tower exit in the clothes closet of a master's bedroom.

These features are all obvious in the seven and eight-room apartments, but I can find no fault with the fourteen-room simplex, which is pretty grand. It is up high where the many windows in the living-room overlook the Park reservoir, the roofs of the new Church of the Heavenly Rest, and the Carnegie mansion; it has five master bedrooms and four baths, and a stunning array of cupboards and closets from the pantry on throughout the house. There are fireplaces in both living-room and dining-room, and a quiet library off the dining-room, where many would appreciate it. Its price is $68,000.

The nine-room-four-bath suites are $24,000 to $25,000, and the sevens and eights from about $20,000 up to $27,000. Neither the ceilings, the floors, the wood trim, the doors, the windows, the radiators, nor the bathrooms have the handsome solidarity one has come to expect in coöperatives, and the light is not all most of us would desire; but perhaps the prices are low for the space offered. John H. Carpenter, Jr., of 600 Madison Avenue, will tell you all about it.

—PENTHOUSE

•

FAME ON THE PACIFIC COAST

[*From the Portland Oregonian*]

He was well known in Portland, having been with another man when the man was shot by Patrolman Finn in 1918.

HERE'S THAT NEW WAY OF REMOVING HAIR FROM ARMS AND LEGS

so many women are asking about

A simple method that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly but utterly avoids fostering sharpened re-growth.

Even by running one's hand across the skin absolutely no sharpened hair growth can be felt this new way.

A NEW way of removing hair from arms and legs has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size. 204

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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Walk into the nearest optical store and put a Bausch & Lomb Sport Glass to your eyes. It's a wonderfully attractive world after all, when you get a good look at it. Be sure to ask for B & L "Sport Glass"—nothing is so smart, so compact, so finely made. Comes in black, pigskin, or gold. Always appropriate, always indispensable.

B & L Sport Glass

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, OCTOBER 2

I THINK it was Stacy Aumonier who suggested a chain of "Establishments in Select Residential Areas," to be licensed by the government, where infuriated persons might, in payment of a small fee, be furnished with a blunt instrument and given the opportunity of smashing as much glass and crockery as the degree of their vapors determined. In the opinion of most people, London's present rather curious epidemic of window-slashing is nothing more than an unfortunate variation of Mr. Aumonier's scheme. The business began by some disillusioned fellow cutting the windows of Harrod's with a diamond. It must be quite a pleasant feeling to destroy a really handsome acreage of plate glass; so the idea caught on. Moreover, an important advantage is that the deed may be done imperceptibly, by just passing close to the windows.

The newspapers said the best brains of Scotland Yard were wrestling with the problem, but on the second day two hundred windows were slashed. On the third, four hundred. In one week two thousand windows were cut in London alone, and the disease has spread all over the provinces.

It would be interesting to know how a Harrod's salesman reacts when a customer says, "I want to be shown some glass-cutters."

ONE would hardly suspect the London cabby of hiding a literary talent under his bonnet. Yet some astonishingly flowery letters have been appearing in the press signed "X N 8043" and the like. The correspondence largely concerns tips. Tippers, it seems, for purposes of classification may be roughly divided into three schools. The first gives sixpence, whether the fare is sixpence or nine shillings and threepence. The second handsomely pays the charge and only the charge. The third, or female school, searches feverishly in its handbag and emerges triumphant from the deepest recesses of the receptacle with a single copper coin. The cry of the cabbies seems unanimous that each of the three schools is about as mean as the other two, what with a tax of fourpence a gallon on petrol, and kippers at threepence each.

The real trouble, however, lies with the strange regulations of the police. The remarkable fact is now apparent that one of what Sinclair Lewis calls "London's unmotorized taxis" costs seven hundred pounds, which is about the price of the bigger sort of Packard. The reason is that the cabs have to be specially built to turn in their own length, stop without warning, and charge unexpectedly in the reverse direction after a possible fare—all sinuous and disconcerting antics outside the range of the ordinary car. Small wonder that many taxis are thirteen-year-old Renaults, since the police will license anything which is capable of the dizzy speed of six miles an hour on a level road.

THE Arts Theatre Club has been so successful that it is already being imitated. The house in Bruton Street which was the old residence of the Dukes of Argyll has been secured, so that the new club will avoid the Leicester Square atmosphere which is the principal drawback of the Arts Theatre. Three of our most adventurous producers, Leslie Banks, Nicholas Hannen, and Raymond Massey, have promised their services, and the idea is to provide a nursery for new playwrights, and to encourage the dramatists already sunk in successful lethargy to indulge in experiment. A very modern little theatre will go up in the old courtyard where the Duke's coaches used to clatter in, and the magnificent old staircase and painted ceiling will remain exactly as they were.

It will be interesting to see how the new club retains its ideals. These clubs are not subject to the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain, and the danger always is that plays are selected with that great and glorious fact in mind rather than on any merits of their own. The Gate Theatre Studio has long since gone this tempting road to perdition, though it must be admitted that the Arts Theatre has tried to keep clear of such a pitfall.

One must not forget that the Arts Theatre is itself an imitation of the Stage Society, whose thirtieth anniversary has just occurred. The Stage Society is in difficulties, which is a pity; for in its time it has "discovered" Bernard Shaw, Thomas Hardy, George Moore, Joseph Conrad, John Masefield, Somerset Maugham, St. John Hankin, and Granville-Barker. More

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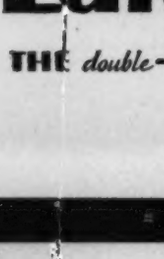

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THE *double*-SLICE.. *double*-SIDE.. *double*-QUICK TOASTER

recently it has given a first chance to Ashley Dukes, in "The Man with a Load of Mischief;" to R. C. Sherriff's "Journey's End;" to "Young Woodley," by John Van Druten; and to plays by C. K. Munro and Miles Malleson. A distinguished list. Moreover, the Stage Society, unlike its imitators, has never charged a royalty on later productions.

In addition to these clubs there are also the "Q" Theatre at Kew, and the Everyman at Hampstead. The path of the tender dramatist these days would seem to be roses, roses all the way. As a matter of fact, it was never thornier. The West End managers have long lost their last spark of enterprise, for £3,000 is the least that is necessary for a new production, and which of our theatrical "angels" is going to risk that good sum when there is always Barrie to be revived? The £500 necessary for a week's run at a "nursery" is still more difficult to come by, for there is no financial return, and the tender dramatist, being a tender dramatist, can find £500 of his own about as easily as £500 of anybody else's.

A STORY that has just reached London is disturbing hostesses with international leanings. It seems Mr. Tcheng, representative of China, and ex-president of the League of Nations, was gathered in to dinner by a certain lady at the Hotel Beau Rivage, in Geneva; and when the feast was over and the traditional reserve of diplomatists had abated a little, the former president of the League of Nations was noticed to be muttering. He muttered to himself for some while, and presently his message became audible. "These foreign devils must go. These foreign devils must go."

He presented himself, imperturbable as usual, the next morning, to apologize for any "small indiscretion of which he might have been guilty." —A. G.

•

CRÊPE

Grief begs sympathy with cold black silk,
Grief wants pity as a cat wants milk,
Grief for the living, grief for the dead,
Grief wants a hand and a shake of the head,
Grief is a gray cat
Sitting on the bed.
Grief is a stray cat,
Goes where she's fed.

—ROBERT HYDE

I'LL TAKE THE UPPER

"COME on, Libby, be sensible. I'm the younger and I'm going to take the upper . . . Why do you say you want the upper when you *know* you want the lower? It honestly doesn't make a particle of difference to me where I sleep. I can sleep anywhere, for that matter. Now, come on, Libby, snap into it, or something, and let me have the upper . . . You make me perfectly furious. Didn't you sit backwards all the way to Cleveland, and didn't—oh, I'm not going to argue any longer with you; I'm going to bed.

"Porter, please bring me the ladder. . . . No, you wouldn't, Libby. I mean, you'd be awake all night long. Honestly, if I had my choice I'd take the upper even if there were plenty of lowers. As a matter of fact there's better air near the ceiling. I mean, you get all soot and everything in a lower and, anyway, people can look in at you in the station and everything.

"I'm serious now, Libby. I honestly and truly would rather sleep in the upper—I really would. I mean, I think uppers are the absolute nuts. Another thing, you're lighter than I and it might jounce shut with you in it . . . No, I'm *not* trying to be nice. As a matter of fact I'm being selfish. It's really the best. Travelling-men always take an upper if they can get one in preference to a lower. I mean, nobody can steal your jewelry and things up there . . . I know you were in camp, but what's that got to do with it. I mean, after all . . . Well, what does sleeping in a tent prove? . . . You're used to being out in the open with mosquitoes and everything! Anyway, Libby, that has nothing to do with it. I'm going to take the upper tonight and you can have it some other time. Tomorrow you can pay for breakfast and ride backwards if you want to.

"COME on, now, Libby, be sensible for once. Listen, I'll go up there and, I mean, if it's the least bit uncomfortable or anything I'll promise to change with you right away. I honestly and truly will . . . All right, we'll match for it; but, listen, Libby, I mean, you're perfectly crazy if you think I don't *want* to sleep in the upper . . . I'll say heads but I'm absolutely furious at this point . . . It's heads? . . . Then I get the upper . . . What do you mean, I get the *lower*? I won, didn't I? . . . Well, if I won, I get my choice, and I choose the upper. Now, come on, Libby, get undressed and go to bed and I'll crawl into the upper . . . What do you mean, I'm a poor sport. For Heaven's sake! I mean, after all, we tossed and I won, didn't I? . . . No, you're *not* going to sleep in the upper. Besides, you don't know how to get into an upper. You'll probably break your leg or something. Porter, bring me that ladder, will you, please? . . . Now, listen, Libby; get off that ladder. I'll take the upper—you get into that lower and go to sleep.

"No, I really and truly mean it. I prefer to sleep in the upper. If there was a four-poster with a box-spring mattress right here in front of me I'd take the upper . . . No, I'm not being generous—I'm being selfish. I wouldn't get a wink of sleep in that lower . . . All right, that suits me. I mean, after all, Libby, if you're going to be *that* way about it . . . Porter, put these suitcases in the lower berth and bring the ladder, please—we're *both* going to sleep in the upper."

—JACK CLUETT

•

TO MY SMALL SON, INCLINED TO WARFARE

I think that rather more than just a trace
Of the barbaric seethes in you, my son—
This unabashed ferocity would grace
The company of Atilla the Hun!
Still, don't you think, since luncheon has begun,
Hostilities could, for the time, give place?
And might I be permitted, Doughty One,
To wipe the dust of battle from your face?

Is it in vain I offer Peter Rabbit—
Sinbad, Aladdin, others of their ilk?
Must you so haste to don a warrior's habit,
Must you despise this peaceful bread and milk?
And clutching savagely a wooden sabre,
Burn to do battle with your next-door neighbor?

—SARA HENDERSON HAY

•

In Washington, D. C., there has recently been inaugurated an intellectual Little Negro Theater movement.—*George Jean Nathan in the American Mercury.*

For producing pickaninny plays?

The "Charge of the Light Brigade" had nothing on the way the boys charged around Tessie Van Artichoke when the party began!
But ere the hours rolled by—

Some clever boy suggested "Blind Man's Buff" and Tessie for the Blind Man! And every sheik at the party silently stole away! Alas! Foolish Tessie had not availed herself of the continuous protection *from perspiration that Odorono so easily gives.*

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VIÑA DELMAR

author of BAD GIRL and LOOSE LADIES

Her new novel is

KEPT WOMAN

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AT OUR COUNTRY CLUB

ON the whole we had a delightful summer at the club. We weren't crowded the way we were last year. The locker-room was enlarged to accommodate more tables and chairs, although, characteristically, the house committee waited until mid-season to do it.

It was decided that remodelling the locker-room was the only improvement in the physical plant we could afford this year. Mrs. Porter J. Hammer, wife of the vice-president of Puffed Oats, who made a world cruise in 1928, wanted the clubhouse made over into a replica of the Taj Mahal, with, perhaps, a glass-enclosed porch on the south side. She has been greatly mortified, she says, by passing motorists mistaking the present architecture for an Old Mammy Chicken-Dinner Farm. As a matter of fact, there has been quite a general discussion of doing over the clubhouse. Elwell Black, vice-president of the Security National Bank, who is chairman of our finance committee, was figuring up the other night and says that in another year we may be able to manage it without an assessment if ginger-ale sales hold up.

Food at the club was much better. The chairman of the house committee, J. K. Bennion, vice-president of Sunrise Drug Stores, Inc., gave the organization of the meal service his personal attention. Favorable comments were heard on every side.

WALTER HAGEN played our course one day and said it was one of the sportiest courses in the East. "You have one of the sportiest courses in the East," was the way he put it. The president of the club, Nettleton Stormway, vice-president of Rococo Builders, Inc., arranged to have Hagen come as his guest. Mr. Stormway has been

JUMPY NOSE?

WHEN LIFE IS JUST ONE GREAT BIG SNEEZE . . . WHEN YOUR EYES ARE WATER-FAUCETS AND YOUR THROAT IS LINED WITH TINY FEATHERS . . . THERE IS ONE CIGARETTE THAT STILL GIVES YOU FULL TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

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IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

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bothered by a tendency to slice. He organized a foursome with himself and Walter Hagen against his son-in-law, Plummer Duffy, and Boswell Wilson, our scratch player. Wilson was posted all last winter but in the spring, when the course opened up again, was reorganized and refinanced.

The visit of Walter Hagen revived the talk about getting a new club professional. There is a faction that wants to get rid of Haig MacDougall. They say he's been with us too long. He came to Ivy Ridge when the course was first opened, five years ago. He speaks to all the members and has developed some of the youngsters in fine style, but he's never won an open tournament. Some of the members want to get a pro with a little more pep. They are talking of making an offer to Macdonald Smith or Gene Sarazen. "Why Haig MacDougall don't even *look* like a pro," complained Porter J. Hammer. "He wears the same sweater every day."

—George Cecil Cowing

•

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

The difference between a triolet
And a ballade she did not know or care
To know. Her fingers smelled of violet
And sun and shadow flirted in her hair;
She had a knack of gathering its lost
And golden tendrils in a rebellious knot
That playfully unfolded when she tossed
Her head on things she frequently forgot.

Somehow, no one considered it a fault,
For there were other facts she knew about,
Important nothings: how with a layer of salt
And roses you could draw the attar out;
And she could touch her lips and ears with scent
That would convince the most intelligent.

—Selma Robinson

•

I will crank your Ford or hold your baby, but I sell for cash and I don't mean maybe.—*Adv. of a second-hand store, Wills Point, Tex.*

We have no Ford and we have no chillun, but we're ready to buy you out, God willin'.

Carr Kitson recommends

THE DEMI-BOSOM SHIRT

$3.50

"The prevailing mode of starched elegance with negligee comfort recommends the shirt with the short rounded bosom" writes Carr Kitson, our style observer

Two styles are illustrated above; the body of the shirt is plain color end-and-end madras; bosom has cross stripes of various spacings. Two low front collars to match — square point and round point

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RECENT BOOKS

Mr. Hemingway Does It Again—Knight Errant—A Woman at Work—The Return of Penrod

IT should only be necessary to call to your attention the fact that Ernest Hemingway's new novel, "A Farewell to Arms," is on sale at your bookstore. To this reviewer, who is blindly prejudiced in favor of Mr. Hemingway, it is his greatest work. It is that rarest of all literary achievements—a glowing modern love story, the story of an emotion so profound and true that it is like reading the record of an overwhelming personal experience.

Most modern novelists write of love cynically, awkwardly, or gingerly. Mr. Hemingway writes of its essential beauty and dignity. If you do not think there is any poetry left in the modern idiom, I suggest that you read some of the dialogue in the final tragic episode of "A Farewell to Arms." Its eloquent simplicity makes all other dialogue sound smirking and stilted.

Mr. Hemingway's story has the war for its background. Lieutenant Henry is an ambulance-driver on the Italian front, and Catherine Barkley is an English nurse. Their romance begins casually and almost brutally, like other war affairs. At first it is a half-comic interlude in an opéra-bouffe war conducted between doubting Italians and half-hearted Austrians. As the war grows in intensity and grimness, so does the love affair progress to a desperate, tragic emotion.

Mr. Hemingway's pictures of the gay, bewildered soldier life in the barracks and hospitals of that careless front are pungent and witty; but in describing the Caporetto retreat, when German troops rushed in to give terror and reality to a too-agreeable war, he achieves great writing. Here is a dramatic and terrible moment seen with such startling clarity that the words on the printed page become as vivid as moving pictures. It is here that Mr. Hemingway makes fullest use of his gift of bringing new life and new meaning to words and phrases that were beginning to grow faded and shabby.

IN the course of his duties as Minister to Belgium during the war, Brand Whitlock was called upon to make a speech at the grave of La Fayette. Mr. Whitlock, with unusual conscientiousness, made a study of all the available biographical material and found it incomplete. The Americans had their La Fayette and the French had theirs. Between the two, the real La Fayette was lost somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic.

From this incident grew Mr. Whitlock's newly published biography, "La Fayette," a book which could not have been written by a Frenchman yet which only could have been written by one who loves and understands France. For here was a Frenchman who was also one of the first great Americans, and an aristocrat who was republican in mind and revolutionist in action.

The story of La Fayette's rôle in the American Revolution was only the start of an incendiary life. The boy was born with a gift for glory, a thirst for popularity, and a nose for scenting out excitement. He was, in short, destined from birth for an equestrian statue. When La Fayette was nine, the not exactly emotional George Washington was greeting him as his son. When La Fayette died, Louis-Philippe hustled him to his grave, for fear of a popular demonstration. His passion for freedom and his love for the shouting and emotionalism of a political upheaval made him a dangerous man, although he was so charming that he was popular even with his enemies.

Mr. Whitlock has allowed himself to be carried away by this knight errant of progress, and his book is stirring reading. Those chapters dealing with the friendship between Washington and La Fayette are particularly good, and they will arouse your slumbering patriotism. La Fayette's fine faith and loyalty to the rebellious colonies is perhaps the most engaging story in history, and no one has told it so eloquently or so completely as Mr. Whitlock.

MISS RUTH SUCKOW writes with the flat, dry accent of the Middle West. It isn't put on for comic effect, like the talk of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, nor assumed for defiance, like the accents of the Chicago school of literature. Miss Suckow speaks her native tongue.

"Cora," for instance, is a hard, com-

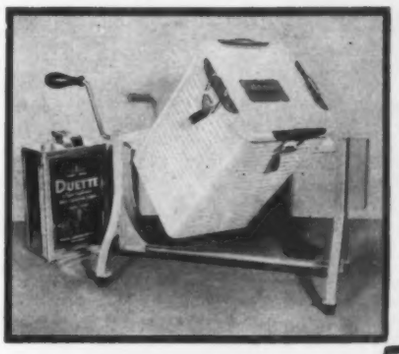
pact story of a Middle Western businesswoman, told in the language and with the values of its locale. Miss Edna Ferber would have made it romantic and Miss Fannie Hurst would have made it sentimental. Miss Suckow, who has no eye for the box office, makes it real. There is shrewd common sense back of her observations on the phenomenon of the economically independent woman. In the first place, says Miss Suckow, women go to work, not because of any ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity, but because their fathers are poor providers. This is the first theme of her novel. Her second theme is that a bad husband may be better than no husband at all and that even an unsuccessful marriage may be preferable to placid spinsterhood.

Of the neighborliness, the expansive ugliness, and the family solidarity of the prairies, Miss Suckow writes humorously and tenderly. In her way, she grows as lyric over the weed-grown backyards of her own country as any English novelist describing the glories of the delphiniums in the vicar's garden.

FOR thirteen years Booth Tarkington has neglected Penrod, so in "Penrod Jashber" that Schofield boy has the air of a fresh creation. You need not be afraid your illusions will be spoiled by reading it. With the passing of time Penrod seems better than ever. As a matter of fact, Mr. Tarkington recognizes no lapse. He still keeps Penrod in the days when, as he says, "the stable was empty but hadn't yet been turned into a garage."

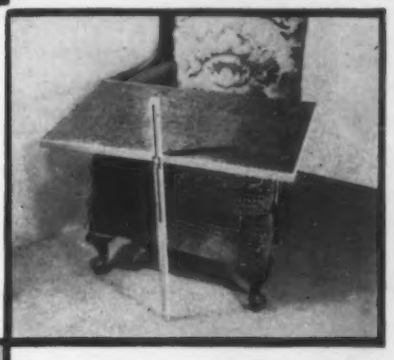
In this book Mr. Tarkington tells of Penrod's adventures as a detective, assisted by Herman, Verman, and Sam Williams. It is more than funny. There is magic in Mr. Tarkington's account of how the dominating soul of

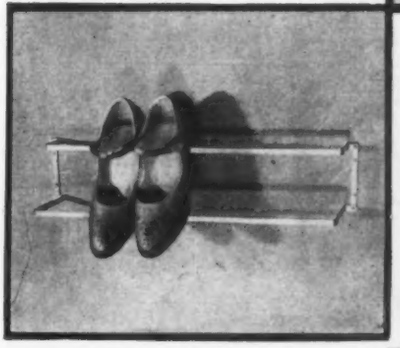
SHOPPING WITH Janet Gray AT LEWIS & CONGER



THE Duette saves me many a cleaner's bill, for this little affair actually dry-cleans—and safely. All I do is put in my things, pour on the non-explosive Duette fluid, turn the machine for two minutes, and out come my things beautifully fresh and clean. They require no pressing, either. The Duette also washes. I find it especially good for the baby's things. $14.85. Duette fluid, gal., $1.75; ½ gal., 95c

I GAVE the Big Chief a One Legged Table for his birthday so that he could enjoy his solitaire games seated comfortably in his own big chair after dinner these nights. He sets it across the arms of the chair. (Can be held on the lap, too.) The top can be raised or lowered to a convenient height. It can also be reversed. One side is padded soft for cards. The other is hard and smooth—can be used for writing or sewing. The Big Chief's table is lacquered a soft green. But they also come in coral, and in mahogany finish. $7.50

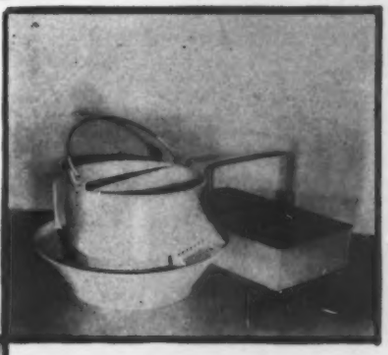


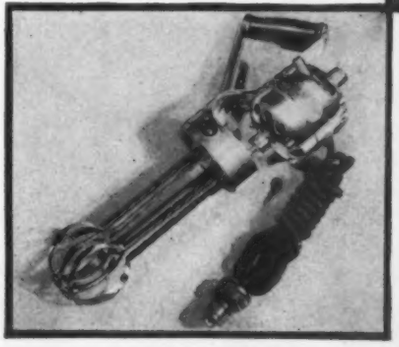


SHOE RACKS certainly are the handiest things! I find them such a convenience that I have them fastened on the back of every bedroom closet door in the house. They hold our shoes in neat rows, safe from the trampling and dust they'd get if they were cluttered on the floor. Also, of course, our closets look much tidier and more orderly with the shoes out of the way, and that pleases any housewifely conscience. The racks are 20" long, are made of good-looking bronzed metal and are easy to fasten to the doors. $2.00 a pair.

THE Handy Cleaning Pail is partitioned—one side for soapy water, the other for clear. Has holders for brush and soap, too—also an attached basin to catch the drips. Enameled in cheerful blue, red, green or yellow. $7.00

THE Utility Tray has compartments—keeps your polishes, cloths, etc., all together, and enables you to carry them handily with you when there's polishing to be done. It comes in colors to match The Handy Pail—enameled in light green, blue, red or yellow. $3.00





I TREATED myself to the Electric Egg Beater. It does everything an ordinary egg beater does—only by electricity. Whir-r-s into cream, eggs, cake icings and things of that sort in a way that rejoices my soul, and does the job much quicker and better than I could possibly do it by hand. It was $22.50, and worth it.

Janet Gray

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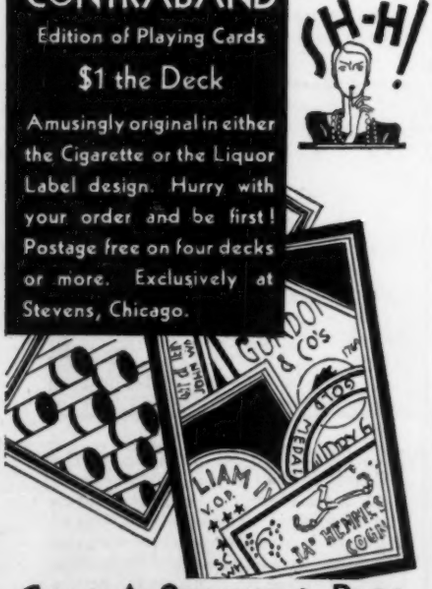

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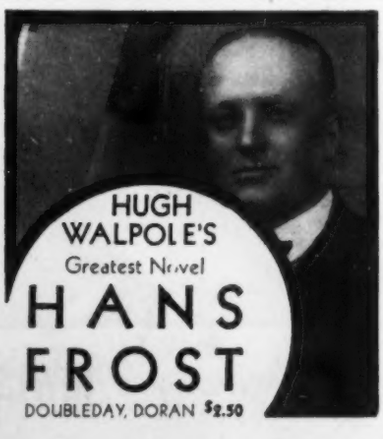

George B. Jashber actually takes possession of Penrod's body so that the boy is like one bewitched. Under the terrible spell Penrod shadows Mr. Hamilton Dade, suspected horse thief, to the very doors of the Y.M.C.A. The book ends with the Jashber fever completely cured, but with Penrod and Sam waiting for the hairs from a horse's tail to turn to snakes in bottles of water.

All this takes you back to the happy days when there were no organized-play groups or coöperative romping to take the natural deviltry out of childhood.

THERE is nothing of the tourist touch in "Black Roses," Francis Brett Young's story of Naples. This is drama and a character study native to the soil; and, at the climax, it blazes out into melodrama that is macabre and really Italian in its horror. The book, from the start, prepares you for something dreadful and Mr. Young keeps his promises by giving you just as vivid a description of Naples during a cholera epidemic as you would care to read.

The hero of "Black Roses" was born of an English father and an Italian mother. He is, by nature, an artist, but his Anglo-Saxon reticence, which is a racial strain so deep that he is unconscious of it, twists his talent out of what would have been its normal groove. An unhappy and tragic love affair further warps his character, and you see him at the end one of those unfortunate artists with a streak of talent who are hopelessly condemned to hack work. It's a good book and an unusual book; and I thank Mr. Young for making it cholera and not Vesuvius, though he was writing about Naples.

BARBARA BLACKBURN's style is so merry that it is too bad she has nothing important to write about. "Sober Feast" is a bright novel about nothing at all. In it you will meet the usual discontented young moderns who become just a little tiresome when they take themselves too seriously—as who doesn't? About these young people Miss Blackburn has nothing new to say, but when she allows her young people to speak for themselves, she writes very well. Her talk is gay and amusing, and her humor is almost naïvely natural.

ALFRED E. SMITH's autobiography—recently published in the *Satur-*

day Evening Post—may now be had in book form, which makes it nice for persons like me who are incapable of remembering anything for a week. I like "Up to Now" because it is a romance of a city feller, for a change, and because Mr. Smith, as those who heard him speak will know, has the gift not only of making himself interesting, but of getting you excited about everything he does. He writes warmly, directly, and almost conversationally; and his sincerity reaches out to you from every page.

DURWARD GRINSTEAD, the author of "Elva," is in the American diplomatic service. I take it that "Elva" is a first novel. It is a story of the witch days in Salem told in straightforward, unaffected, and—alas—undramatic prose. As a study of religious hysteria, it is accurate and convincing; but it is also, if you must know, just a little bit dull.

"THE HUMAN SIDE OF SCIENCE," by Grove Wilson, is another of those books which will educate you at a glance. Mr. Wilson has compiled brief lives of great scientists from Thales to Einstein, and has written about them in a way that will not strain your mind. The book is the usual popular and superficial attempt to put education in a nutshell, which can't be done.

IF there were no such thing as prohibition, Herbert Asbury's "Carry Nation" would be funnier. As it is, her biography gives you the unhappy feeling that the old gal has been multiplied by a million—and that's a laugh out of the other side of your mouth. However, Mr. Asbury must have had a fine time digging up the lunacies of

"Dinner came back to life"

"GEORGE and I tried for two weeks to get along with coffee substitutes, but they were *so* cheerless. Finally George said we would *have* to go back to coffee.

"Luckily, at the grocer's that day, I said something about wishing coffee wouldn't keep you awake. The man told me about Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. He said it was called the coffee that lets you sleep. 'Everybody likes it,' he said, 'because of its flavor. But the caffeine is taken out so it can't affect you.'

"Well, I served some that night. George was delighted! Said that good old coffee seemed to bring dinner back to life. After a week or so, he said, 'You know, Sally, we must have been wrong about coffee hurting us.'

"Then I told him that it was Kaffee Hag Coffee, and *couldn't* have any bad effects. I never saw him so surprised. He said that he liked Kaffee Hag Coffee better than our old brand.

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One Ash Tray (Modern)
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One cover charge (Light)

and then, just by accident, our Five Dollars Division discovered that $5.00 is exactly the cost of a year's subscription to The New Yorker. Of course no further research was necessary, for who would want to spend five dollars going places and doing things when he could learn all about them through The New Yorker and have fun besides?

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a gay career. Carry, at the height of her "hatchetation," furnished some of the best slapstick comedy the world has ever seen.

Mr. Asbury, very gallantly, refuses to caricature the old woman; he lets her act out her own farce, which was ridiculous beyond improvement. And, in a great burst of fairness, Mr. Asbury takes some pains to point out that, in face of the fantastic but nevertheless real menaces, the saloonkeepers behaved crudely and stupidly. This clash between fanaticism and gross dumbness is more important than Mr. Asbury's reporting of the caperings of a freak—amusing as they are. With his direct and readable style and his fine reportorial sense, he ought to enlarge on the subject and write a complete history of prohibition.

IF you didn't read "Kept Woman" in serial form you may now buy it as a novel. Viña Delmar, as you know, is a common, vulgar writer—positively tabloid—but she can say more in a few words of one syllable than most of the other boys and girls. She is viciously accurate, bitterly simple, and disconcertingly truthful. Since I have taken to reading every word she writes, the neighborhood of Inwood has become the most dramatic section of New York to me.

IN case you want to know: Stark Young's "River House" is a story of the struggle between the old and the new South. It is pointless, dull, and surprisingly awkward.

"Schlump," which was written anonymously, is another tale of the simple German soldier. The members of the German army all seem to have talked like internes.

"Present-Day American Stories" contains a lot of stories you will want to read again. It gets away from the smug selections of most anthologies, which are about as lively as the required reading in an English course. The book has, among others, a bullfight story by Ernest Hemingway. That, however, is going back to where I started, and Mr. Hemingway has had enough praise for one week.—A. W. S.

•

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). A great love story with the war as a background. Modern writing at its finest.

Cora, by Ruth Suckow (*Knopf*). Explaining the self-made American girl. Hard, compact tale of the Middle West.

Penrod Jashber, by Booth Tarkington (*Doubleday, Doran*). Penrod returns as a detective. Gorgeous reading.

Black Roses, by Francis Brett Young (*Harper*). Morbid tragedy of a hack artist. The scene is Naples and the melodrama is Italian.

Sober Feast, by Barbara Blackburn (*Little, Brown*). Witty writing about nothing at all.

The House of Gold, by Liam O'Flaherty (*Harcourt, Brace*). Revealing the blackest side of the Irish soul; and in Mr. O'Flaherty's most bejewelled style.

Elva, by Durward Grinstead (*Covici-Friede*). The good old days in Salem. Only it's hard to write about Puritans without getting a little dull yourself.

Kept Woman, by Viña Delmar (*Harcourt, Brace*). The wages of sin at Inwood, with all the harsh, cold facts.

River House, by Stark Young (*Scribner*). In which both the old and the new South appear to be equally stupid.

Schlump, Anonymous (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another simple German soldier speaks his piece.

Present-Day American Stories (*Scribner*). Collection of some really good ones.

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole (*Doubleday, Doran*). Study of an elderly novelist whose soul is unnecessarily wracked by an ingénue. Hans Frost himself is real, but the rest is fiction.

Chéri, by Colette (*A. & C. Boni*). Wicked story of a gigolo and, alas for morals, excellently written.

Death of a Hero, by Richard Aldington (*Covici-Friede*). Why a man preferred being a dead soldier in France to being a live artist in London.

The School for Wives, by André Gide (*Knopf*). One of those why-my-marriage-failed diaries.

Whiteoaks of Jalna, by Mazo de la Roche (*Little, Brown*). Continuing the history of a matriarchal group in Canada.

The Sword in the Soul, by Roger Chauvire (*Longmans, Green*). A Frenchman writes of Ireland during the war.

Horses in the Sky, by Larry Barretto (*Day*). More American boys in France—and again, the war.

Hour Upon the Stage, by Ann Pinchot (*Dodd, Mead*). Rather slimy immigrant family in Michigan. Very much that facts-is-facts school of writing.

Less recent:

The Love of the Foolish Angel, by Helen Beauclerk. Atmosphere of Love, by André Maurois. Ten to One in Sweden, by Paddy Sylvanus. Lone Tree, by Harry Leon Wilson. Others Who Returned, by H. R. Wakefield. Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson. The Dark Journey, by Julian Green. The Beautiful Years, by Henry Williamson. Wings on My Feet, by Howard W. Odum. Against the Wall, by Kathleen Millay.

Mysteries

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

Water Weed, by Alice Campbell (*Farrar & Rinehart*). . . . The Needle's Kiss, by Austin J. Small (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Crooks of the Waldorf, by Horace Smith (*Macaulay*). . . . Ten Real Murder Mysteries, by Sidney Sutherland (*Putnam*). . . . The Mark of the Rat, by Arnold Fredericks (*Sears*). . . . Mammoth Mystery Book, three complete novels by Edgar Wallace (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . Beware After Dark, compiled by T. Everett Harré (*Macaulay*). . . . The Perfect Murder Case, by Christopher Bush (*Doubleday, Doran*). . . . The Man Who Rang the Bell, by Milward Kennedy (*Doubleday, Doran*).

General

La Fayette, by Brand Whitlock (*Appleton*). Recommended without reservations.

Up to Now, by Alfred E. Smith (*Viking Press*). The former governor writes as well as he speaks.

Carry Nation, by Herbert Asbury (*Knopf*). The caperings of a lunatic, and a farce that had some terrible consequences.

The Human Side of Science, by Grove Wilson (*Cosmopolitan*). For those who like education made easy.

The Incredible Marquis, by Herbert S. Gorman (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Alexandre Dumas, who lived and wrote romance, in the best of the current biographies.

Seven Iron Men, by Paul de Kruif (*Harcourt, Brace*). Pioneering story of how iron came to Andrew Carnegie.

Luck, by Lothrop Stoddard (*Liveright*). Some anecdotes which prove just what you've suspected—it's all in the breaks.

Abe Martin's Town Pump, by Kin Hubbard (*Bobbs-Merrill*). Rural American humor at its best.

Thirty Tales and Sketches, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham, selected by Edward Garnett (*Viking Press*). Beautiful essays for those who delight in the glory of words.

Then I Saw the Congo, by Grace Flandrau (*Harcourt, Brace*). Some delving into little-known tribes of Africa. Cultured exploration.

Marlborough, by Donald Barr Chidsey (*Day*). The biography of the fellow who married Sarah Jennings.

You Can Escape, by Edward H. Smith (*Macmillan*). How to get out of prison without a pardon from the governor.

Less recent:

The Tragic Era, by Claude G. Bowers. Life's Ebb and Flow, by Frances, Countess of Warwick. A Great Rich Man, by Louise Schnutz Boas. The Life of Lady Byron, by Ethel Colburn Mayne. Individual Psychology, by Erwin Wexburg. Chicago: The History of Its Reputation, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith. Marie Antoinette: The Player Queen, by John Garber Palache.

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